THE OTTERBEIN HYMNAL.

The General Conference of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ, at its session in May, 1889, ordered,—

"That a small hymnal, adapted to general church purposes, be published soon."

ADVISORY COMMITTEE.

MUSICAL.

Samuel E. Kumler, Mrs. A. B. Shauck,
Calvin H. Lyon, Judge John A. Shauck.

LITERARY.

Prof. J. P. Landis, D. D., Ph. D

INTRODUCTION.

The General Conference of 1889 ordered the publication of a hymnal that should be fully adapted to the needs of our church. In compliance with these instructions, the publishing agent, Rev. W. J. Shuey, arranged for its issue. Rev. E. S. Lorenz, well and favorably known throughout the Church, was asked to edit it, and with the assistance of a thoroughly competent committee, has accomplished his task. I have carefully examined it in every part, and cannot see where any improvement can be made. It is pre-eminently a United Brethren Hymn-Book, providing as it does for every phase of our characteristic church life. It combines the solidity and stateliness of the standard hymns of the ages, with the life and sprightliness of the modern gospel songs. The most recent songs are here for the young people, while the older members of the Church will hail with delight the reappearance of old songs dear to the hearts of many of us, because they are precious and good, and because our mothers sang them. Meeting every need of the public service, revival and social meetings, the Sunday-school, and the family, I can most cheerfully recommend this collection of hymns to our people, and trust that it will speedily be permitted to bring its help and blessing into every United Brethren church in our broad land, and beyond the seas, and that it will prove one of the many tender ties that unite our widely scattered members.

J. Weaver,
Senior Bishop.

Dayton, Ohio, April 9, 1890.

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PREFACE.

To be useful, a hymnal must express the peculiar type of Christian life characterizing the denomination it is to serve. The Church of the United Brethren in Christ emphasizes the necessity of Christian experience—experimental religion, the fathers would have phrased it—and recognizes revival effort as the characteristic phase of its church activity; hence, its hymnal must furnish ample expression for its full and varied Christian experience and large facilities for revival work. In attempting to do this, the other phases of church life, which it has in common with other denominations, have not been forgotten or ignored, and it is hoped this collection of hymns and songs will be found as full and symmetrical as the church life it seeks to express.

In order to meet the needs of the many stages of literary and musical culture, hymns and tunes of the highest artistic merit stand side by side with songs whose practical value and spiritual purpose must atone for lack of literary and musical grace.

Doubtless many favorites will be missed from these pages, but the body of popular sacred songs is so large and rich that it was impossible to include everything desirable in so small a volume.

Typographical beauty has often been sacrificed to practical needs. The words are inserted in the music wherever possible. Alternative tunes may be found on the same or opposite pages. A line drawn through a page indicates that the music for the hymn or hymns below it is found on the opposite page.

To the many brethren, whose number makes personal mention impossible, who kindly responded to a call for suggestions and advice, the thanks of the editor are due. While all could not be accepted, they have been very helpful, and have had large influence in giving character to the book. The valuable assistance furnished by the Advisory Committee deserves most kindly and hearty recognition. The owners of the many valuable copyright songs, in connection with which their names severally appear, will accept thanks for the kindness which so greatly enriches these pages.

That this volume will prove an effective instrument in the hands of the workers of the Church of the United Brethren in Christ for the accomplishment of great and lasting good, and bring to many hearts the same comfort and joy which its preparation brought to that of the editor, is his earnest hope and prayer.

E. S. L.

DAYTON, OHIO, April 15, 1890.

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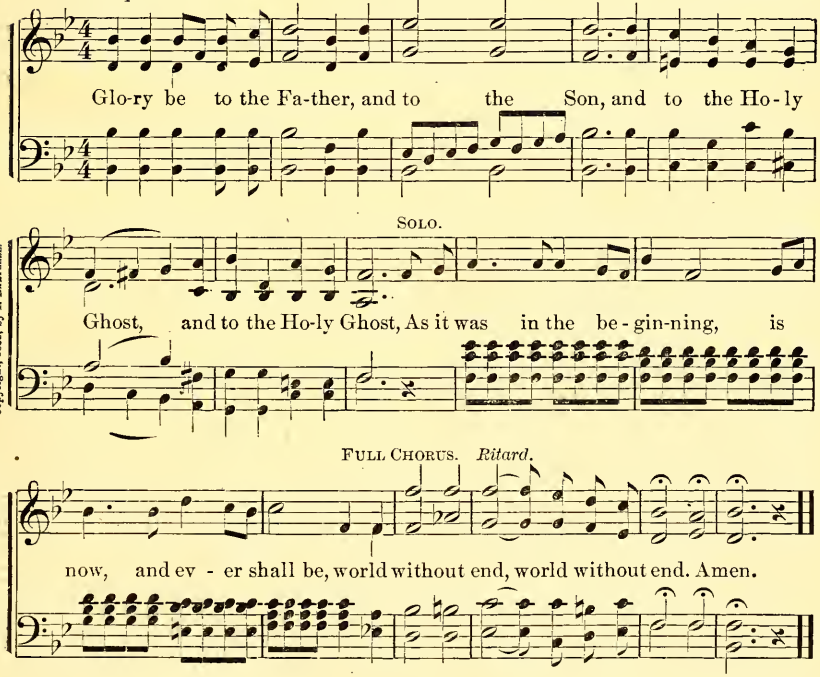
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THE OTTERBEIN HYMNAL.

1 GLORIA PATRI.

W. J. BALTZELL.

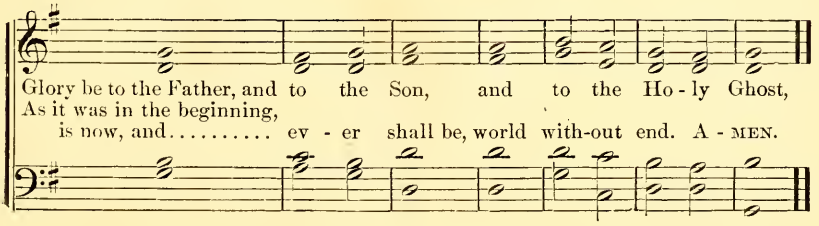
With spirit.



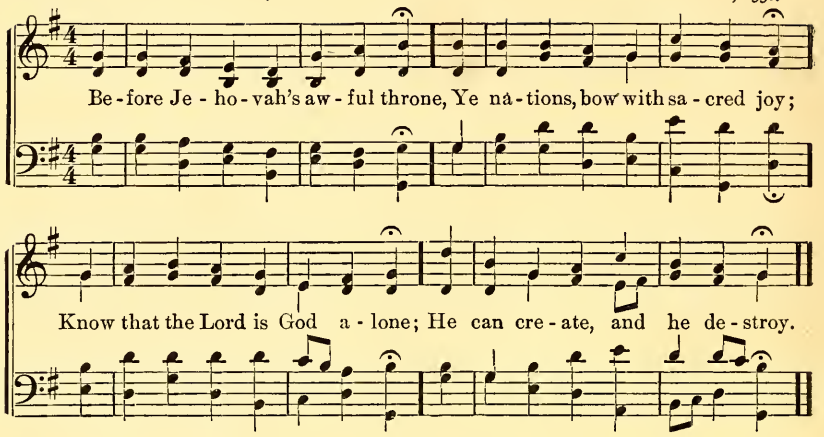
Copyright, 1888, by I. Baltzell.

2 GLORIA PATRI.

GREGORIAN.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M. GUILLUAME FRANC, 1550.



3 (1)

Psalm 100.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We are his people, we his care—
Our souls, and all our mortal frame;
What lasting honors shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name?

4 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

5 Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth shall stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

ISAAC WATTS.

4 (3)

All Men Invited to Praise God.

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
Through every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring;
In songs of praise divinely sing;
The great salvation loud proclaim,
And shout for joy the Savior's name.

4 In every land begin the song;
To every land the strains belong;
In cheerful sounds all voices raise,
And fill the world with loudest praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1713.

5 (8)

Psalm 103.

AWAKE, my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song;
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name,
Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue
Attend, and join the blissful song!

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

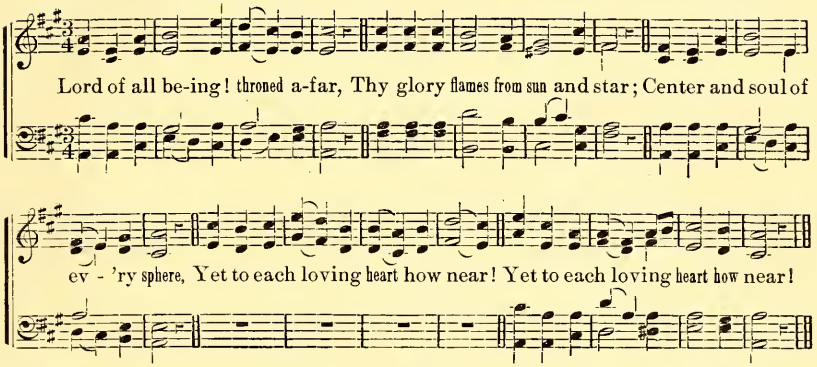
6

Doxology.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host;
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

THOS. KEN.

LORD OF ALL BEING. L. M. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1875, by W. J. Shuey, Agt.

7 *Omnipresence.* (17)

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Center and soul of ev'ry sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!

2 Sun of our life! thy quick'ning ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

3 Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

4 Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, 1848.

8 *The Majesty of God.* (7)

COME, oh, my soul, in sacred lays,
Attempt thy great Creator's praise;
But oh! what tongue can speak his fame?
What mortal verse can reach the theme?

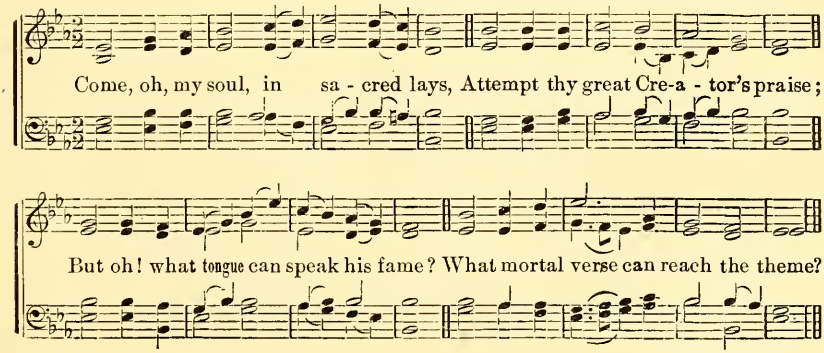
2 Enthroned amidst the radiant spheres,
He glory like a garment wears;
To form a robe of light divine,
Ten thousand suns around him shine.

3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines;
His works, through all this wondrous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

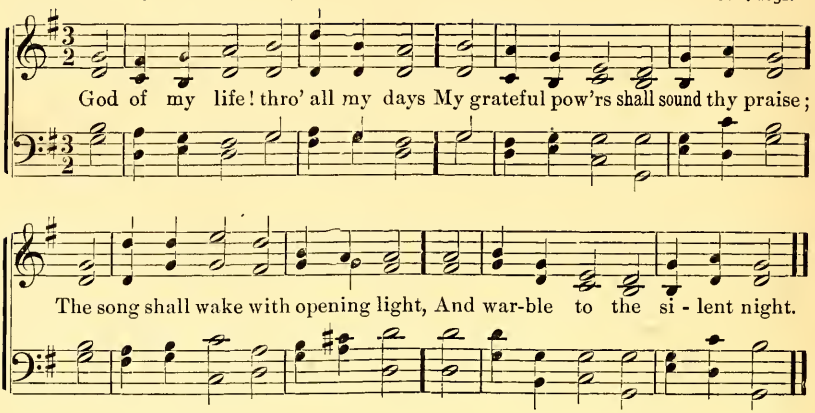
4 Raised on Devotion's lofty wing,
Do thou, my soul! his glories sing;
And let his praise employ thy tongue,
Till listening worlds applaud the song.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK, 1754.

DUKE STREET. L. M. J. HATTON, 1790.



ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



9 (12)

Life-long Praise.

GOD of my life! through all my days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

2 When anxious cares would break my rest,
And griefs would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises, raised on high,
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

3 When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy thro' my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

4 Soon shall I learn th' exalted strains,
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

10 (15)

Psalm 106.

OH, render thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm, through ages past,
Hath stood, and shall forever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast—but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
His tribute of immortal praise?

3 Extend to me that favor, Lord,
Thou to thy chosen dost afford;
When thou return'st to set them free,
Let thy salvation visit me.

TATE-BRADY.

11 (600)

God Revealed in Christ.

NOW to the Lord, a noble song!
Awake, my soul! awake, my tongue,
Hosanna to th' eternal name,
And all his boundless love proclaim.

2 See where it shines in Jesus' face,—
The brightest image of his grace!
God, in the person of his Son,
Has all his mightiest works outdone.

3 Grace!—'t is a sweet, a charming theme;
My thoughts rejoice at Jesus' name:
Ye angels! dwell upon the sound;
Ye heavens! reflect it to the ground.

4 Oh! may I live to reach the place,
Where he unveils his lovely face,
Where all his beauties you behold,
And sing his name to harps of gold.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

12 (13)

Unceasing Praise

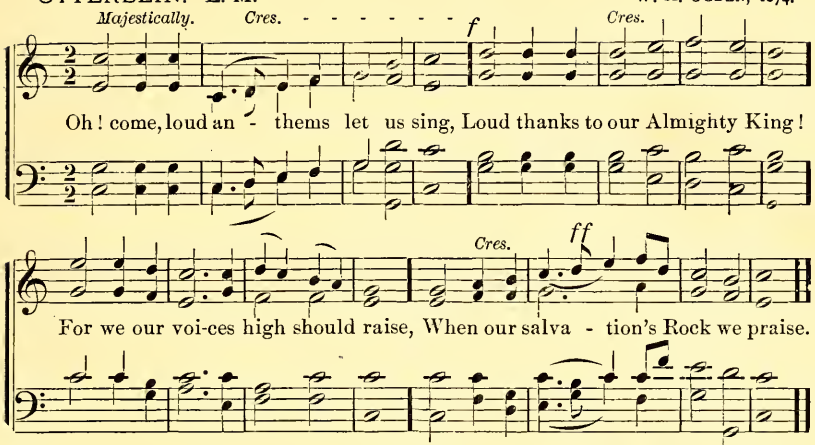
MY God! my King! thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty, done for thee.

3 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways—
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

OTTERBEIN. L. M. W. A. OGDEN, 1874.



13

(4)

Psalm 95.

OH, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our Almighty King!
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past;
To him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

14

(75)

Joining in Praise.

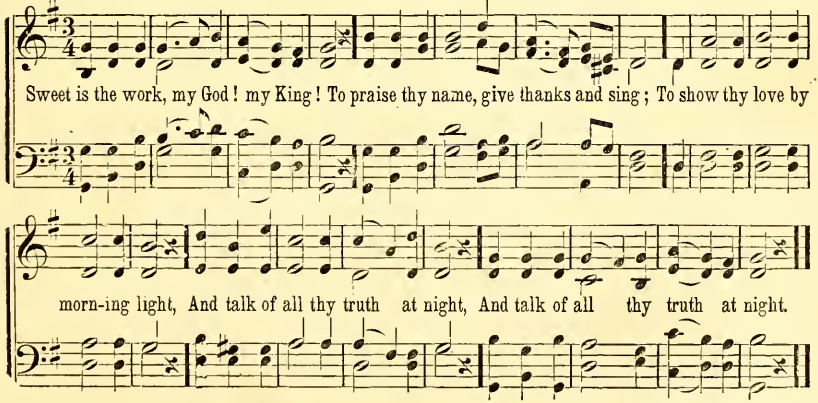
SWEET is the work, my God! my King!
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;
To show thy love by morning light,
And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No mortal care shall seize my breast;
O may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

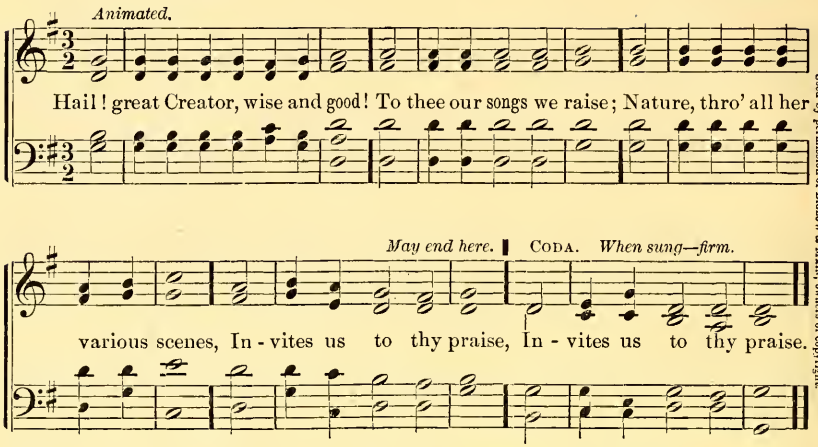
3 My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

ISAAC WATTS.

PARK STREET. L. M. FREDERICK M. A. VENUA, 1810.



HARVEY'S CHANT. C. M. W. B. BRADBURY.



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15 (26)

The Goodness of God in his Works.

HAIL! great Creator, wise and good!
To thee our songs we raise;
Nature, through all her various scenes,
Invites us to thy praise.

2 At morning, noon, and evening mild,
Fresh wonders strike our view;
And, while we gaze, our hearts exult
With transports ever new.

3 Thy glory beams in every star,
Which gilds the gloom of night;
And decks the smiling face of morn
With rays of cheerful light.

4 And while, in all thy wondrous ways,
Thy varied love we see;
Oh, may our hearts, great God, be led
Through all thy works to thee.

ANON., 1795.

16 (27)

Praise at all Times.

MY soul shall praise thee, O my God,
Through all my mortal days,
And in eternity prolong
Thy vast, thy boundless praise.

2 In every smiling, happy hour,
Be this my sweet employ;
Thy praise refines my earthly bliss,
And heightens all my joy.

3 When anxious grief and gloomy care
Afflict my throbbing breast,
My tongue shall learn to speak thy praise,
And lull each pain to rest.

4 Nor shall my tongue alone proclaim
The honors of my God;
My life, with all its active powers,
Shall spread thy praise abroad.

5 And when these lips shall cease to move,
When death shall close these eyes,
My soul shall then to nobler heights,
Of joy and transport rise.

O. HEGINBOTHAM.

17 (24)

Psalm 66.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspired;
Loud, and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardor fired.

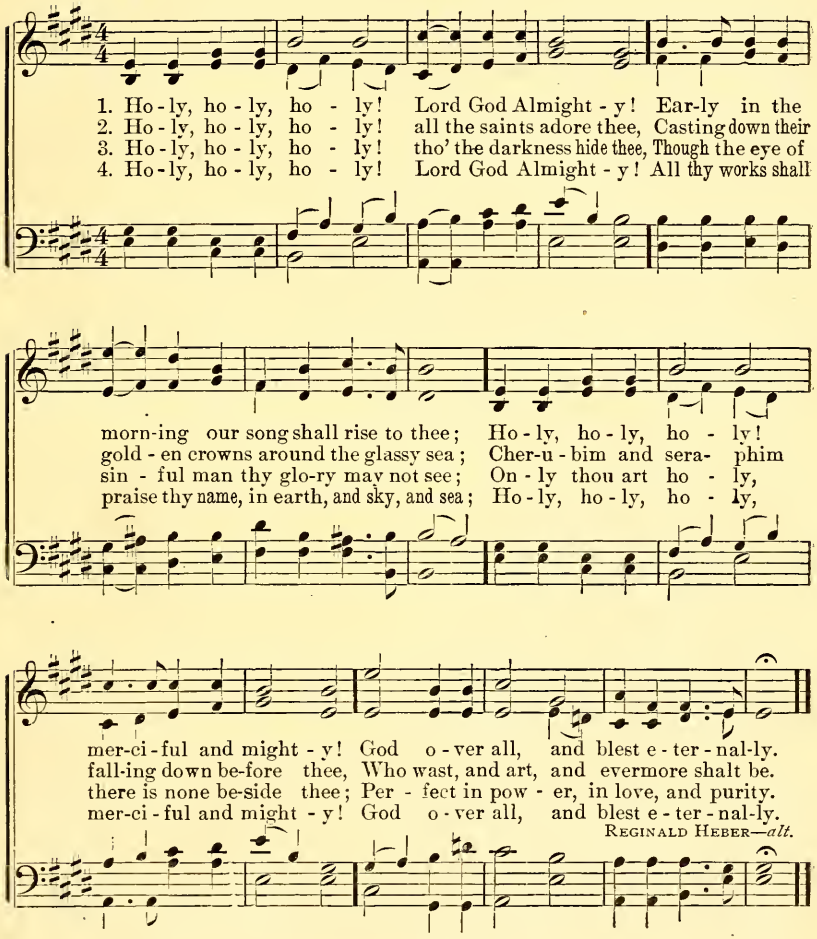
2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose goodness, passing thought,
Loads every minute as it flies,
With benefits unsought.

3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows,
Who sent his Son, our souls to save
From everlasting woes.

4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
Which lights, through darkest shades of death,
To realms of endless day.

RALPH WARDLAW, 1803.

18 NICÆA 11s, 12s, & 10s. JOHN B. DYKES.



19 (18)

Psalm 95.

SING to the Lord Jehovah's name,
And in his strength rejoice;
When his salvation is our theme,
Exalted be our voice.

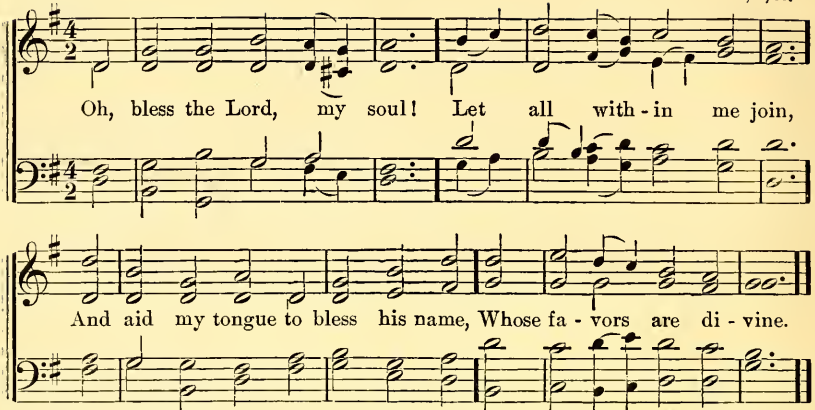
2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
And psalms of honor sing;
The Lord's a God of boundless might—
The whole creation's King.

3 Come, and with humble souls adore;
Come, kneel before his face;
Oh, may the creatures of his power
Be children of his grace!

4 Now is the time—he bends his ear,
And waits for your request;
Come, lest he rouse his wrath, and swear,
"Ye shall not see my rest."

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

ST. THOMAS. S. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1768.



20 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Bless the Lord.* (29)

2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul,
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins—
'Tis he relieves thy pain—
'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
When ransomed from the grave;
He who redeemed my soul from hell,
Hath sovereign power to save.

ISAAC WATTS.

21 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC BELOW.] *Psalm* 103. (34)
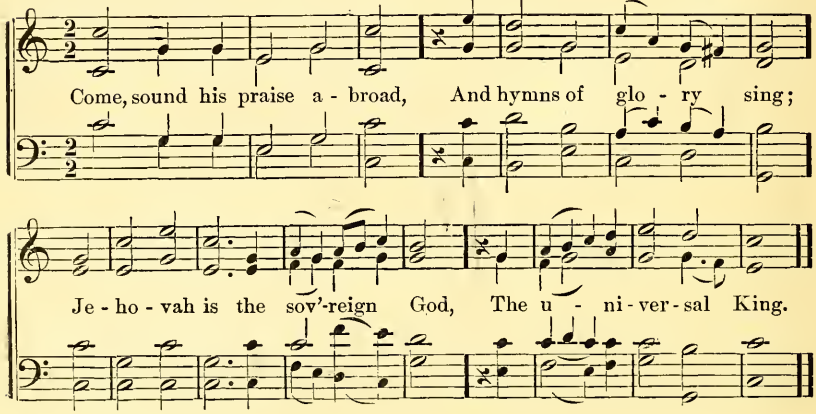
2 He formed the deeps unknown;
He gave the seas their bound;
The watery worlds are all his own,
And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne;
Come, bow before the Lord;
We are his works, and not our own;
He formed us by his word.

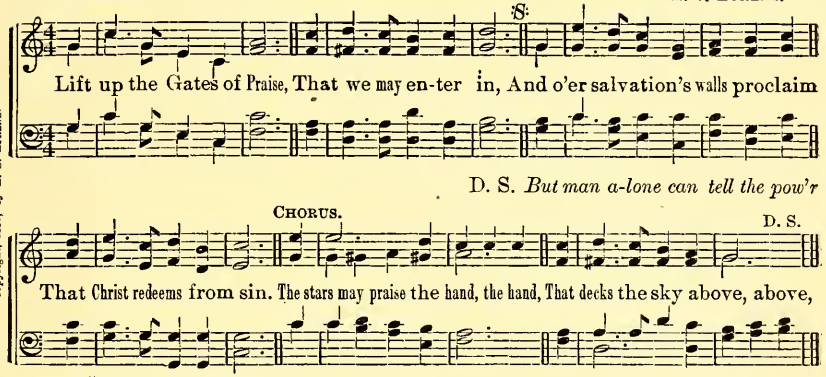
4 To-day attend his voice,
Nor dare provoke his rod;
Come, like the people of his choice,
And own your gracious God.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

SILVER STREET. S. M. ISAAC SMITH, 1770.



GATES OF PRAISE. E. S. LORENZ.



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22

Gates of Praise.

1 LIFT up the Gates of Praise,
That we may enter in,
And o'er salvation's walls proclaim
That Christ redeems from sin.

2 God's works reveal his might,
His majesty and grace;
But not the tender Father's love
That saves a dying race.

3 Then let the voice of praise
To heavenly courts ascend,
Till with the songs the angels sing
Our hallelujahs blend.

4 To him that hath redeemed
Our souls from sin's dark maze;
The Hope and Savior of mankind,
Be everlasting praise.

M. E. SERVOSS.

23

Exhortation to Praise. (32)

1 STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice!
Stand up, and bless the Lord, your God,
With heart, and soul, and voice.
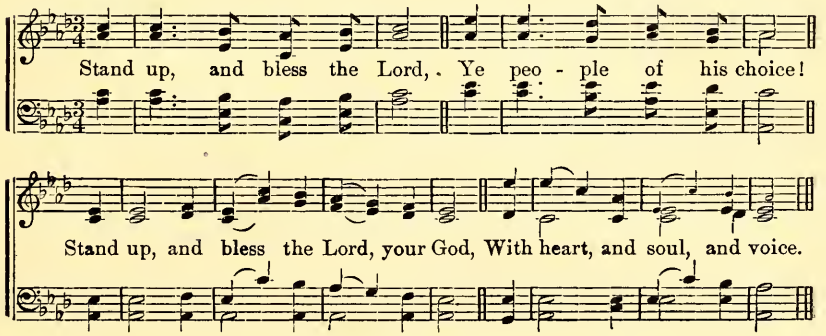
2 Though high above all praise,
Above all blessing high,
Who would not fear his holy name,
And laud and magnify?

3 Oh, for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought!

4 God is our strength and song,
And his salvation ours;
Then be his love in Christ proclaimed,
With all our ransomed powers.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

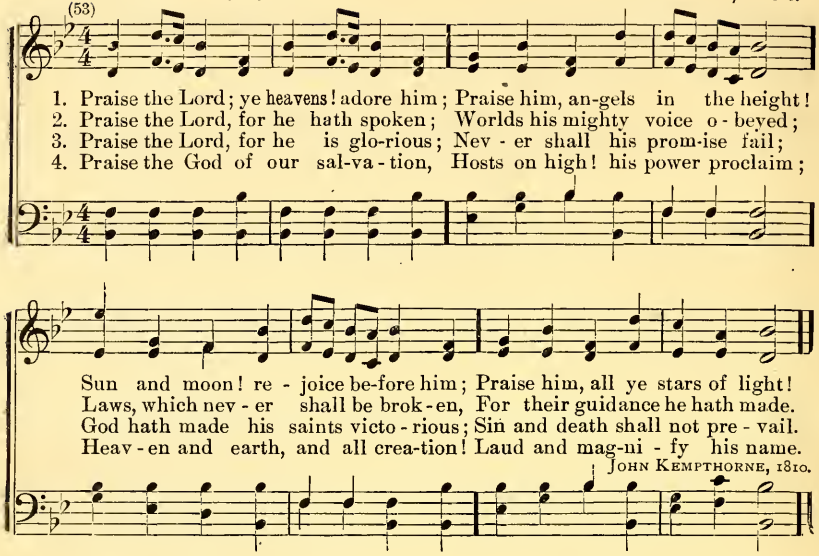
LEIGHTON. S. M. H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.



24 WILMOT. 8s & 7s.

CARL MARIA VON WEBER. 1782–1826.

(53)

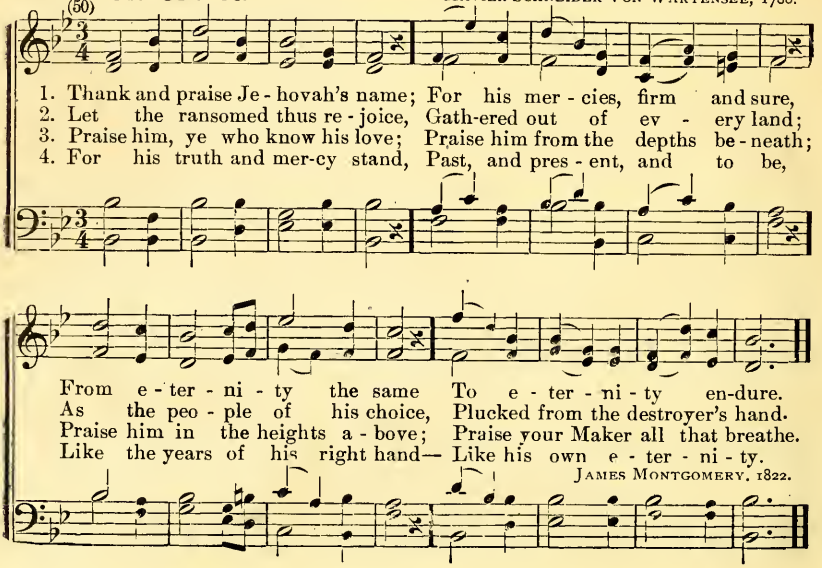


JOHN KEMPTHORNE, 1810.

25 HORTON. 7s.

XAVIER SCHNEIDER VON WARTENSEE, 1786.

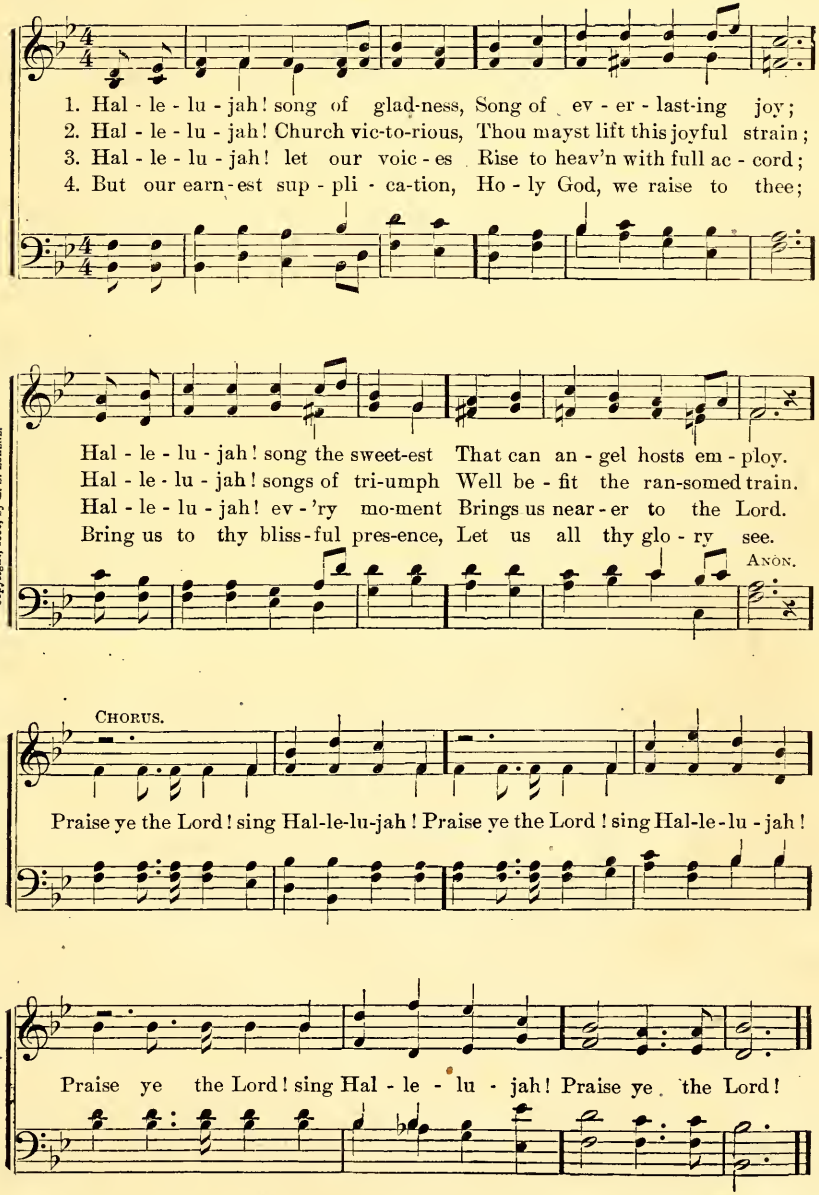
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JAMES MONTGOMERY. 1822.

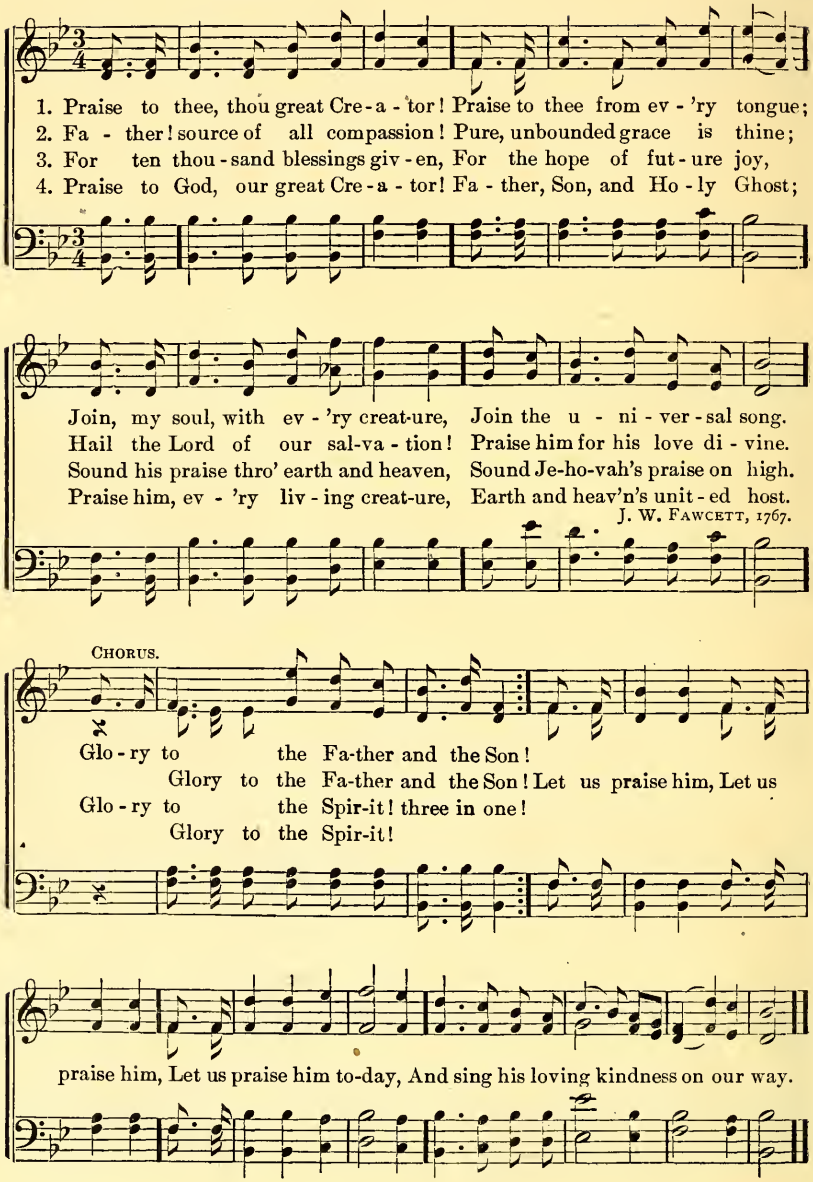
26 HALLELUJAH! 8s & 7s.

E. S. LORENZ.

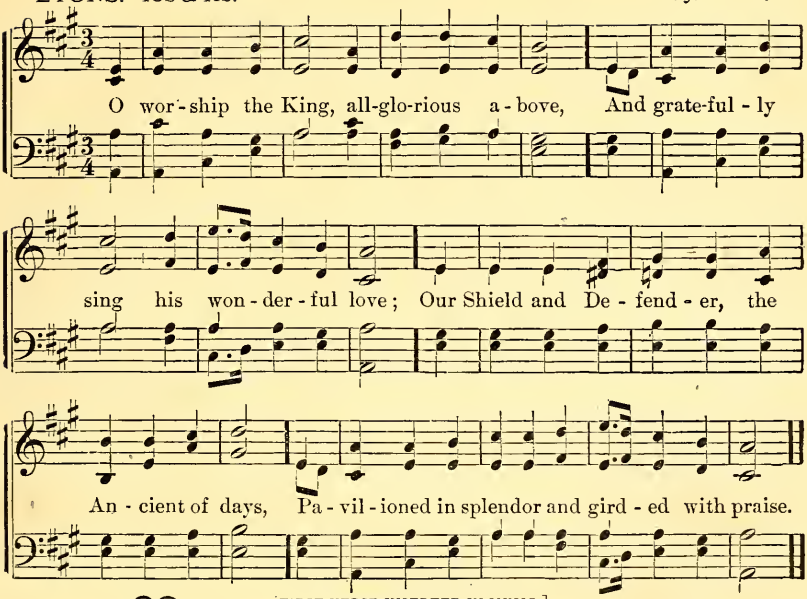


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27 LET US PRAISE HIM TO-DAY. 8s & 7s. W. J. Baltzell.



LYONS. 10s & 11s. F. J. HAYDN.



28

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Praise of Divine Love.

2 Thy bountiful care, what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light;
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

3 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail;
Thy mercies, how tender! how firm to the end,
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend!

4 Our Father and God, how faithful thy love!
While angels delight to hymn thee above,
The humbler creation, though feeble their lays,
With true adoration shall lisp to thy praise.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1839.

29

Salvation to God.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad his wonderful name:
The name, all-victorious, of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

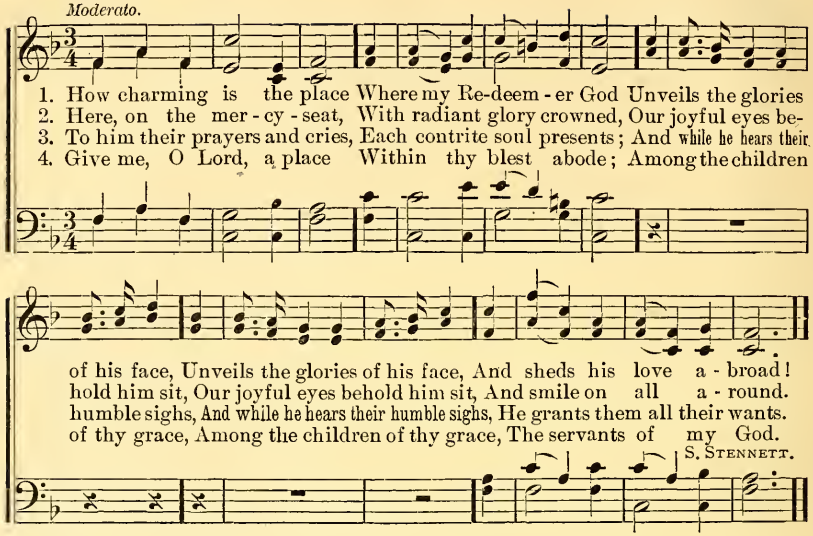
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still he is nigh, his presence we have:
The great congregation his triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son;
Our Saviour's high praises the angels proclaim,—
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

C WESLEY, 1744.

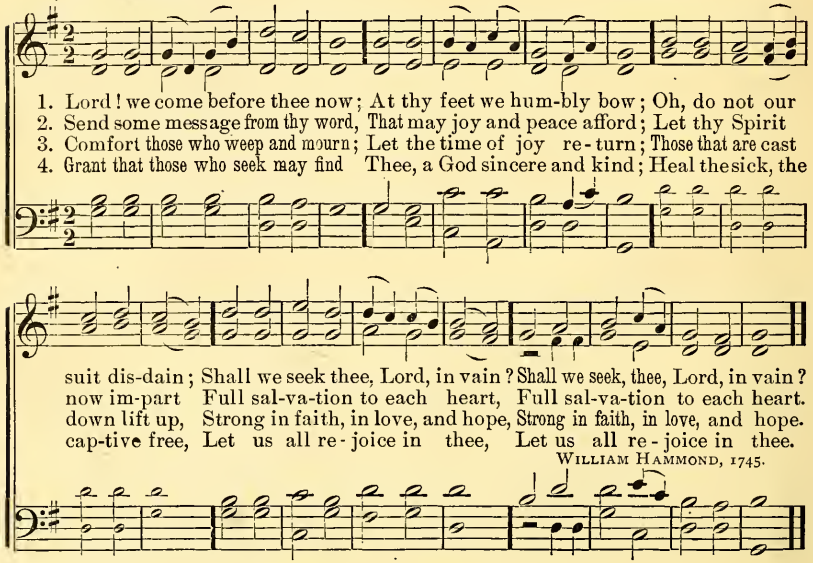
30 GERAR. S. M.

(128) *Moderato.* LOWELL MASON.

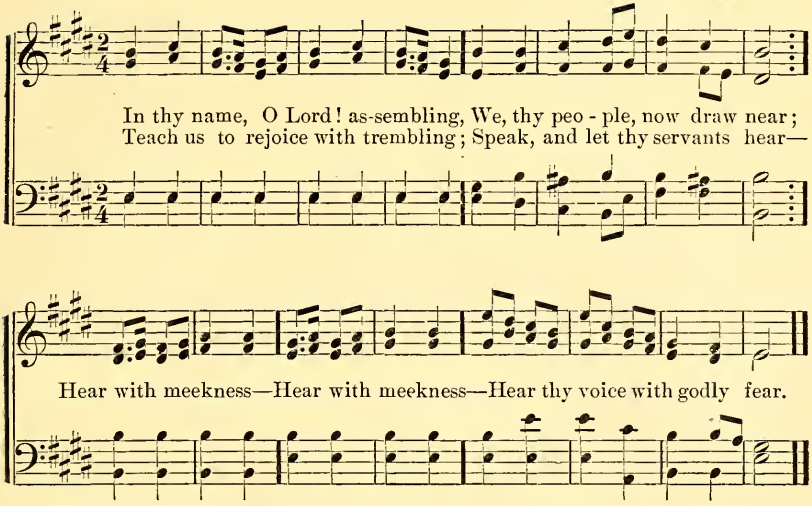


31 HENDON. 7s.

(134) *Moderato.* CÆSAR MALAN, 1830.



SICILY. 8s, 7s & 4s. SICILIAN MELODY.



32 (137)

Opening of Service.

IN thy name, O Lord! assembling,
We, thy people, now draw near;
Teach us to rejoice with trembling;
Speak, and let thy servants hear—
Hear with meekness—
Hear thy word with godly fear.

2 While our days on earth are lengthened,
May we give them, Lord, to thee;
Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
May we run, nor weary be,
Till thy glory
Without clouds in heaven we see.

3 There, in worship, purer, sweeter,
Thee thy people shall adore;
Tasting of enjoyment greater
Far than thought conceived before;
Full enjoyment,
Full, unmixed, and evermore.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

33 (141)

Close of Service.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh! refresh us,
Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give and adoration,
For thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May thy presence
With us, evermore, be found.

3 So, whene'er the signal's given,
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.

WALTER SHIRLEY, 1774.

34 (139)

Plea for Parting Blessing.

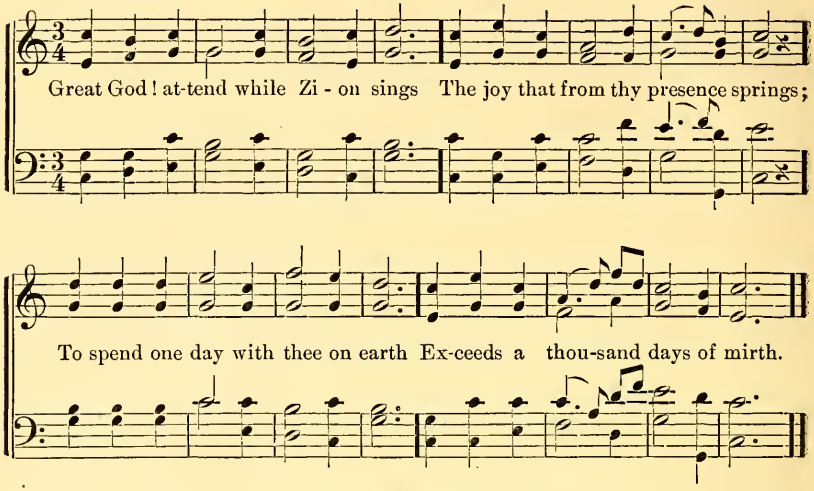
GOD of our salvation! hear us;
Bless, oh, bless us, ere we go;
When we join the world, be near us,
Lest we cold and careless grow.
Savior! keep us;
Keep us safe from every foe.

2 As our steps are drawing nearer
To our everlasting home,
May our view of heaven grow clearer,
Hope more bright of joys to come;
And, when dying,
May thy presence cheer the gloom.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

MENDON. L. M. GERMAN.

With ardor.



35 (119)

Psalm 84.

GREAT God! attend while Zion sings
The joy that from thy presence springs;
To spend one day with thee on earth
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
Within thy house, O God of grace!
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
God is our shield, he guards our way
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
From foes without and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
And crown that grace with glory too;
He gives us all things, and withholds
No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King! whose sovereign sway
The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
And devils at thy presence flee;
Blest is the man that trusts in thee!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

36 (124)

The Presence of Christ.

How sweet to leave the world awhile,
And seek the presence of our Lord!
Dear Savior! on thy people smile,
And come, according to thy word.

2 From busy scenes we now retreat,
That we may here converse with thee:
Ah! Lord! behold us at thy feet;—
Let this the gate of heaven be.

3 Chief of ten thousand! now appear,
That we by faith may see thy face;
Oh! speak, that we thy voice may hear,
And let thy presence fill this place.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

37 (127)

Psalm 84.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
With long desire my spirit faints,
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode;
My panting heart cries out for God;
My God! my King! why should I be
So far from all my joys and thee?

3 Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face and learn thy praise.

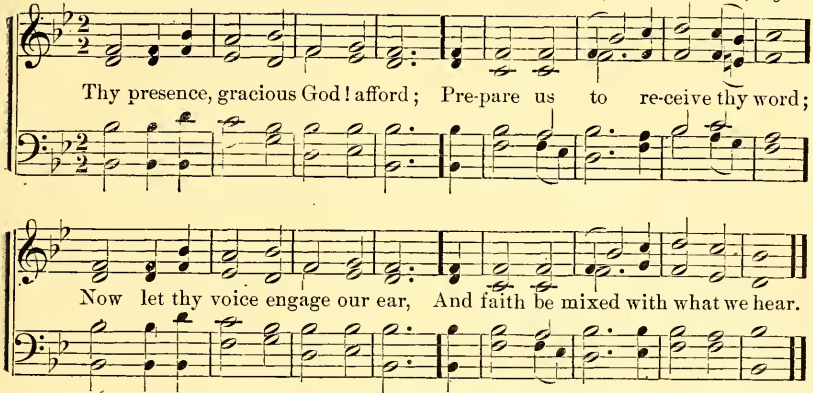
4 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate;
God is their strength, and through the road
They lean upon their helper, God.

5 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

WARD. L. M.

Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.



38 [FIRST STANZA INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
Before Sermon. (122)

2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
And fix our hearts and hopes above;
With food divine may we be fed,
And satisfied with living bread.

3 To us thy sacred word apply,
With sovereign power and energy;
And may we, in thy faith and fear,
Reduce to practice what we hear.

4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
Teach us to know and do thy will;
Thy saving power and love display,
And guide us to the realms of day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

39 [FIRST STANZA INSERTED IN MUSIC BELOW.]
Acts 2: 1. (792)

2 Command thy blessing, Jesus, Lord!
May we thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word—
Say to the weakest, follow me.

3 Command thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of truth! and fill the place
With wounding and with healing power,
With quickening and confirming grace.
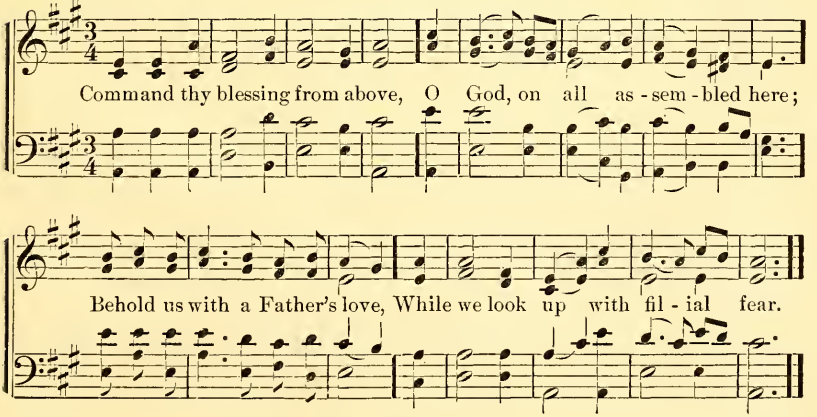
4 Oh, thou, our Maker, Savior, Guide,
One true, eternal God confessed;
Whom thou hast joined none may divide;
None dare to curse whom thou hast blest.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.
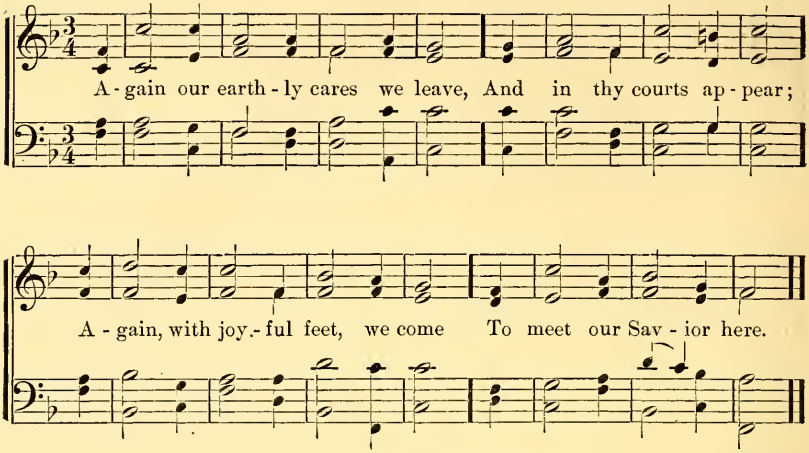
MIGDOL. L. M.

Moderato.

DR. L. MASON, 1840.



MEAR. C. M. BARNARD'S PSALMS, 1752.



40 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *God's Presence in Sanctuary.* (111)

2 Within those walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease—
The wounded spirit heal.

3 The feeliug heart, the melting eye,
The humble mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow.

4 May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

5 Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessing from above,
That we may render praise.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779, *a.*

41 *Dedication.* (1175)

OH, thou, whose own vast temple stands,
Built over earth and sea!
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship thee.

2 Lord! from thine inmost glory send,
Within these walls t' abide,
The peace that dwelleth without end
Serenely by thy side!

3 May erring minds, that worship here,
Be taught the better way;
And they who mourn, and they who fear,
Be strengthened as they pray.

4 May faith grow firm, and love grow warm,
And pure devotiou rise,
While, round these hallowed walls, the storm
Of earth-born passion dies.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1835.

42 *Psalm* 122. (106)

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say—
"In Zion let us all appear—
And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace, built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Up to her courts, with joys unknown,
The holy tribes repair;
The Son of David holds his throne,
And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
And, while his awful voice
Divides the sinners from the saints,
We tremble and rejoice.

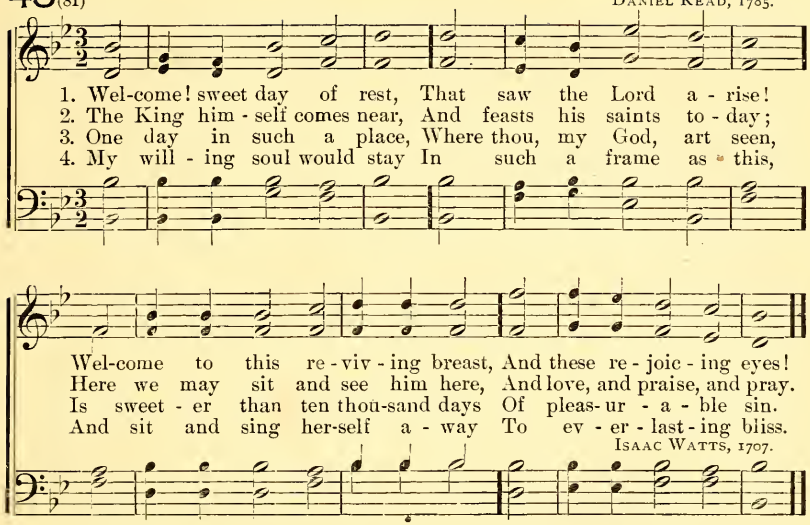
5 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest!
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
By her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Savior, reigns.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

43 (81) LISBON. S. M.

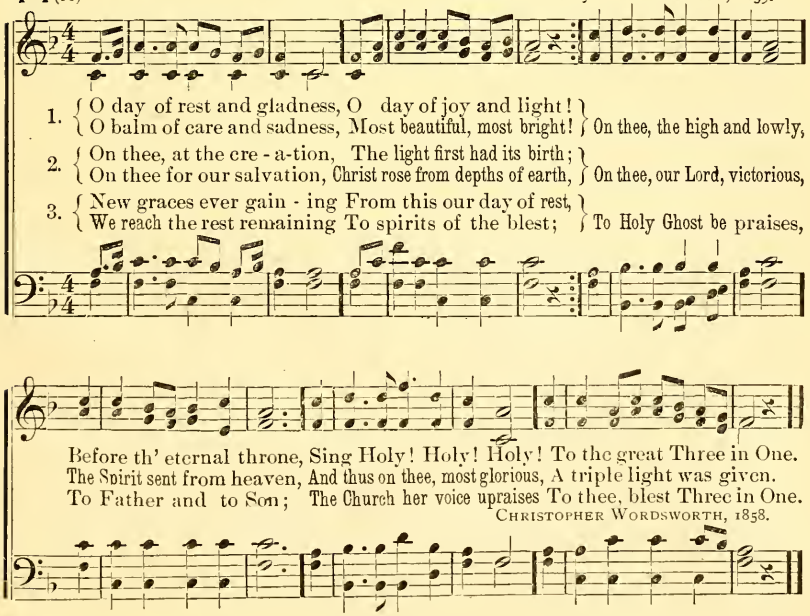
DANIEL READ, 1785.



ISAAC WATTS, 1707.
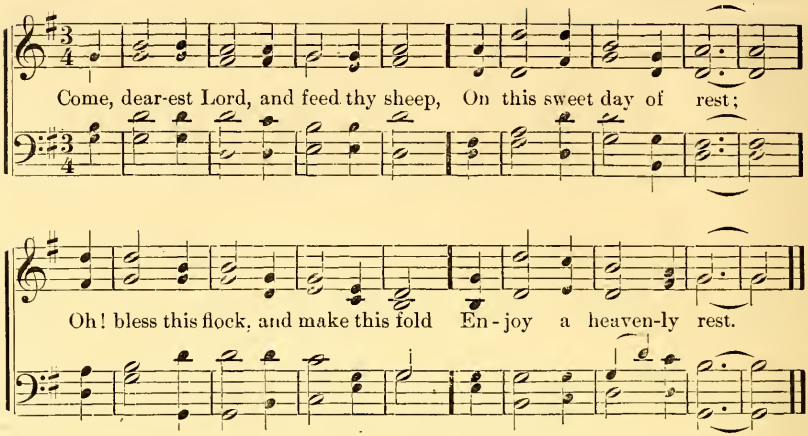
44 (96) MENDEBRAS. 7s & 6s. D.

German. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1839.



CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1858.

AUBURN. C. M. HENRY IVISON, 1840.



45 *Sweet Day of Rest.* (66)

COME, dearest Lord, and feed thy sheep,
On this sweet day of rest;
Oh, bless this flock, and make this fold
Enjoy a heavenly rest.

2 Welcome, and precious to my soul
Are these sweet days of love;
But what a Sabbath shall I keep
When I shall rest above!

3 I come, I wait, I hear, I pray;
Thy footsteps, Lord, I trace;
Here, in thine own appointed way,
I wait to see thy face.

4 These are the sweet and precious days
On which my Lord I've seen;
And oft, when feasting on his word,
In raptures I have been.

5 Oh, if my soul, when death appears,
In this sweet frame be found,
I'll clasp my Savior in mine arms,
And leave this earthly ground.

JOHN MASON, 1683.

46 *Sabbath Morn.* (60)

How sweetly breaks the Sabbath dawn
Along the eastern skies!
So, when the night of time hath gone,
Eternity shall rise.

2 How softly spreads the Sabbath light!
How soon the gloom hath fled!
So o'er the new created sight
Celestial bliss is spread.

3 What quiet reigns o'er earth and sea,
Through all the stilly air!
So calm may we this Sabbath be,
And free from worldly care.

4 Thus let thy peace, O Lord! pervade
Our bosoms all our days;
And let each passing hour be made
A herald of thy praise.

5 This peace of God—how full! how sweet
It flows from Jesus' breast;
It makes our bliss on earth complete,
It brings eternal rest.

EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1840.

47 *The Lord's Day Morning.* (65)

WHEN the worn spirit wants repose,
And sighs her God to seek,
How sweet to hail the evening's close
That ends the weary week!

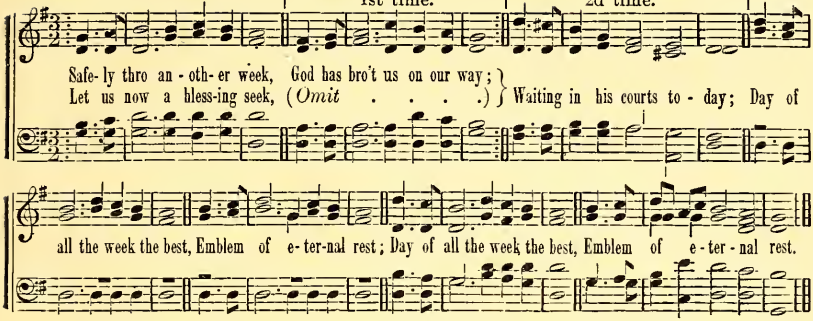
2 How sweet to hail the early dawn
That opens on the sight,
When first that soul-reviving morn
Sheds forth new rays of light!

3 Sweet day! thine hours too soon will cease;
Yet, while they gently roll,
Breathe, heavenly Spirit, source of peace,
A Sabbath o'er my soul.

4 When will my pilgrimage be done,
The world's long week be o'er,
That Sabbath dawn which needs no sun,
That day which fades no more?

JAMES EDMESTON, 1820.

SABBATH. 7s, 6 or 8 lines. LOWELL MASON, 1834.



48

(94)

Blessing of the Sabbath.

SAFELY thro' another week,
God has bro't us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day;
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we seek supplies of grace
Through the dear Redeemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face;
Take away our sin and shame;
From our wordly cares set free;
May we rest, this day, in thee.

3 May the gospel's joyful sound
Conquer sinners, comfort saints,
Make the fruits of grace abound,
Bring relief from all complaints;
Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,
Till we join the church above.

JOHN NEWTON. 1779, *a.*

49

(98)

Rejoicing in the Sabbath.
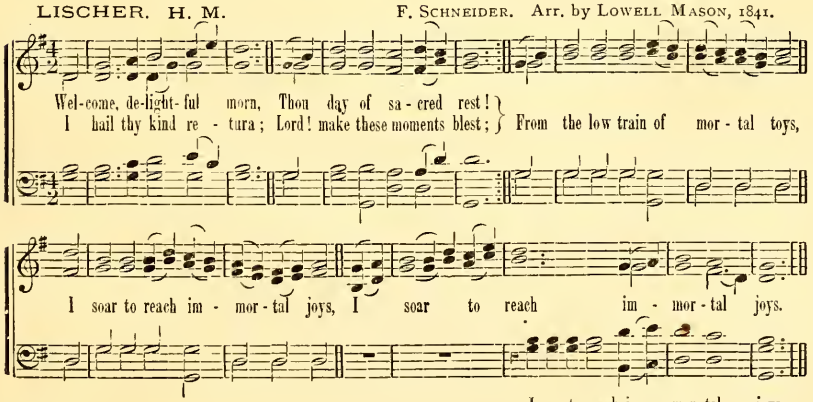
WELCOME, delightful morn!
Thou day of sacred rest;
I hail thy kind return;
Lord, make these moments blest;
From the low train of mortal toys
I soar to reach immortal joys.

2 Now may the King descend,
And fill his throne of grace;
Thy scepter, Lord, extend,
While saints address thy face.
Let sinners feel thy quickening word,
And learn to know and fear the Lord.

3 Descend, celestial Dove,
With all thy quickening powers;
Disclose a Savior's love,
And bless the sacred hours;
Then shall my soul new life obtain,
Nor Sabbaths be indulged in vain.

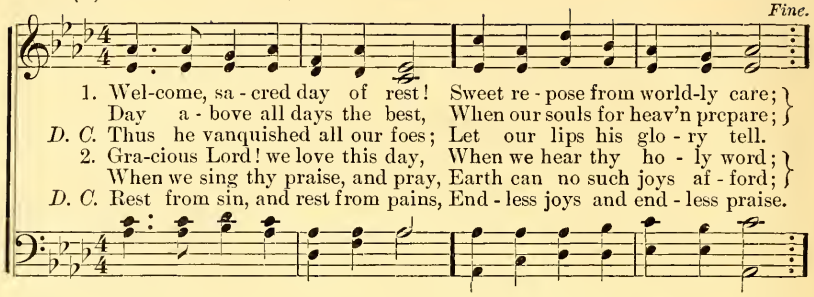
HAYWARD, 1806.
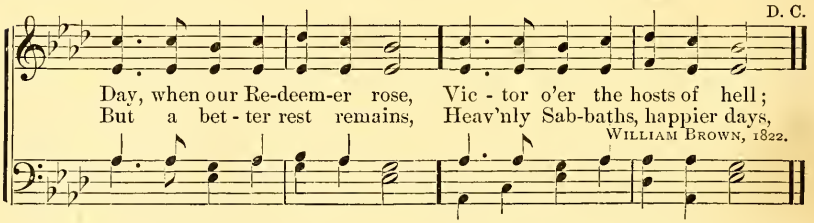
LISCHER. H. M. F. SCHNEIDER. Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1841.



50 (91) SPANISH HYMN. 7s, 8 lines.

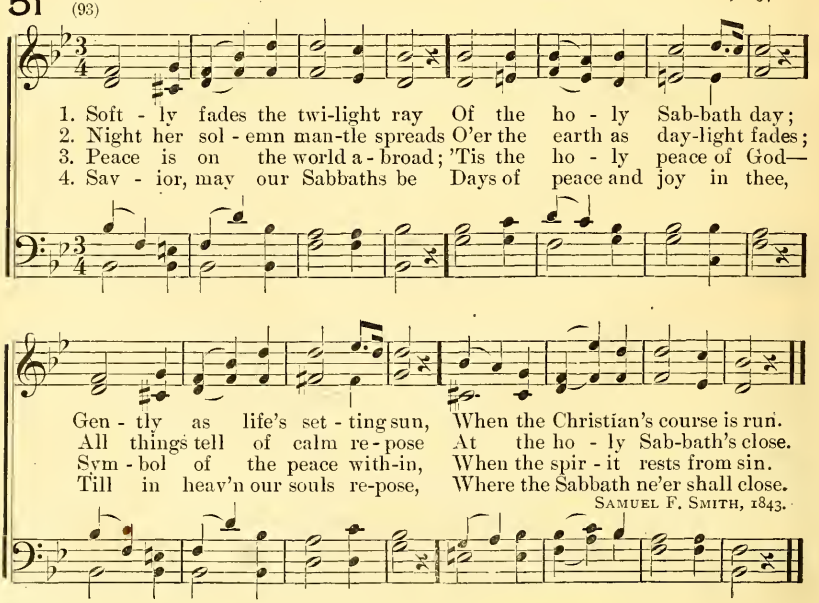
SPANISH MELODY.





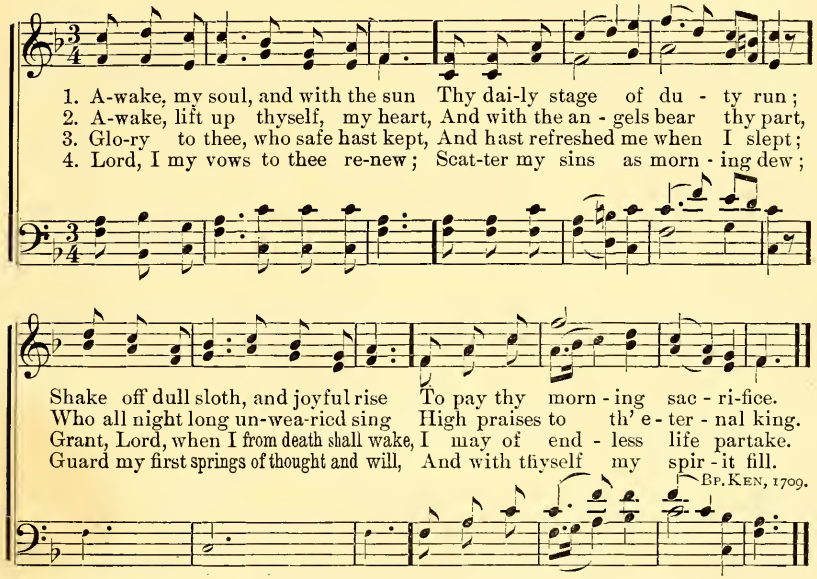
51 (93) LAST HOPE. 7s.

Arr. from L. M. GOTTSCHALK, 1854.



52 LOWRY. L. M.

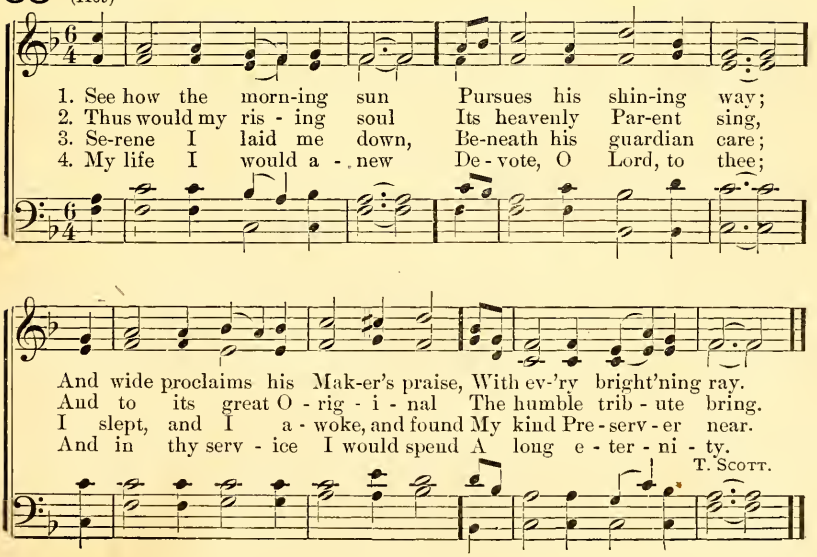
GEO. F. ROOT.



BP. KEN, 1709.

53 VIGIL. S. M. (1169)

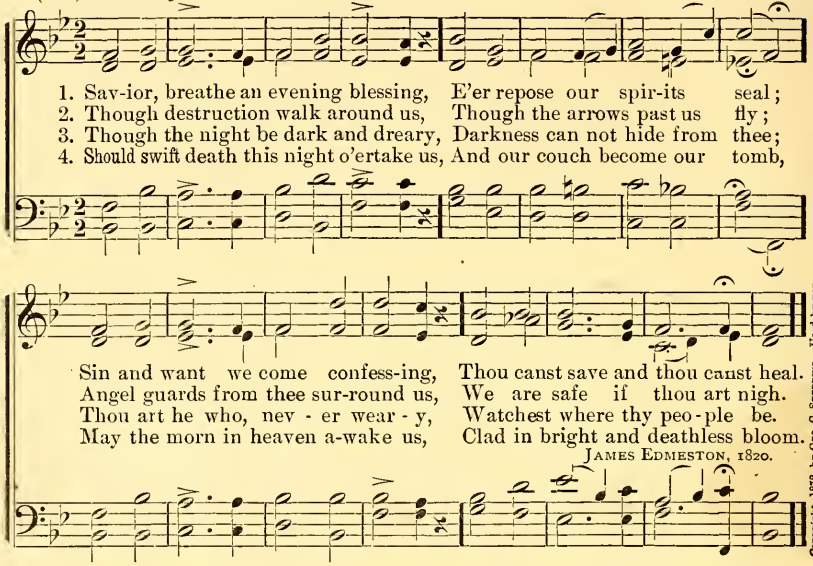
GIOVANNI PAISELLO.



T. SCOTT.

54 EVENING PRAYER. 8s & 7s.

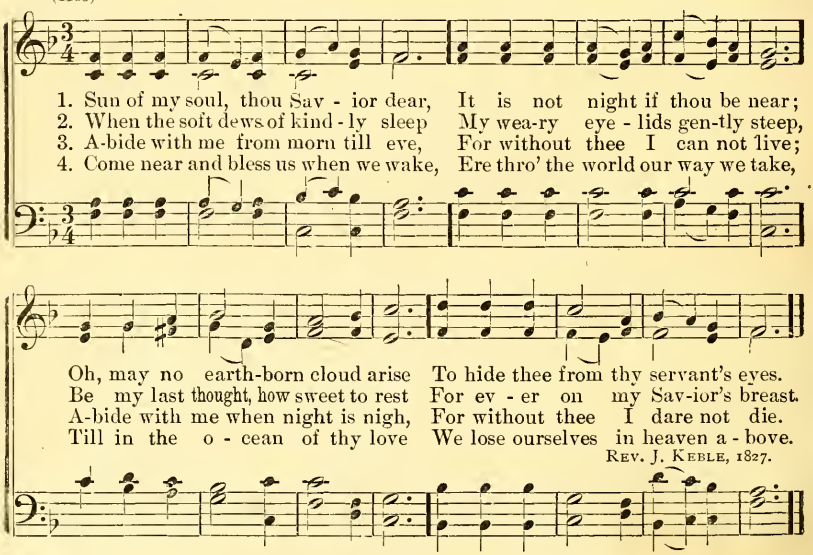
(1171) *Reverently.* GEORGE C. STEBBINS.



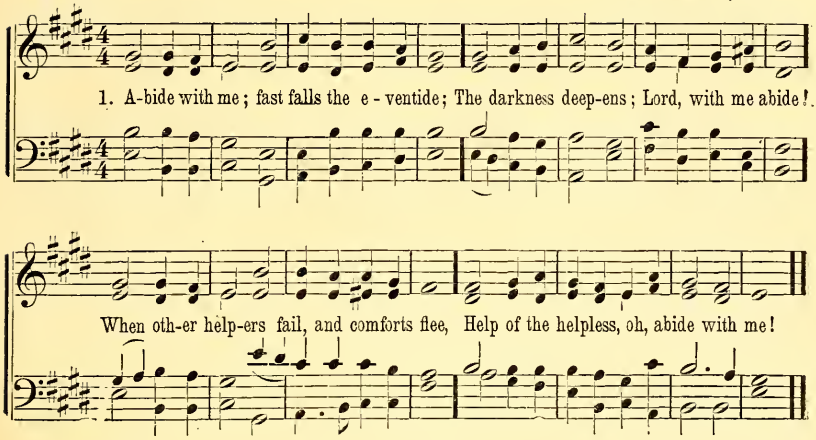
Copyright, 1878, by Geo. C. Stebbins. Used by per

55 HURSLEY. L. M.

(1165) PETER RITTER, 1792. Arr. by W. H. MONK, 1861.



EVENTIDE. 10s. W. H. MONK, 1861.



56

Evening of the Day.

ABIDE with me: fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide!
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me!

2 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing word,
But as thou dwell'st with thy disciples, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
Come, not to sojourn, but abide with me.

3 I need thy presence every passing hour:
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like thyself my guide and stay can be?
Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away:
Change and decay in all around I see;
O thou, who changest not, abide with me!

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1847.

57

Closing Hymn.

SAVIOR, again to thy dear name we raise
With one accord our parting hymn of praise;
We rise to bless thee ere our worship cease,
And now, departing, wait thy word of peace.
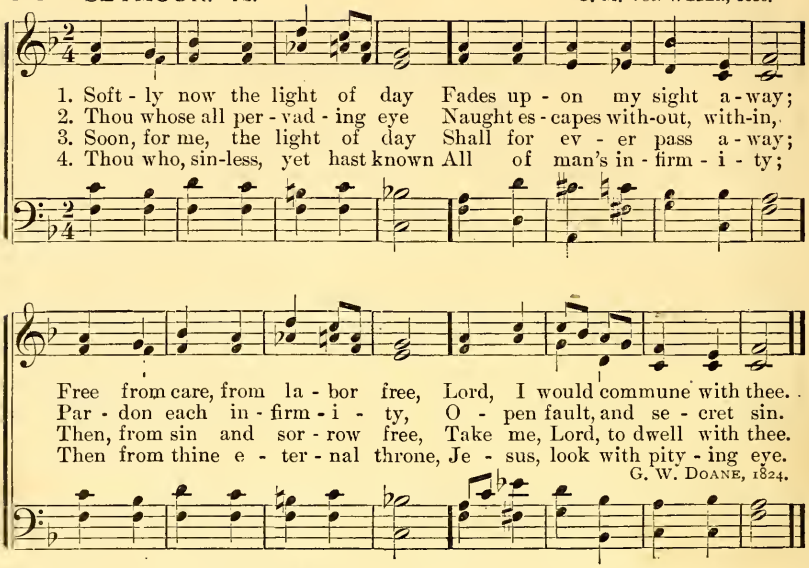
2 Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
That in this house have called upon thy name.

3 Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night;
Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to thee.

JOHN ELLERTON, 1868.

58 SEYMOUR. 7s.

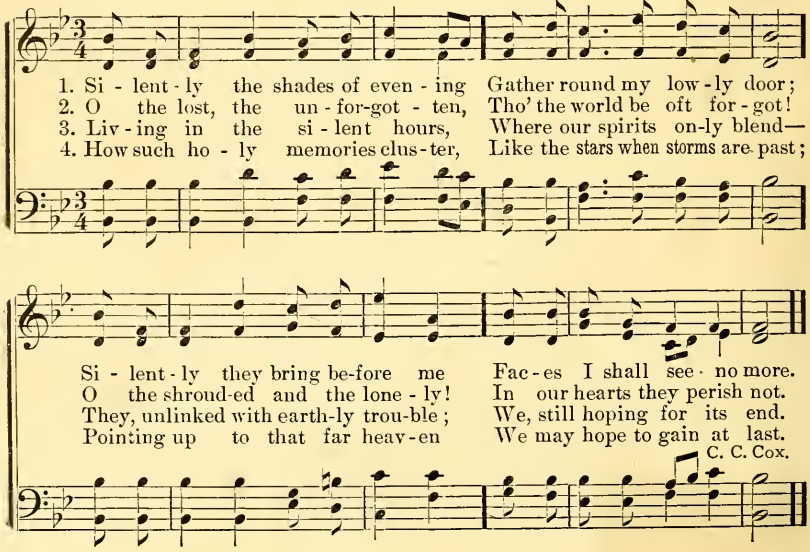
C. M. von Weber, 1826.



G. W. Doane, 1824.

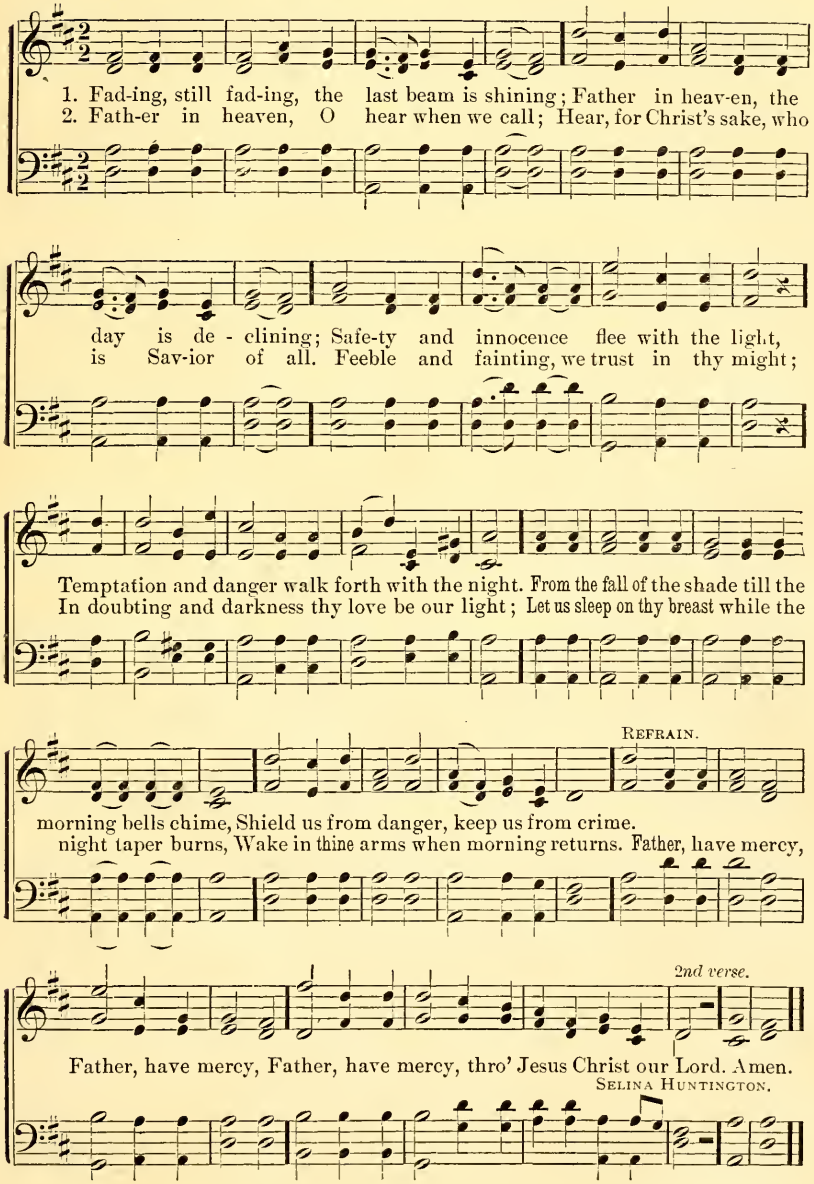
59 STOCKWELL. 8s & 7s.

D. E. Jones, 1847.
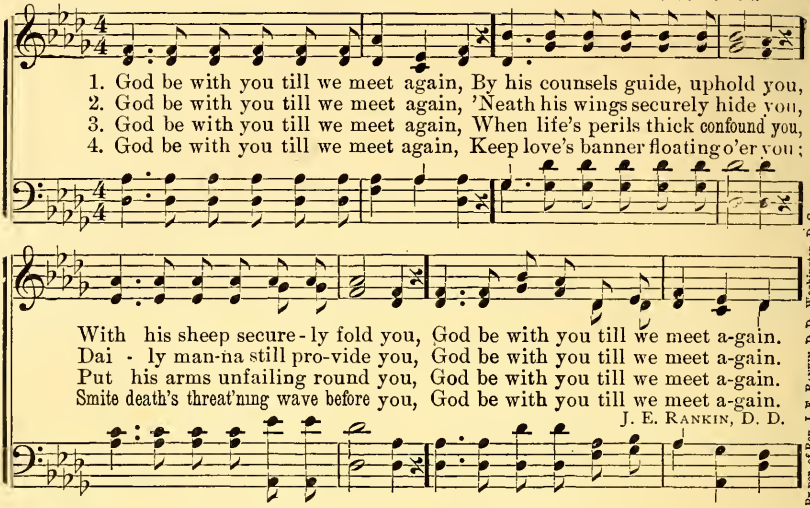


C. C. Cox.
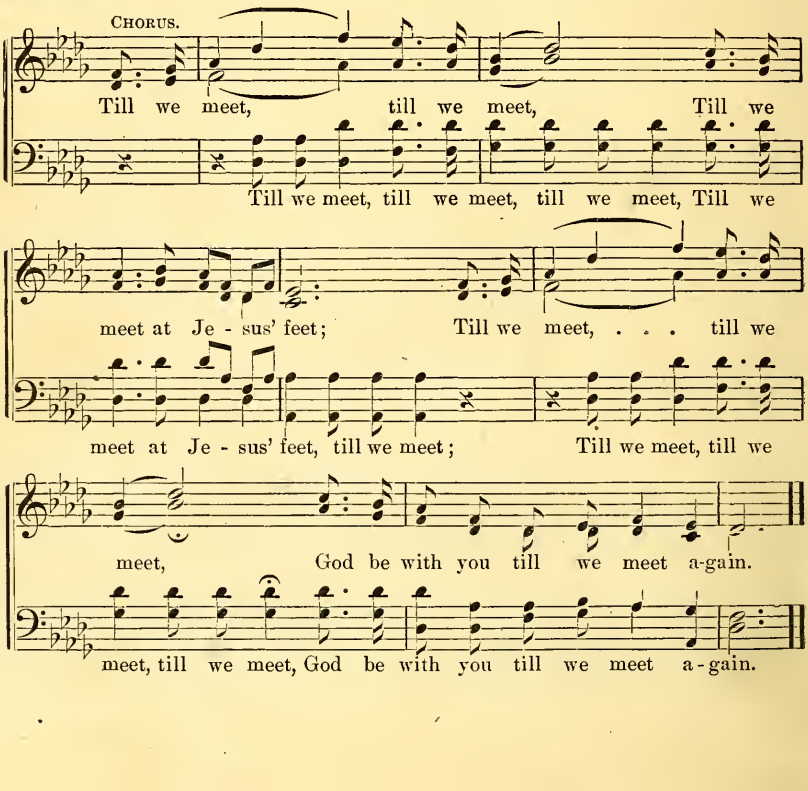
60 FADING, STILL FADING. P. M., with Refrain. SCOTCH SONG.



61 GOD BE WITH YOU. P. M.

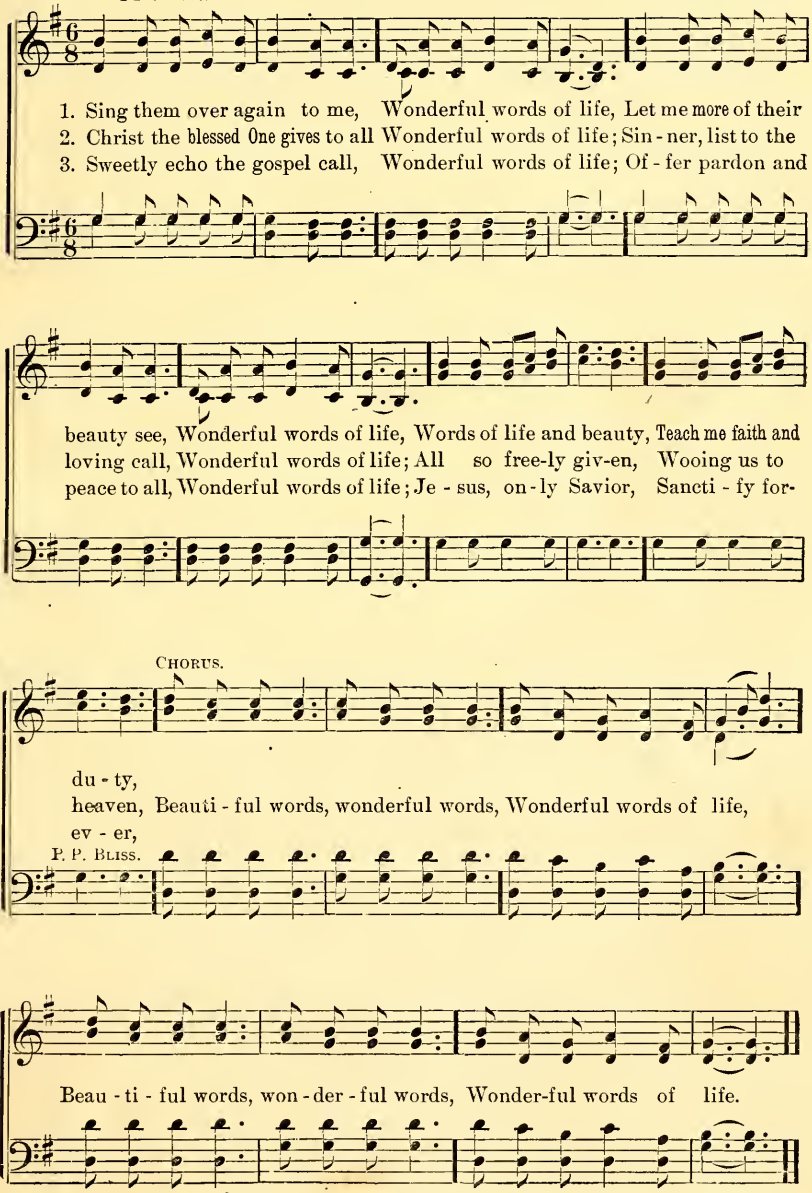
W. G. TOMER.





62 WONDERFUL WORDS. P. M.

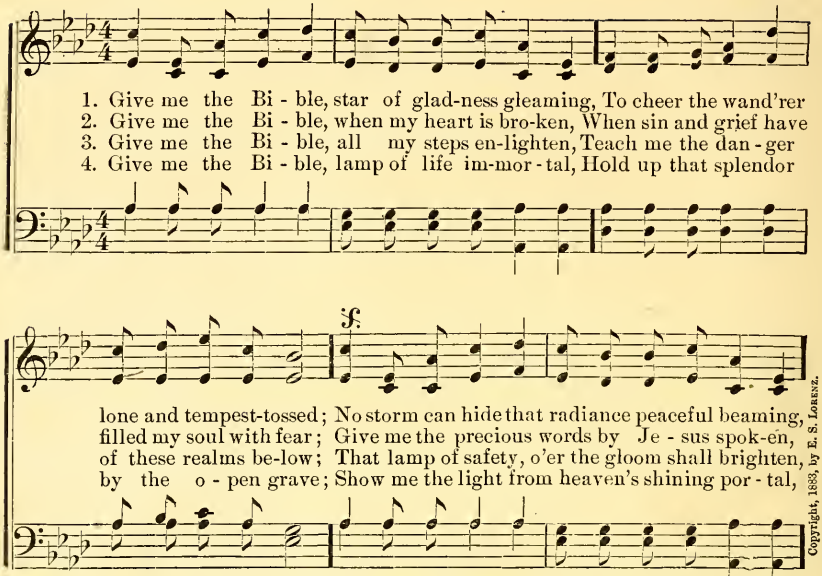
P. P. Bliss.



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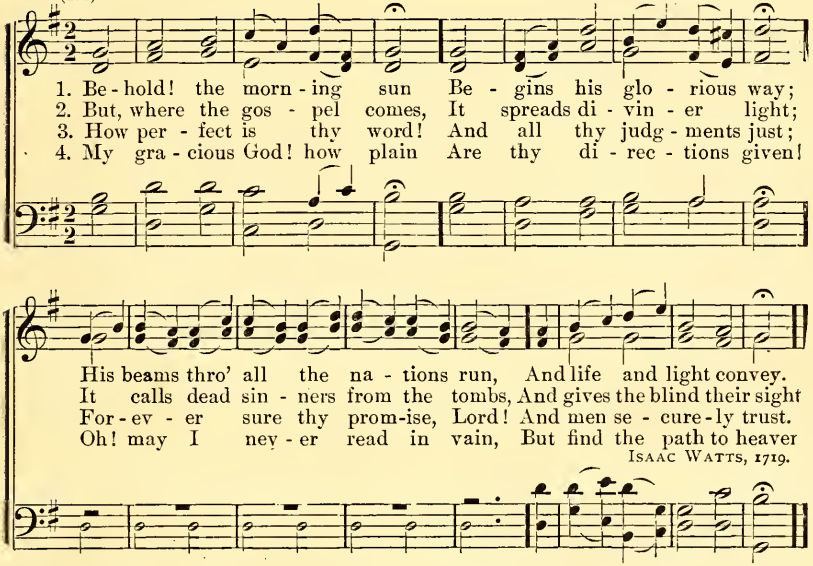
63 GIVE ME THE BIBLE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



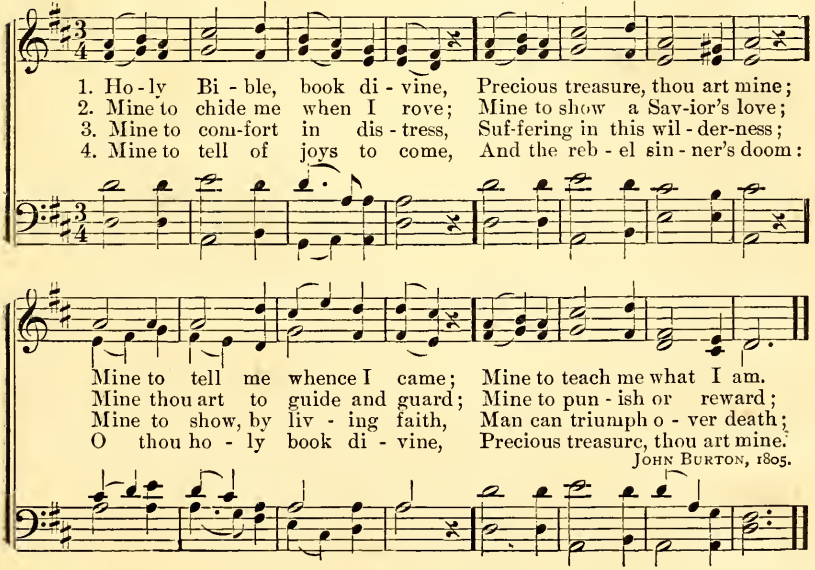
PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

64 (170) SHIRLAND. S. M. SAMUEL STANLEY, 1805.



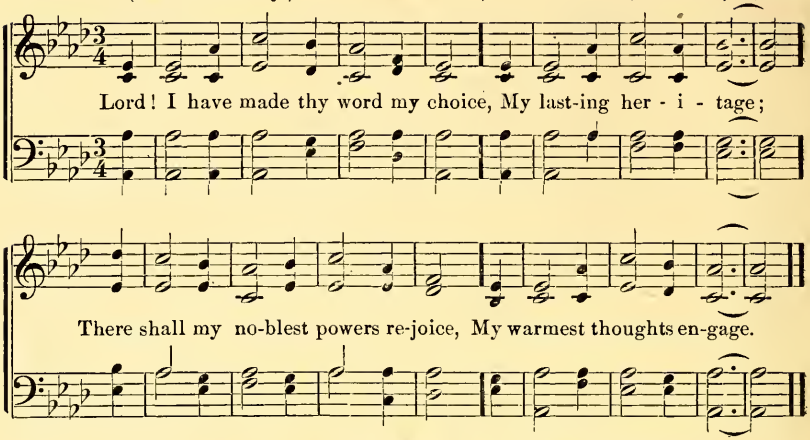
ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

65 DALLAS. 7s. From MARIA LUIGI CHERUBINI, d. 1846.



JOHN BURTON, 1805.

EVAN. (Celtic Melody.) C. M. Arr., WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1846.



66 (155)

Psalm 119.

LORD! I have made thy word my choice,
My lasting heritage;
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,
And keep thy laws in sight,
While through the promises I rove,
With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,
Where springs of life arise;
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have—
It makes our sorrows blest;
Our fairest hope, beyond the grave,
And our eternal rest.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

67 (1018)

The Latter Day.

LORD! send thy word, and let it fly,
Armed with thy Spirit's power;
Ten thousands shall confess its sway,
And bless the saving hour.

2 Beneath the influence of its grace,
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden flowers and fruits arrayed,—
A blooming paradise.

3 Peace, with her olives crowned, shall stretch
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
Nor murderous cannon roar.

4 Lord! for these days we wait;—these days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars! and bring
This promised age of gold.

5 Amen!—with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumbered myriads cry;
Amen!—with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumbered choirs reply.

THOMAS GIBBONS, 1769.

68 (150)

The Incomparable Richness of God's Word.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines!
Forever be thy name adored
For these celestial lines.

2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find—
Riches above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.

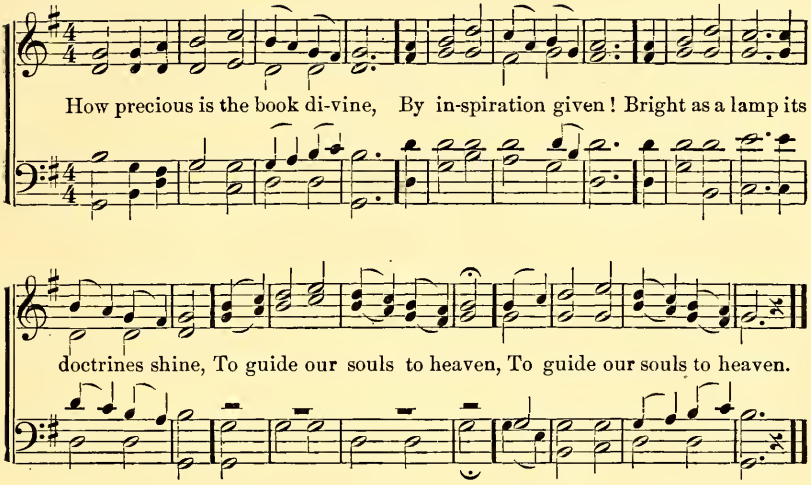
3 Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,
And yields a free repast;
Sublimer sweets than nature knows
Invite the longing taste.

4 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

5 Oh, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see
And still increasing light.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

DEVIZES. C. M. ISRAEL TUCKER, 1800.



69 (149)

The Bible our Light.

How precious is the book divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

2 Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Savior's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

3 It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

4 This lamp, through all the tedious night
Of life, shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

70 (156)

Psalm 119.

How shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

2 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And, through the dangers of the night,
A lamp to lead our way.

3 Thy precepts make me truly wise;
I hate the sinners' road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love thy law, my God!

4 Thy word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

71 (154)

Perfection of the Law and Testimony.

THY law is perfect, Lord of light;
Thy testimonies sure;
The statutes of thy realm are right,
And thy commandments pure.
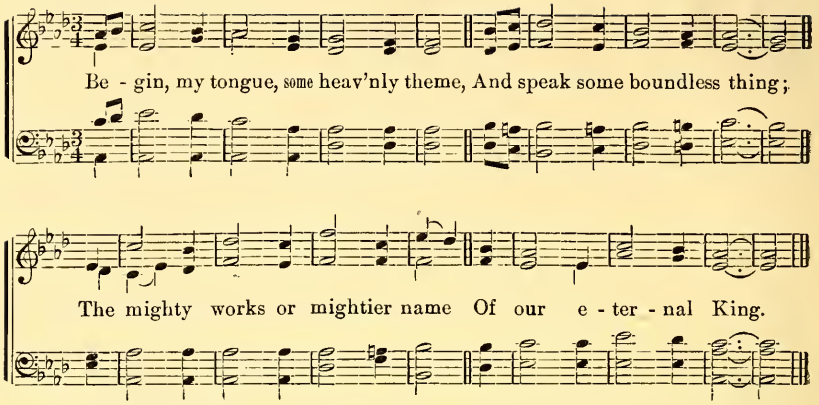
2 Let these, O God, my soul convert,
And make thy servant wise;
Let those be gladness to my ears—
The dayspring to mine eyes.

3 By these may I be warned betimes;
Who knows the guile within?
Lord, save me from presumptuous crimes;
Cleanse me from secret sin.

4 So may the words my lips express—
The thoughts that throng my mind—
O Lord, my strength and righteousness,
With thee acceptance find.

C. WESLEY.

MANOAH. C. M. Arr. from ROSSINI.



72

Faithfulness.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme,
And speak some boundless thing;
The mighty works or mightier name
Of our eternal King.

2 Tell of his wondrous faithfulness,
And sound his power abroad;
Sing the sweet promise of his grace,
And the performing God.

3 His very word of grace is strong,
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along,
Speaks all the promises.

4 Oh, might I hear thy heavenly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

ISAAC WATTS.

73

Power.

THE Lord, our God, is full of might,
The winds obey his will;
He speaks,—and, in his heavenly height,
The rolling sun stands still.

2 Rebel, ye waves, and o'er the land
With threatening aspect roar;
The Lord uplifts his awful hand,
And chains you to the shore.

3 Howl, winds of night, your force combine;
Without his high behest,
Ye shall not, in the mountain pine,
Disturb the sparrow's nest.

4 His voice sublime is heard afar,
In distant peals it dies;
He yokes the whirlwind to his car,
And sweeps the howling skies.

5 Ye nations bend—in reverence bend·
Ye monarchs, wait his nod,
And bid the choral song ascend
To celebrate your God.

H. KIRKE WHITE.

74

Eternity.

GREAT God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made:
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.

3 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Great God! there's nothing new.

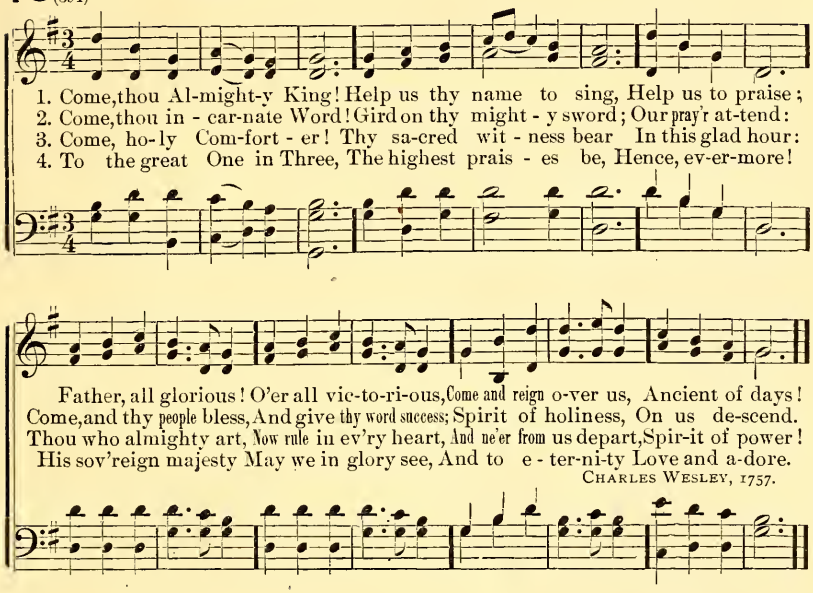
4 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vexed with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thought moves on
Thine undisturbed affairs.

5 Great God! how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.

ISAAC WATTS

75 (394) ITALY. (Italian Hymn.) 6s & 4s.

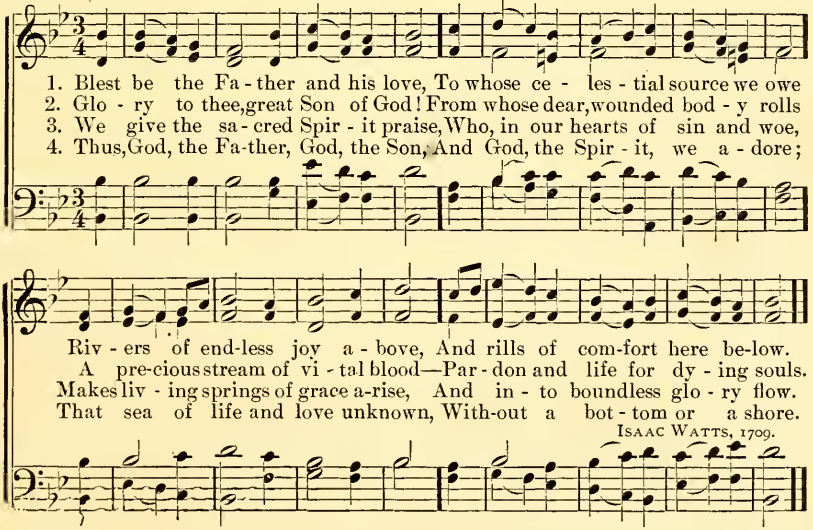
FELICE GIARDINI, 1760.



CHARLES WESLEY, 1757.

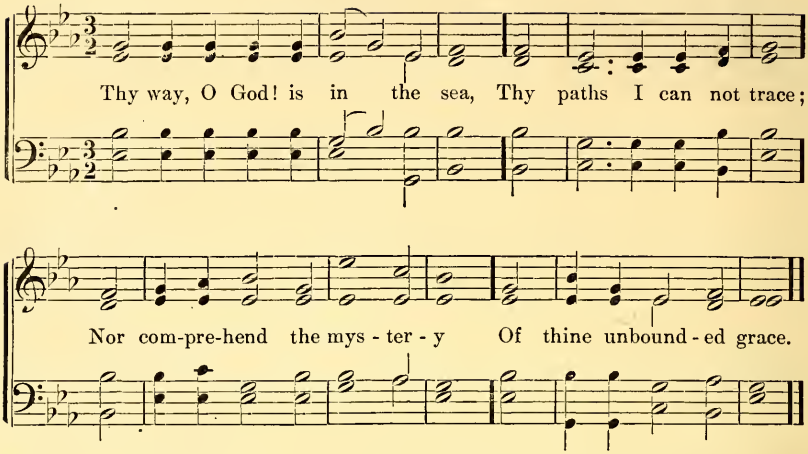
76 (391) ALL SAINTS. L. M.

WILLIAM KNAPP, 1760.



ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



77 (844)

God Incomprehensible.

THY way, O God! is in the sea,
Thy paths I can not trace;
Nor comprehend the mystery
Of thine unbounded grace.

2 'Tis but in part I know thy will;
I bless thee for the sight;
When will thy love the rest reveal,
In glory's clearer light?

3 Here the dark veils of flesh and sense
My captive soul surround;
Mysterious deeps of providence
My wondering thoughts confound.

4 As through a glass, I dimly see
The wonders of thy love;
How little do I know of thee,
Or of the joys above!

5 With rapture I shall soon survey
Thy providence and grace;
And spend an everlasting day
In wonder, love, and praise.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1782.

78 (1071)

Eternity of God.

O GOD! our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

79 (182)

Divine Perfections.

I SING th' almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise,
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

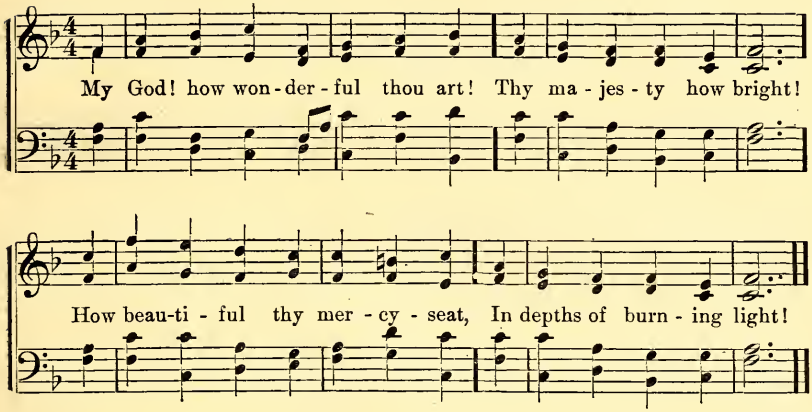
2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

4 Lord! how thy wonders are displayed
Where'er I turn mine eye!
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky!

ISAAC WATTS.

DUNDEE. (French.) C. M. ANDRO HART'S "Psalter," 1615.



80 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Our Heavenly Father.* (21)

2 How dread are thine eternal years,
Oh, everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night,
Incessantly adored.

3 Oh, how I fear thee, living God!
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.

4 Yet I may love thee, too, O Lord!
Almighty as thou art,
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of this poor heart.

5 No earthly father loves like thee,
No mother, half so mild,
Bears and forbears as thou hast done
With me, thy sinful child.

6 Father of Jesus! love's reward!
What rapture will it be,
Prostrate before thy throne to lie,
And gaze and gaze on thee.

FREDERICK WM. FABER, 1849.

81 *God's Ways not Understood.* (848)

GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

3 Ye fearful saints! fresh courage take
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.

5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1772.

82 *Majesty.* Ps. 18.

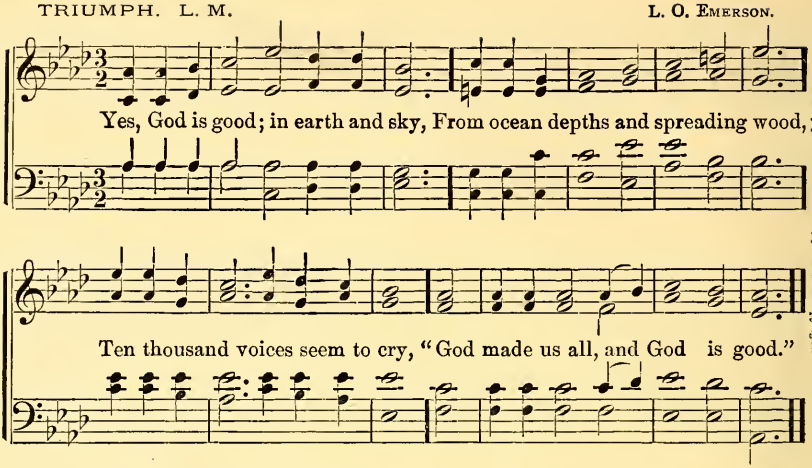
THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens most high:
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

2 On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

3 He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, d. 1549.

TRIUMPH. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



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83 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *The Goodness of God.* (176)

2 The sun that keeps his trackless way,
And downward pours his golden flood,
Night's sparkling hosts all seem to say,
In accents clear, that God is good.

3 Yes, God is good, all Nature says,
By God's own hand with speech endued;
And man, in louder notes of praise,
Should sing for joy that God is good.

4 For all thy gifts, we bless thee, Lord;
But chiefly for our heaveuly food,
Thy pardoning grace, thy quickening word;
These prompt our song that God is good.

JOHN H. GURNEY.

84 *The Eternity of God.* (173)

ERE mountains reared their forms sublime,
Or heaven and earth in order stood,
Before the birth of ancient time,
From everlasting thou art God.

2 A thousand ages in their flight
With thee are as a fleeting day;
Past, present, future, to thy sight
At once their various scenes display.

3 But our brief life's a shadowy dream—
A passing thought, that soon is o'er;
That fades with morning's earliest beam,
And fills the musing mind no more.

4 To us, O Lord, the wisdom give,
Each passing moment so to spend,
That we at length with thee may live
Where life and bliss shall never end.

ISAAC WATTS.

85 (174)
God Seen in Nature.

THERE is a God—all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and sea, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When earliest beams of morning rise.

2 The rising sun, serenely bright,
Throughout the world's extended frame,
Inscribes in characters of light
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

3 Ye curious minds, who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er,
Confess the footsteps of your God—
Bow down before him and adore.

ANNE STEELE.

86 (14)
The Lord God Omnipotent.

THE Lord is King; child of the dust!
The Judge of all the earth is just;
Holy and true are all his ways;
Let every creature speak his praise.
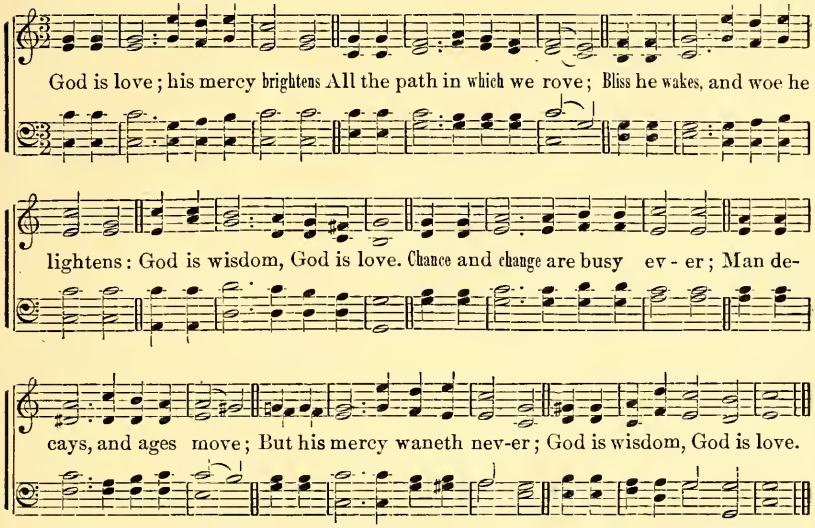
2 The Lord is King! lift up thy voice,
Oh, earth! and all ye heavens! rejoice;
From world to world the joy shall ring—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

3 The Lord is King! who then shall dare
Resist his will, distrust his care,
Or murmur at his wise decrees,
Or doubt his royal promises?

4 Oh, when his wisdom can mistake,
His might decay, his love forsake,
Then may his children cease to sing—
The Lord omnipotent is King.

JOSIAH CONDER.

FABEN. 8s & 7s. D. J. H. WILCOX, 1849.



87 [FIRST STANZA IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
God is Love.

2 E'en the hour the darkest seemeth
Will His changeless goodness prove;
From the gloom His brightness streameth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

3 He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above;
Every-where his glory shineth:
God is wisdom, God is love.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.
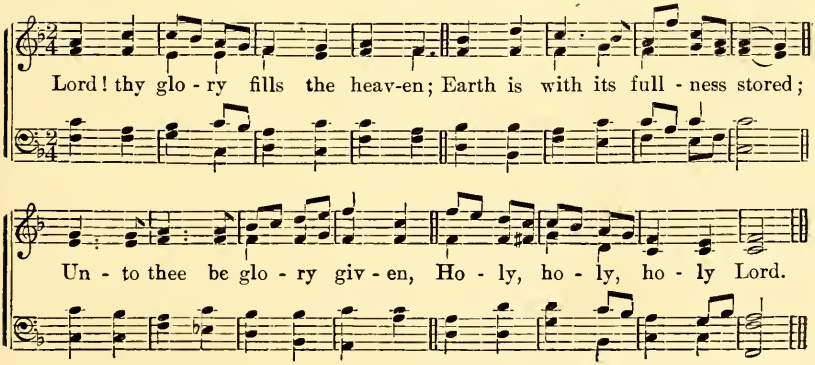
88 [FIRST STANZA IN MUSIC BELOW.]
The Divine Glory. (56)

2 Heaven is still with glory ringing,
Earth takes up the angels' cry—
"Holy, holy, holy!" singing,
"Lord of hosts! the Lord most high!"

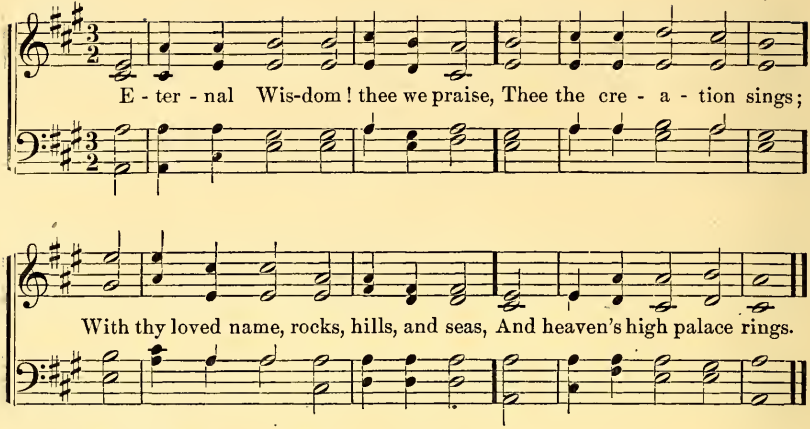
3 Ever thus in God's high praises,
Brethren! let our tongues unite;
Chief the heart when duty raises
God-ward at his mystic rite.

RICHARD MANT, 1828.

MANNHEIM. 8s & 7s. From LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN, 1800.



AZMON. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF GLASER, 1828. Arr. by L. MASON, 1839.



89 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Creating Wisdom.* (184)

2 Thy hand, how wide it spread the sky!
How glorious to behold!
Tinged with a blue of heavenly dye,
And starred with sparkling gold.

3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through the worlds abroad;
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder—God.

4 But the sweet beauties of thy grace
Our softer passions move;
Pity divine, in Jesus' face,
We see, adore, and love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1705.

90 *The Trinity.* (388)

HAIL! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom One in Three we know;
By all thy heavenly host adored,
By all thy Church below.

2 One undivided Trinity
With triumph we proclaim;
The universe is full of thee,
And speaks thy glorious name.

3 Thee, holy Father, we confess;
Thee, holy Son, adore;
And thee, the Holy Ghost, we bless,
And worship evermore.

4 Hail! holy, holy, holy Lord,
Our heavenly song shall be
Supreme, Essential One, adored
In co-eternal Three!

C. WESLEY, 1767.

91 *God is Love.* (183)

COME, ye that know and fear the Lord,
And lift your souls above;
Let every heart and voice accord,
To sing that—God is love.

2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove;
Jesus, the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that—God is love.

3 Behold his patience lengthened out
To those who from him rove,
And calls effectual reach their hearts,
To teach them—God is love.

4 The work begun is carried on
By power from heaven above;
And every step, from first to last,
Declares that—God is love.

GEORGE BURDER, 1784.

92 *God's Constant Goodness.* (179)

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power
On every hand we see;
Oh, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.

2 Thy power is in the ocean deeps,
And reaches to the skies;
Thine eye of mercy never sleeps,
Thy goodness never dies.

3 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend;
In every age, in every clime,
Our Father and our Friend.

JOHN THOMPSON, 1810.

93 GOD IS LOVE. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

1. Come, let us all u - nite to sing God is love; Let heav'n and
2. Oh, tell to earth's re - mot - est bound, God is love; In Christ we
3. How hap - py is our por-tion here, God is love; His prom - is-

earth their prais - es bring, God is love; Let ev - 'ry soul from
have re - demp-tion found, God is love; His blood has washed our
es our spir - its cheer, God is love; He is our sun and

sin a - wake, Each in his heart sweet mu-sic make, And sing with us for
sins a - way, His Spir - it turned our night to day, And now we can re-
shield by day, Our help, our hope, our strength and stay; He will be with us

D. S. *Come, let us all u-*

Fine. Refrain. D. S.

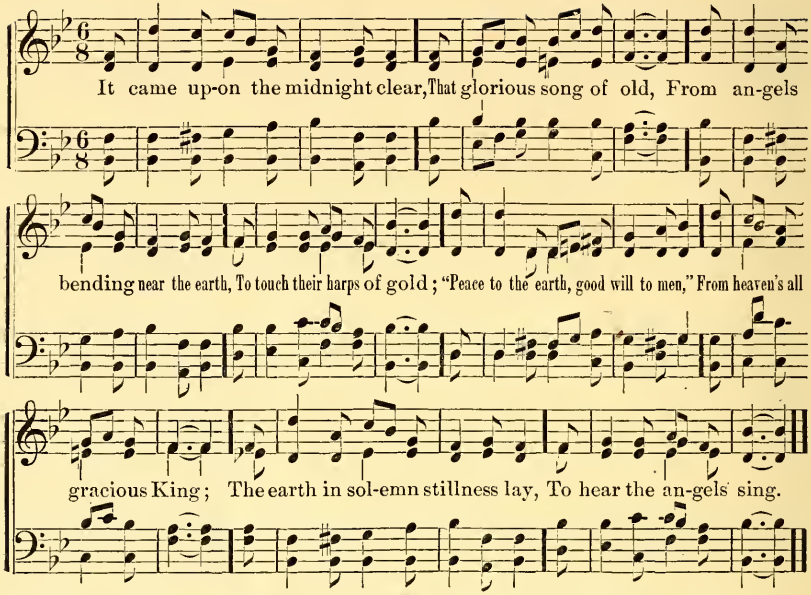
Je - sus' sake, For God is love. God is love, God is love.
joice to say That God is love.
all the way; Our God is love. God is love, God is love.

Anon.

nite to sing That God is love.

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CAROL. C. M. D. R. STORRS WILLIS, 1860.



94

(206)

The Angels' Song.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's all gracious King;"
The earth in solemn stillness lay,
To hear the angels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still celestial music floats
O'er all the weary world;
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds,
The blessed angels sing.

3 O ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow;—
Look up! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing!

4 For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold!
When peace shall over all the earth
Its final splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing!

E. H. SEARS, 1850.

95

(203)

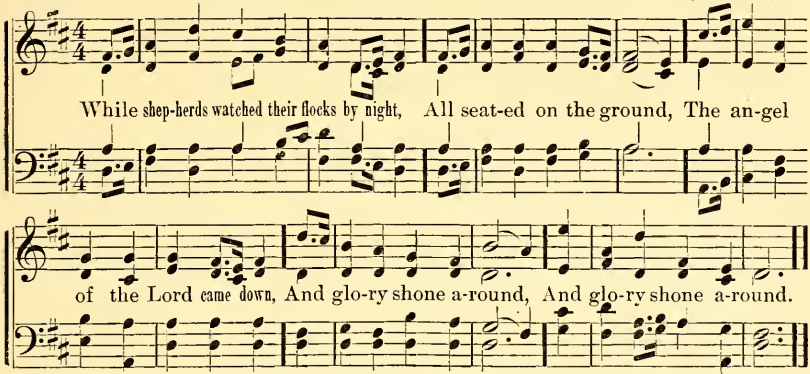
A Light to Lighten the Gentiles.

THE race that long in darkness pine
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
In death's surrounding night.
To hail thy rise, thou better Sun,
The gathering nations come,
With joy, as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.

2 To us a child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
And him shall all the earth obey,
And all the hosts of heaven.
His name shall be the Prince of Peace,
For evermore adored,
The Wonderful, the Counselor,
The great and mighty Lord.

JOHN MORRISON, 1781.

CHRISTMAS. C. M. GEORGE F. HANDEL.



96 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
The Angel's Message. (208)

2 "Fear not," said he,—for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind,—
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

3 "To you, in David's town, this day,
Is born of David's line,
The Savior, who is Christ, the Lord;
And this shall be the sign:

4 "The heavenly babe you there shall find
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swathing bands,
And in a manger laid."

5 Thus spake the seraph; and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song:

6 "All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin and never cease!"

NAHUM TATE, 1696.

97 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC BELOW.]
The Chorus of Angels. (210)

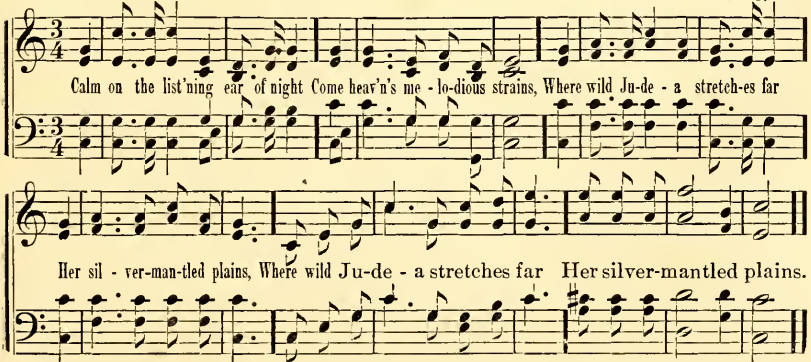
2 Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there,
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

3 The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply,
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The day-spring from on high.
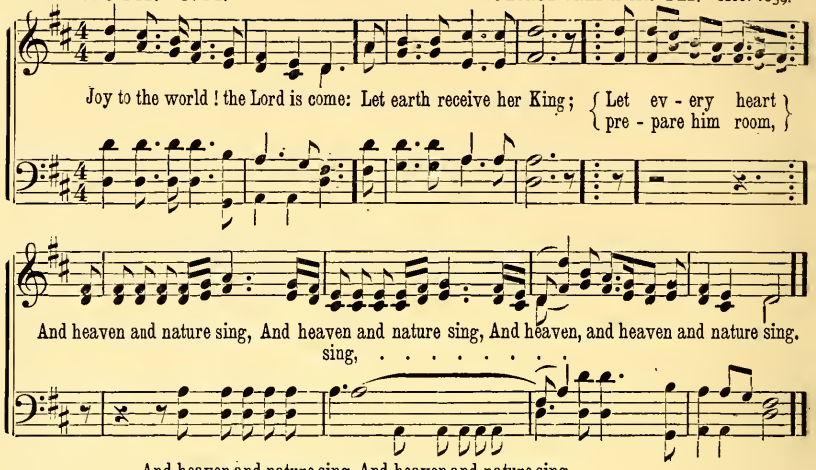
4 "Glory to God!" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring—
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King!"

EDMUND H. SEARS, 1835.

ZERAH. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1837.



ANTIOCH. C. M. GEORGE FRED'K HANDEL. Arr. 1839.



98 (200)

Psalm 98.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King;
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground;
He comes to make his blessings flow,
Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

99 (202)

Christ's Mission.

HARK the glad sound! the Savior comes—
The Savior promised long;
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

2 He comes, the prisoners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

3 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And, with the treasures of his grace,
T' enrich the humble poor.

4 Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1735.

100 (195)

Jesus is God.

JESUS is God! the glorious bands
Of holy angels sing
Songs of adoring praise to him,
Their Maker and their King.

2 He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,
On Calvary's cross, true God;
He who, in heaven, eternal reigned,
In time, on earth abode.

3 Jesus is God! there never was
A time when he was not;
Boundless, eternal, merciful,
The Word the Sire begot.

4 Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,
Onward through endless bliss;
For there are two eternities,
And both alike are his.

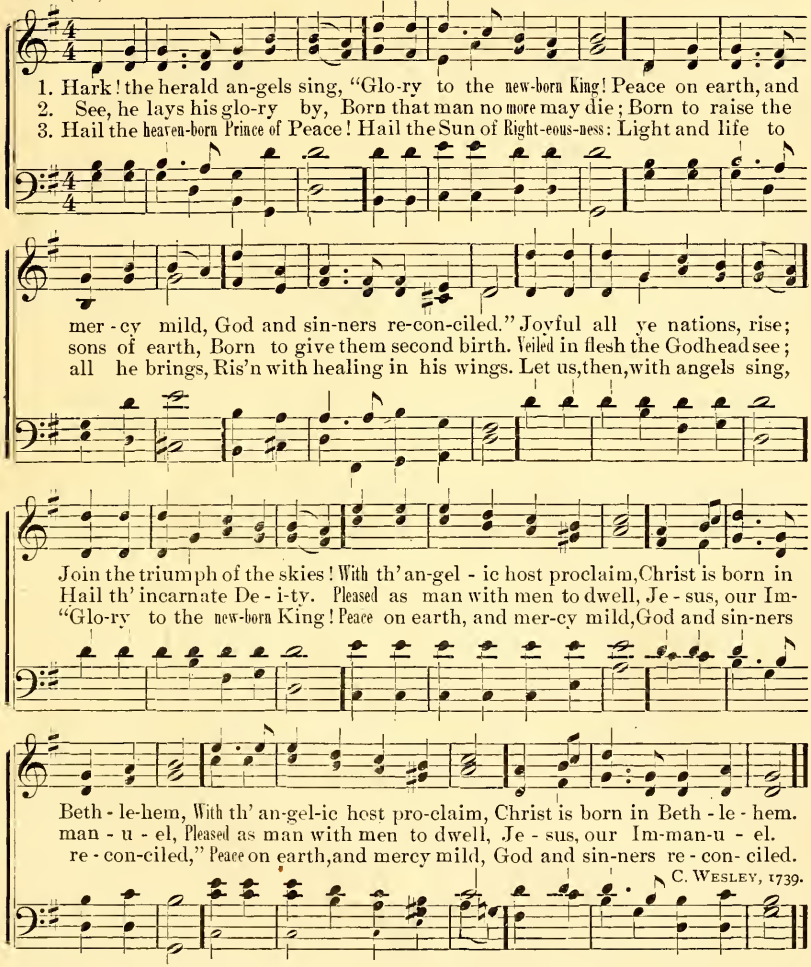
5 Jesus is God! oh, could I now,
But compass land and sea,
To teach and tell this single truth,
How happy should I be!

6 Oh, had I but an angel's voice,
I would proclaim so loud,
Jesus, the Good, the Beautiful,
Is everlasting God.

FREDERICK WM. FABER, 1862.

101 HERALD ANGELS. 7s D. (219)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1846.



C. WESLEY, 1739.

102 [TUNE ON OPPOSITE PAGE.] (204)

"Glory to God."

ANGELS rejoiced and sweetly sung
At our Redeemer's birth;
Mortals! awake; let every tongue
Proclaim his matchless worth.

2 Glory to God, who dwells on high,
And sent his only Son
To take a servant's form, and die,
For evils we had done!
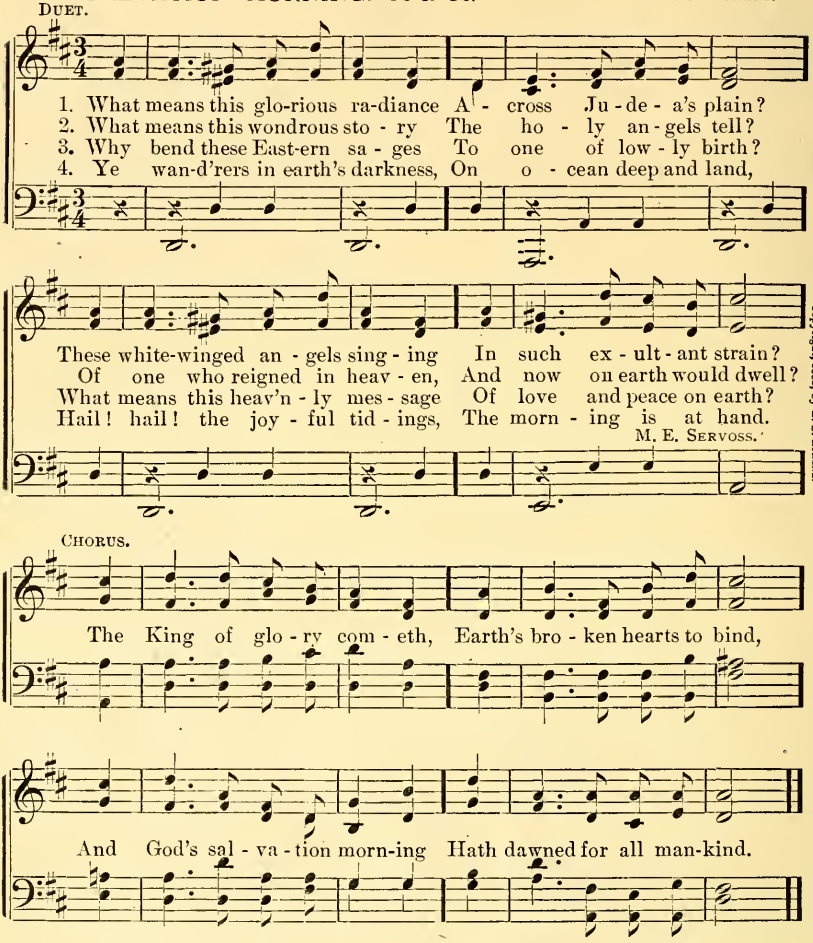
3 Good-will to men; ye fallen race!
Arise, and shout for joy;
He comes, with rich abounding grace
To save and not destroy.

4 Lord! send the gracious tidings forth,
And fill the world with light,
That Jew and Gentile, through the earth,
May know thy saving might.

WILLIAM HURN, 1813.

103 SALVATION MORNING. 7s & 6s.

E. S. Lorenz.



104 *The Forgiving One.* (232)

WHAT grace, O Lord! and beauty shone
Around thy steps below!
What patient love was seen in all!
Thy life and death of woe!
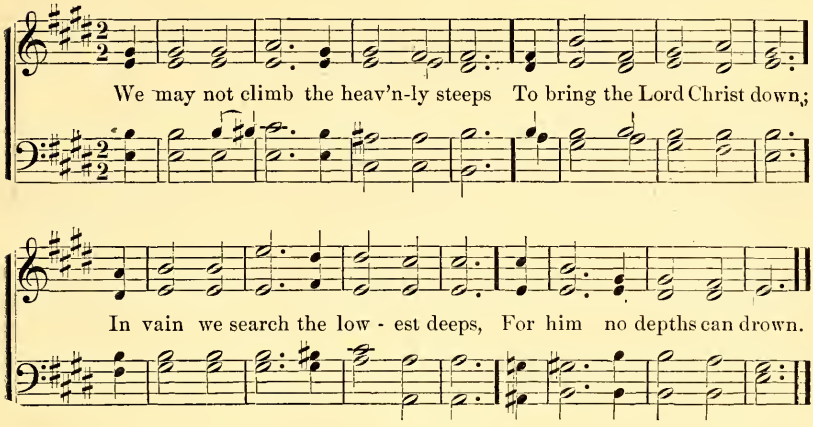
2 Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
Thy friends unfaithful prove;
Unwearied in forgiveness still,
Thy heart could only love.

3 Oh, give us hearts to love like thee·
Like thee, O Lord! to grieve
Far more for others' sins, than all
The wrongs that we receive.

4 One with thyself, may every eye,
In us, thy brethren, see
That gentleness and grace that springs
From union, Lord, with thee.

Edward Denny, 1839.

INVITATION. C. M. Arr. from W. V. WALLACE, 1856.



105 *The True Test.*

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps
To bring the Lord Christ down;
In vain we search the lowest deeps,
For him no depths can drown.

2 But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is he;
And faith has yet its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

3 The healing of the seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

4 Through him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame;
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with his name.

5 O Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
We test our lives by thine!

J. G. WHITTIER.

106 *Childhood of Jesus.* (228)

IN stature grows the heavenly Child,
With death before his eyes;
A Lamb unblemished, meek and mild,
Prepared for sacrifice.

2 The Son of God his glory hides
With parents mean and poor;
And he who made the heavens abides
In dwelling-place obscure.

3 Those mighty hands that stay the sky
No earthly toil refuse;
And he who set the stars on high
A humble trade pursues.

4 He before whom the angels stand,
At whose behest they fly,
Now yields himself to man's command,
And lays his glory by.

5 The Father's name we loudly raise,
The Son we all adore,
The Holy Ghost, One God, we praise,
Both now and evermore.

ANON.

107 *A Man of Sorrow.* (229)

A PILGRIM through this lonely world,
The blessed Savior passed;
A mourner all his life was he,
A dying Lamb at last.

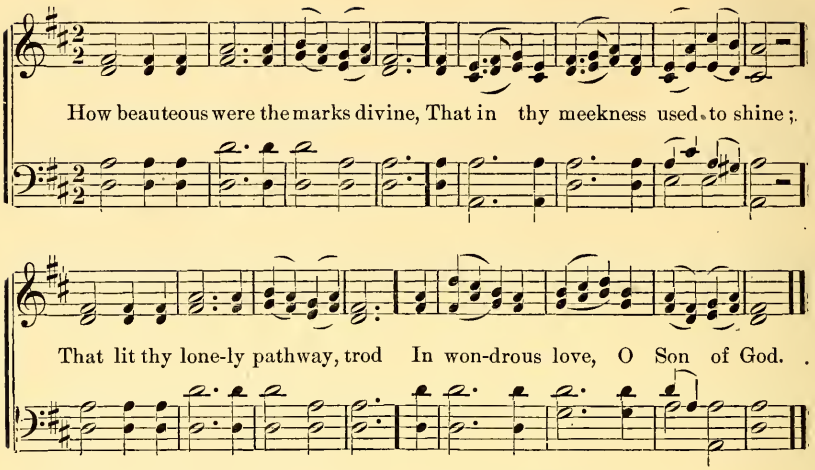
2 That tender heart which felt for all,
For us its life-blood gave;
It found on earth no resting-place,
Save only in the grave.

3 Such was our Lord; and shall we fear
The cross with all its scorn?
Or love a faithless, evil world
That wreathed his brow with thorn?

4 No, facing all its frowns or smiles,
Like him obedient still,
We homeward press, through storm or calm,
To Zion's blessed hill.

H. BONAR.

OLIVET. L. M. I. B. WOODBURY, 1852.



108 *The Meekness of Jesus.* (242)

How beauteous were the marks divine,
That in thy meekness used to shine;
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Son of God!

2 Oh, who, like thee, so calm, so bright,
Thou God of God, thou Light of Light!
Oh, who, like thee, did ever go
So patient through a world of woe?

3 Oh, who, like thee, so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men before?
So meek, forgiving, godlike, high,
So glorious in humility?

4 E'en death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to thee;
Yet love, through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

5 Oh, in thy light, be mine to go,
Illuming all my way of woe!
And give me ever on the road
To trace thy footsteps, Son of God!

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1838.

109 *The Teaching of Jesus.* (243)

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place!

2 From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke;
To heaven he led his followers' way;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

3 "Come, wanderers, to my Father's home;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest;"
Yes, sacred teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

JOHN BOWRING, 1823.

110 *Christ's Example.* (239)

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

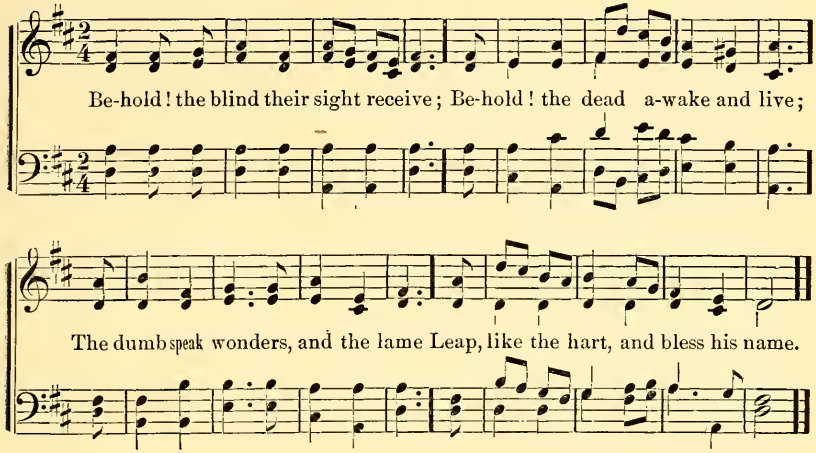
2 Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

3 Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew;
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

4 Be thou my pattern; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

OVERBERG. L. M. J. C. H. RINK, *d.* 1846.



111 (247)

The Miracles of Christ.

BEHOLD! the blind their sight receive;
Behold! the dead awake and live;
The dumb speak wonders, and the lame
Leap, like the hart, and bless his name.

2 Thus doth th' eternal Spirit own
And seal the mission of the Son;
The Father vindicates his cause,
While he hangs bleeding on the cross.

3 He dies! the heavens in mourning stood;
He rises, the triumphant God!
Behold the Lord ascending high,
No more to bleed, no more to die.

4 Hence, and forever, from my heart,
I bid my doubts and fears depart;
And to those hands my soul resign,
Which bear credentials so divine.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

112 (248)

Entry into Jerusalem.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Savior meek, pursue thy road
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

2 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
O Christ, thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

3 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching sacrifice.

4 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh;
The Father on his sapphire throne
Awaits his own anointed Son.

5 Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp, ride on to die;
Bow thy meek head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, thy power and reign.

HENRY HART MILMAN, 1827.

113 (245)

The Transfiguration.

OH, wondrous type, oh, vision fair,
Of glory that the church shall share,
Which Christ upon the mountain shows,
Where brighter than the sun he glows!

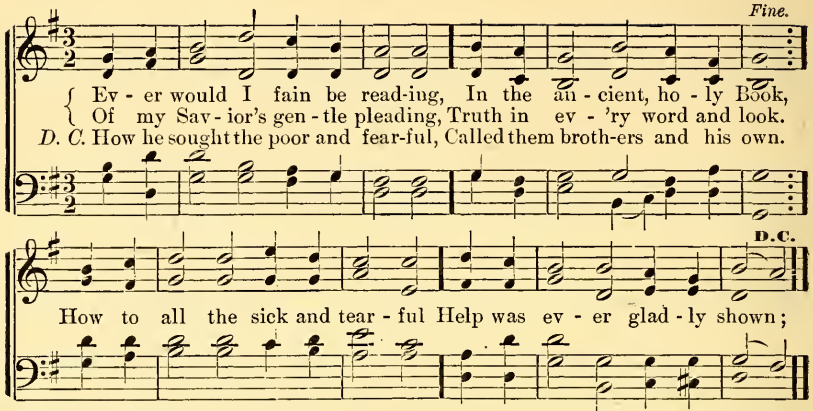
2 From age to age the tale declare,
How with the three disciples there,
Where Moses and Elias meet,
The Lord holds converse high and sweet.

3 The law and prophets there have place,
Two chosen witnesses of grace;
The Father's voice from out the cloud
Proclaimed his only Son aloud.

4 With shining face and bright array
Christ deigns to manifest to-day,
What glory shall be theirs above
Who joy in God with perfect love.

Latin. Tr. by J. M. NEALE, 1851.

BAVARIA. 8s & 7s D. GERMAN.



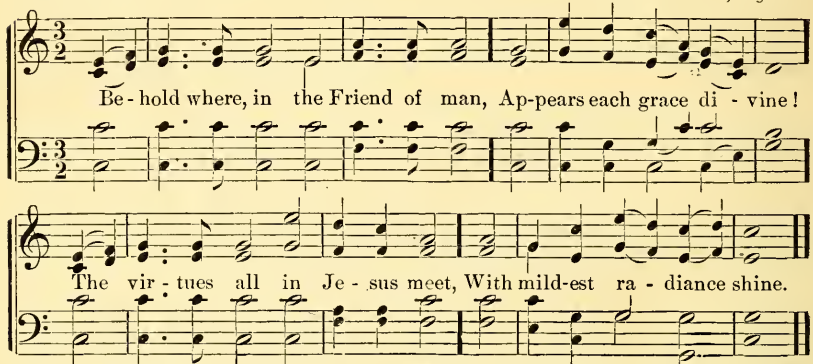
114 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Christ our Example.* (251)

2 How no contrite soul e'er sought him,
And was bidden to depart;
How, with gentle words he taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.
Still I read the ancient story,—
And my joy is ever new,—
How for us he left his glory,
How he still is kind and true.

3 How the flock he gently leadeth,
Whom his Father gave him here;
How his arms he widely spreadeth,
To his heart to draw us near.
Let me kneel; my Lord! before thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by thy love adore thee,
Blessed in thee, mid joy or woe.

Ger., LOUISA HENSEL, 1829.
Tr., CATHERINE WINKWORTH, 1858.

HEBER. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



115 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *The Example of Christ.* (236)

2 To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.
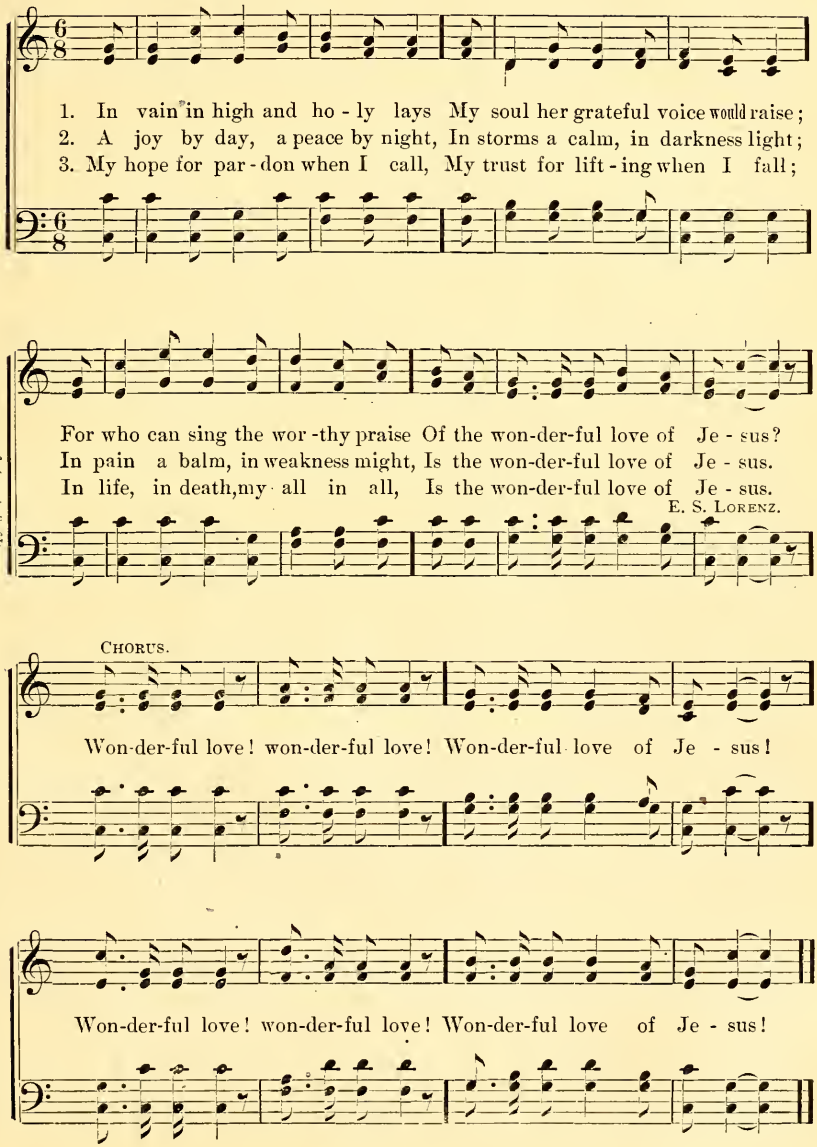
3 In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done!"

4 Be Christ our pattern and our guide
His image may we bear;
Oh, may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

WILLIAM ENDFIELD, 1802.

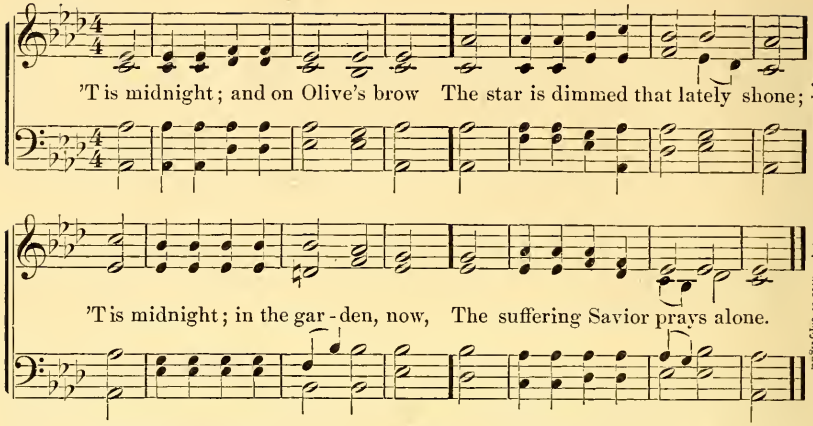
116 WONDERFUL LOVE OF JESUS. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



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OLIVE'S BROW. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1853.



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117 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Christ in Gethsemane.* (253)

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
The Savior wrestles lone with fears;
E'en that disciple whom he loved
Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and for others' guilt
The man of sorrows weeps in blood;
Yet he that hath in anguish knelt
Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether plains
Is borne the song that angels know;
Unheard by mortals are the strains
That sweetly soothe the Savior's woe.

W. B. TAPPAN, 1822.

118 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] (256) *"Why Hast Thou Forsaken Me?"*

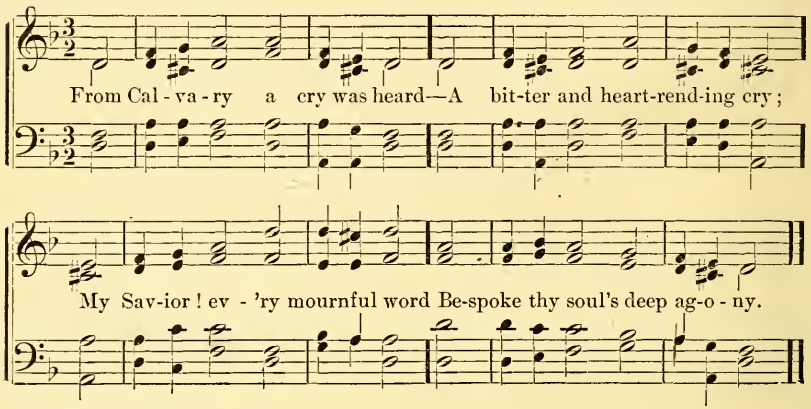
2 A horror of great darkness fell
On thee, thou spotless holy One!
And all the eager hosts of hell
Conspired to tempt God's only Son.

3 The scourge, the thorns, the deep disgrace,
These thou could'st bear, nor once repine;
But when Jehovah veiled his face,
Unutterable pangs were thine.

4 Let the dumb world its silence break;
Let pealing anthems rend the sky;
Awake, my sluggish soul, awake!
He died that we might never die.

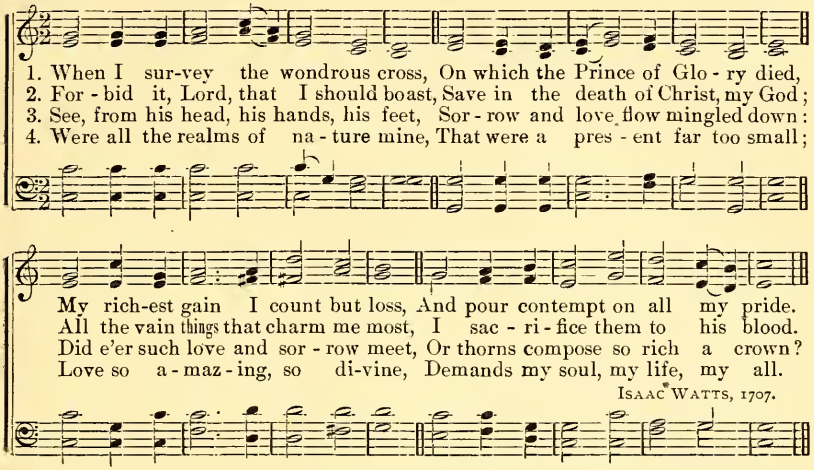
JOHN W. CUNNINGHAM, 1820.

WINDHAM. L. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.



119 (261) ZEPHYR. L. M.

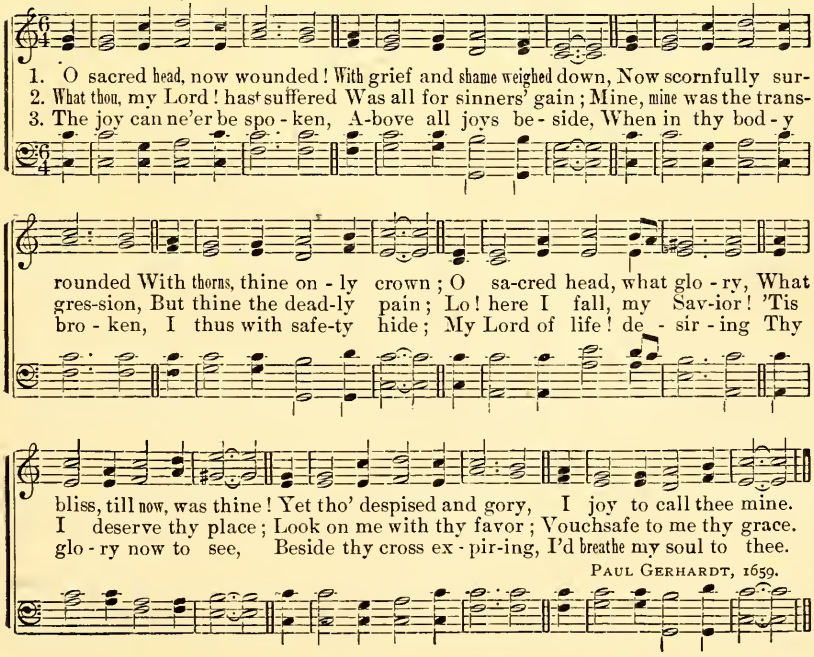
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

120 (306) MIRIAM. 7s & 6s. Double.

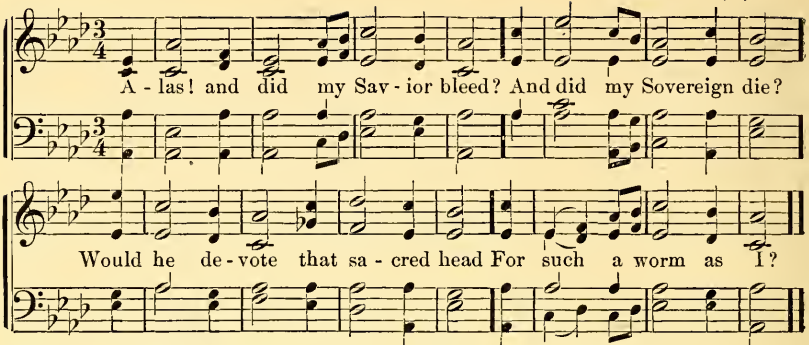
J. P. HOLBROOK.



PAUL GERHARDT, 1659.

By permission.

AVON. C. M. HUGH WILSON, 1768.



121

[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
Before the Cross. (281)

2 Was it for crimes that I have done
He groaned upon the tree?
Amazing pity! grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When Christ, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin!

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While his dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe:
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

122

Jesus Died for Me.

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne,
And all thy glory see;
This is my stay, and this alone,
That Jesus died for me.

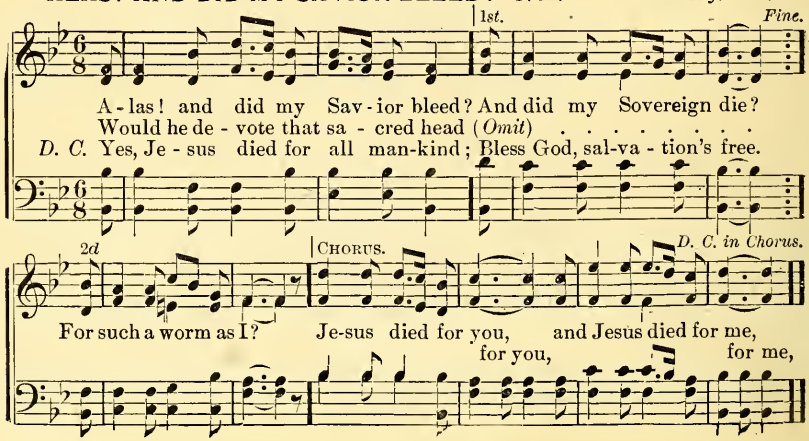
2 How can a soul condemned to die,
Escape the just decree?
Helpless and full of sin am I,
But Jesus died for me.

3 Burdened with sin's oppressive chain,
Oh, how can I get free?
No peace can all my efforts gain,
But Jesus died for me.

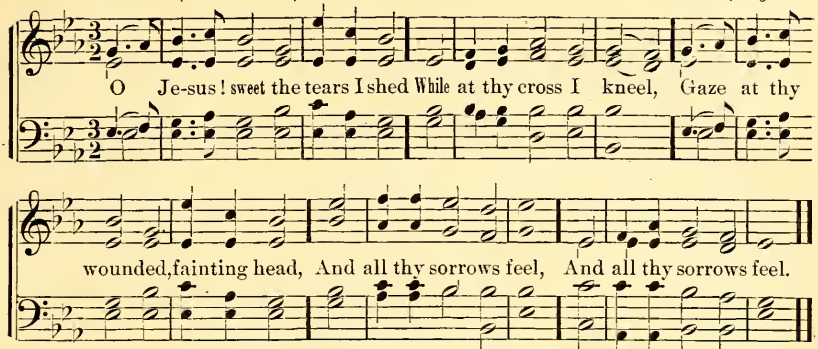
4 And, Lord, when I behold thy face,
This must be all my plea;
Save me by thy almighty grace,
For Jesus died for me.

W. H. BATHURST, d. 1877.

ALAS! AND DID MY SAVIOR BLEED? C. M. S. J. VAIL.



COWPER. (Fountain.) C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



123 (283)

Contrition at the Cross.

O JESUS! sweet the tears I shed,
While at thy cross I kneel,
Gaze on thy wounded, fainting head,
And all thy sorrows feel.

2 My heart dissolves to see thee bleed,
This heart so hard before;
I hear thee for the guilty plead,
And grief o'erflows the more.

3 'Twas for the sinful thou didst die,
And I a sinner stand;
What love speaks from thy dying eye,
And from each pierced hand!

4 I know this cleansing blood of thine
Was shed, dear Lord, for me;
For me, for all—oh, grace divine!—
Who look by faith on thee.

RAY PALMER, 1867.

124 (277)

Resting Beneath the Cross.

OPPRESSED with noon-day's scorching heat,
To yonder cross I flee;
Beneath its shelter take my seat:
No shade like this for me!
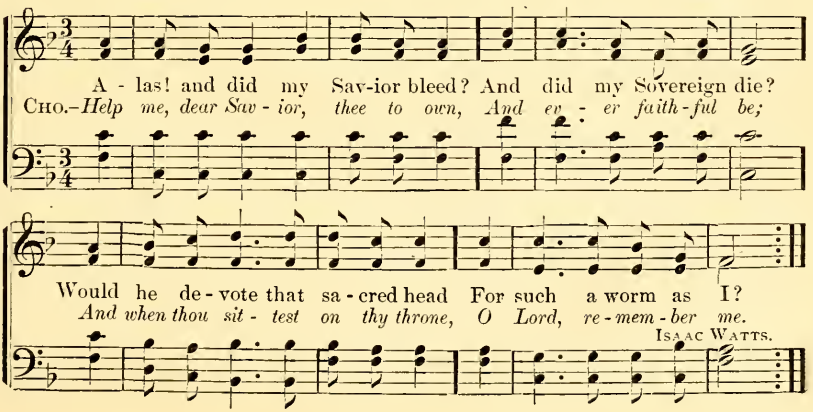
2 Beneath that cross clear waters burst,
A fountain sparkling free;
And there I quench my desert thirst:
No spring like this for me!

3 A stranger here, I pitch my tent
Beneath this spreading tree;
Here shall my pilgrim life be spent:
No home like this for me!

4 For burdened ones a resting-place
Beside that cross I see;
Here I cast off my weariness:
No rest like this for me!

H. BONAR, 1857.

REMEMBER ME. C. M ASA HULL.



ISAAC WATTS.

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125 THE CROSS. C. M. with Chorus. J. H. Stockton.
(530)

Slow.

1. The cross, the cross, the blood-stained cross! The hal-lowed cross I see; Reminding me of
2. The cross, the cross, that heavy cross, My Savior bore for me; It bowed him to the
3. The wounds, the wounds, those pain-ful wounds; Oh, they were made for me! His hands and feet, his
4. The death, the death, the aw-ful death! That Jesus died for me; I heard his groans, his
5. The love, the love, the match-less love, That bled upon the tree! It melts my heart, it

CHORUS. *Slow and soft.*

pre-cious blood That once was shed for me.
earth with grief On sad Mount Cal-va - ry.
ho-ly head, All pierced and torn I see.
pray'r, "Forgive," His bleed-ing side I see.
wins my love, It brings me, Lord, to thee.

Oh, the blood, the precious blood, That

J. H. Stockton.

Rit.

Je-sus shed for me; Up-on the cross, in crimson flood, Just now by faith I see.

By permission.

OWEN. S. M.

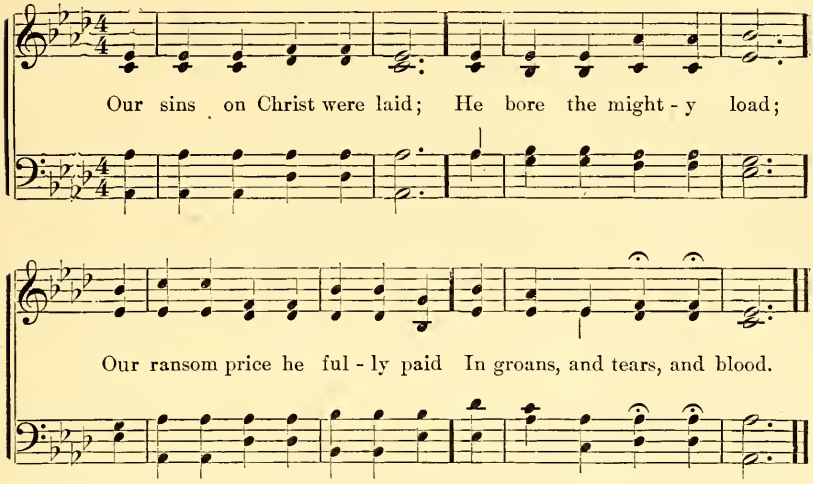
J. E. Sweetser, 1849.

Sing rapidly.

Did Christ o'er sin - ners weep, And shall our cheeks be dry?

Let floods of pen - i - ten - tial grief Burst forth from ev' - 'ry eye.

GORTON. S. M. LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



126 *Our Ransom Paid.* (296)

OUR sins on Christ were laid;
He bore the mighty load;
Our ransom price he fully paid
In groans, and tears, and blood.

2 To save a world he dies;
Sinners, behold the Lamb!
To him lift up your longing eyes;
Seek mercy in his name.

3 Pardon and peace abound;
He will your sins forgive;
Salvation in his name is found,—
He bids the sinner live.

4 Jesus, we look to thee;—
Where else can sinners go?
Thy boundless love shall set us free
From wretchedness and woe.

J. FAWCETT, 1780.

127 *For Me He died.* (300)

ARE there no wounds for me?
Hast thou received them all?
How can I, Lord, the anguish see,
Beneath which thou didst fall?

2 'Tis over now, I know,—
That suffering life of thine,
Thy precious blood has ceased to flow,
Thou wear'st thy crown divine;

3 But yet, I weeping see
The thorns which pierced thy head;
Thou faint'st beneath thy cross for me,
For me to death thou'rt led!

4 Meekly, with love divine,
Thy holy head is bent,
And streams of blood, for sins of mine,
Flow where thy side is rent.

5 Beneath this sacred flood
I bow my sinful soul;
Dear Savior, let thy precious blood
Wash me and make me whole.

MRS. GRACE WEBSTER HINSDALE, 1868.

128 *The Savior's Tears.* (298)
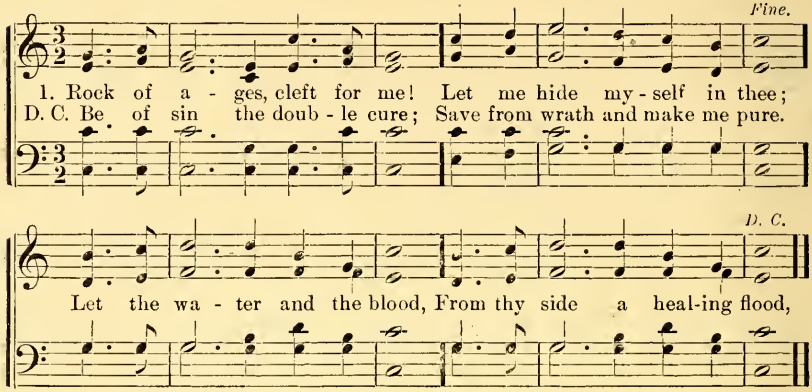
DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let floods of penitential grief
Burst forth from every eye.

2 The Son of God in tears—
The wondering angels see!
Be thou astonished, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.

3 He wept—that we might weep—
Each sin demands a tear;
In heaven alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787.

TOPLADY. 7s, 6 THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



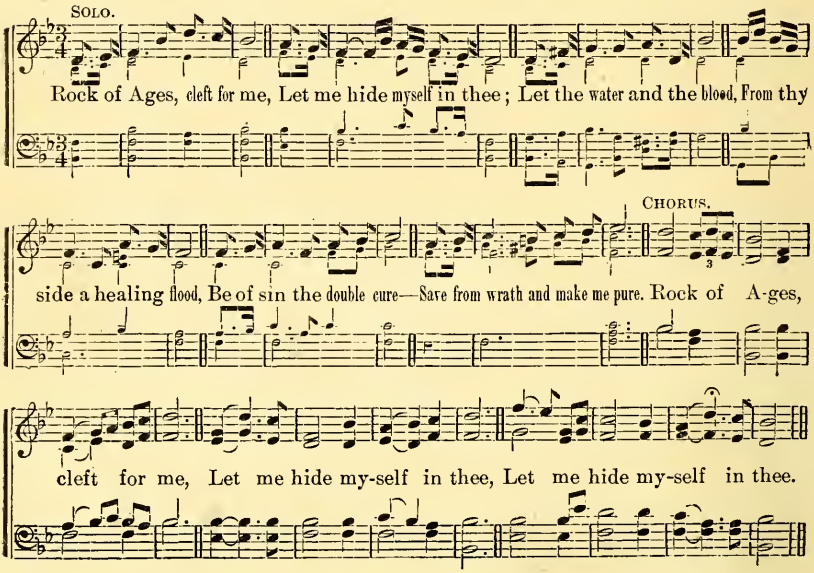
129 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.] (515)
Rock of Ages.

2 Should my tears forever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring;
Simply to thy cross I cling.

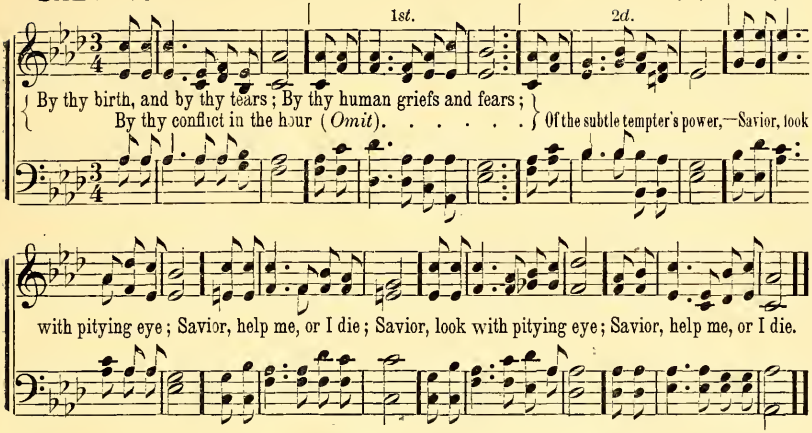
3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
See thee on thy judgment throne—
Rock of Ages cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee.

AUGUSTUS M. TOPLADY, 1776.

HOMEWARD. 7s. 8 l. From FRANZ ABT.



SALVATOR MUNDI. 7s. D. E. S. LORENZ.



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130

The Litany. (513)

BY thy birth, and by thy tears;
By thy human griefs and fears;
By thy conflict in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

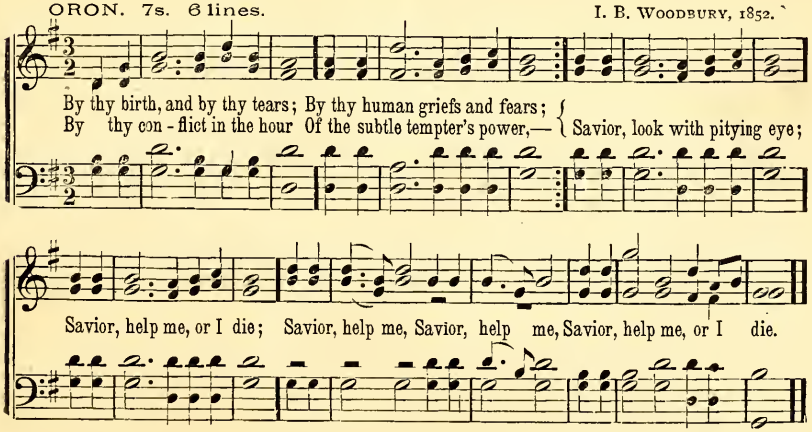
2 By the tenderness that wept
O'er the grave where Laz'rus slept;
By the bitter tears that flow'd
Over Salem's lost abode,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

3 By thy lonely hour of prayer;
By the fearful conflict there;
By thy cross and dying cries;
By thy one great sacrifice,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.
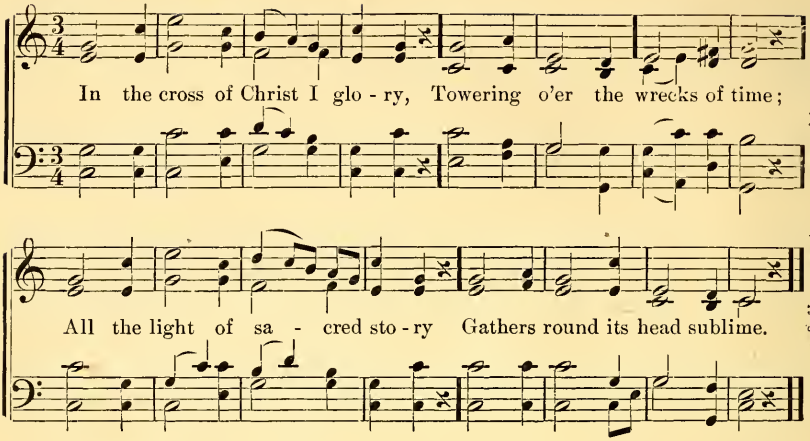
4 By thy triumph o'er the grave;
By thy power the lost to save;
By thy high, majestic throne;
By the empire all thine own,—
Savior, look with pitying eye;
Savior, help me, or I die.

SIR ROBERT GRANT, 1815.

ORON. 7s. 6 lines. I. B. WOODBURY, 1852.



RATHBUN. 8s & 7s. ITHAMAR CONKEY.



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131 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Glorying in the Cross. (979)

2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me;
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

SIR JOHN BOWRING, 1825.

132

Looking to the Cross. (980)

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend!

2 Here I'll sit, forever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood:
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead, and claim my peace, with God.

3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.

4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the Lamb I gaze;
Love I much?—I've much forgiven,—
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe;
Constant still in faith abiding,—
Life deriving from his death.

JAMES ALLEN, 1757.
Altered by WALTER SHIRLEY, 1776.

133

The Price of Salvation.

WHEN I view my Savior bleeding,
For my sins, upon the tree;
Oh, how wondrous!—how exceeding
Great his love appears to me!

2 Floods of deep distress and anguish,
To impede his labors, came;
Yet they all could not extinguish
Love's eternal, burning flame.

3 Now redemption is completed,
Full salvation is procured;
Death and Satan are defeated,
By the sufferings he endured.

4 Now the gracious Mediator,
Risen to the courts of bliss,
Claims for me, a sinful creature,
Pardon, righteousness, and peace!

5 Sure such infinite affection
Lays the highest claims to mine;
All my powers, without exception,
Should in fervent praises join.

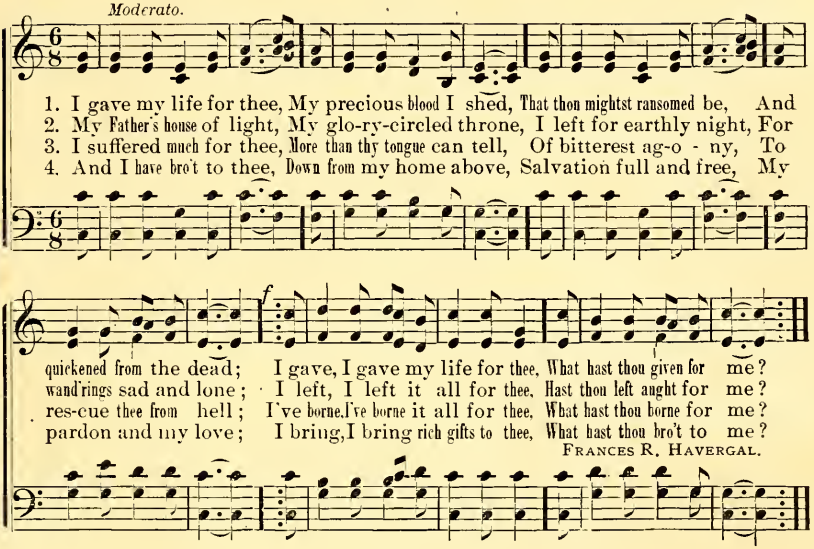
6 Jesus, fit me for thy service;
Form me for thyself alone;
I am thy most costly purchase,—
Take possession of thine own.

R. LEE.

134 WHAT HAST THOU DONE FOR ME? P. M.

P. P. Bliss.

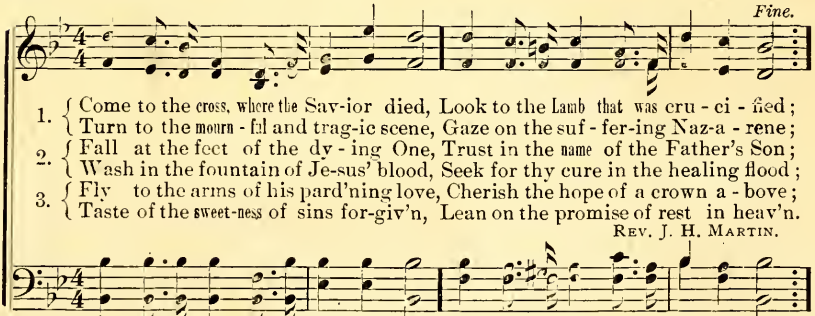
Moderato.



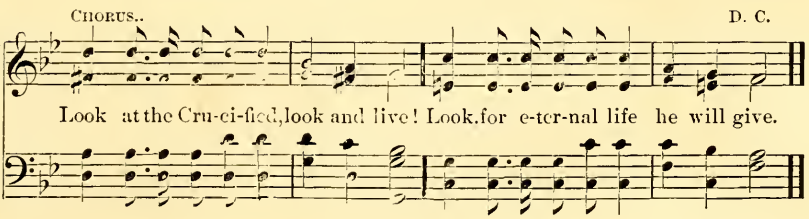
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135 COME TO THE CROSS. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

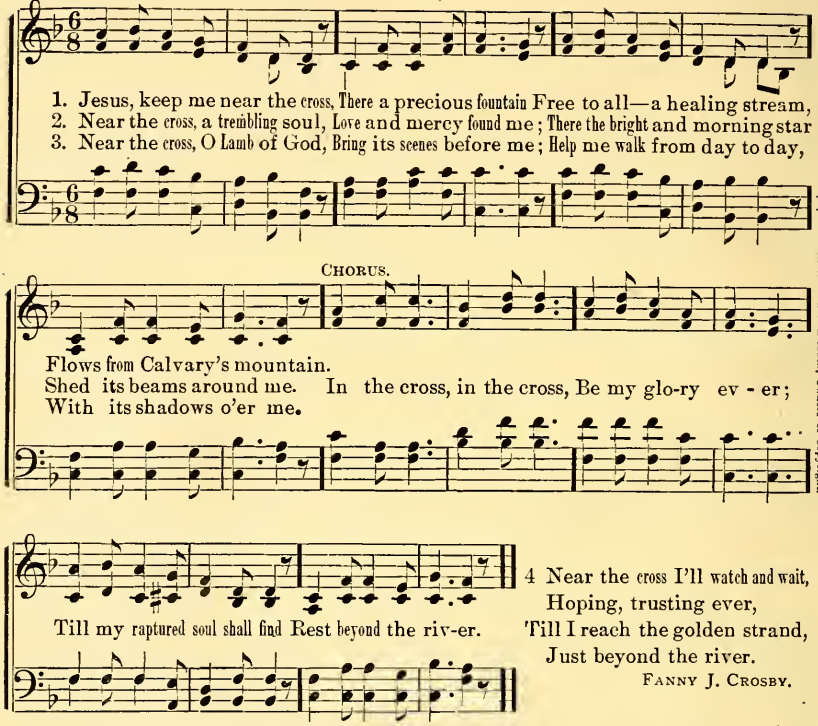


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136 NEAR THE CROSS. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.



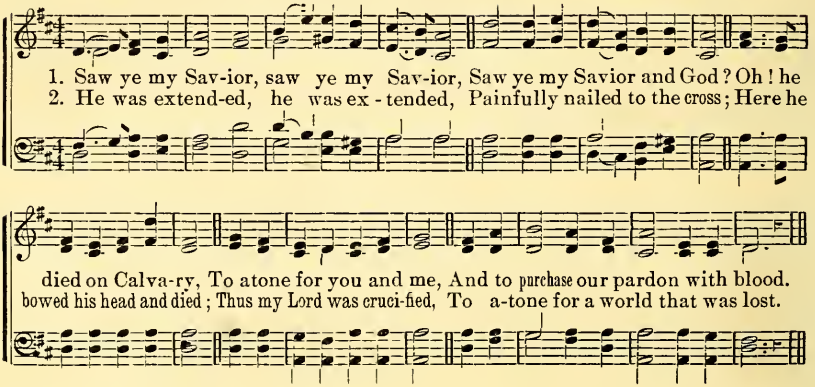
4 Near the cross I'll watch and wait,
Hoping, trusting ever,
'Till I reach the golden strand,
Just beyond the river.

FANNY J. CROSBY.

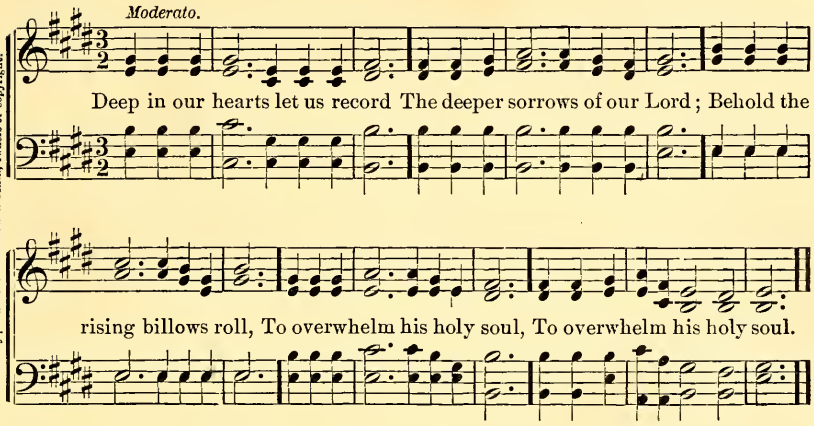
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137 SAW YE MY SAVIOR? P. M.

AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



BACA. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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138 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.] (264)
Pardon Through the Sufferings of Christ.

2 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
Have made the curse a blessing prove;
Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
Atoned for sins that we have done.

3 The pangs of our expiring Lord
The honors of thy law restored;
His sorrows made thy justice known,
And paid for follies not his own.

4 Oh, for his sake our guilt forgive,
And let the mourning sinner live;
The Lord will hear us in his name,
Nor shall our hope be turned to shame.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

139 (265)
Peace and Safety at the Cross.

BENEATH thy cross I lay me down,
And mourn to see thy bloody crown;
Love drops in blood from every vein;
Love is the spring of all thy pain.

2 Here, Jesus, will I ever stay,
And spend my longing hours away;
Think on thy bleeding wounds and pain,
And contemplate thy woes again.

3 Oh, unmolested, happy rest!
Where inward fears are all suppressed;
Here I shall love, and live secure,
And patiently my cross endure.

WM. WILLIAMS.

140 (270)
Thanks to Jesus for His Love.

O LOVE! who gav'st thy life for me,
And won an everlasting good
Through thy sore anguish on the tree,
I ever think upon thy blood!

2 O Love! who unto death hast grieved
For this cold heart, unworthy thine,
Whom the cold grave and death received,
I thank thee for that grief divine.

3 I give thee thanks that thou didst die
To win eternal life for me,
To bring salvation from on high:
Oh, draw me up through love to thee!

From the German. Author unknown.

[1ST & 2D VERSES INSERTED IN MUSIC, P. 66.]
Saw Ye My Savior?

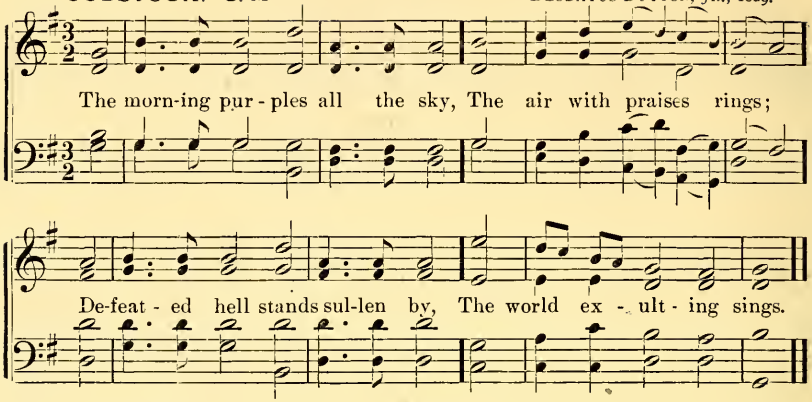
3 Hail, mighty Savior! hail, mighty Savior!
Prince, and the Author of peace!
Oh! he burst the bars of death,
And, triumphant from the earth,
He ascended to mansions of bliss.

4 There interceding, there interceding,
Pleading that sinners may live;
Crying, "Father, I have died;
Oh, behold my hands and side!
Oh, forgive them! I pray thee, forgive!"

5 "I will forgive them, I will forgive them
When they repent and believe;
Let them now return to thee,
And be reconciled to me,
And salvation they all shall receive."

WOODSTOCK. C. M

DEODATUS DUTTON, JR., 1829.



141 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Christ's Triumph over Death.* (309)

2 While he, the King all strong to save,
Rends the dark doors away,
And through the breaches of the grave
Strides forth into the day.

3 Death's captive, in his gloomy prison
Fast fettered he has lain;
But he has mastered death, is risen,
And death wears now the chain.

4 The shining angels cry, "Away
With grief; no spices bring;
Not tears, but songs, this joyful day,
Should greet the rising King!"

DR. A. R. THOMPSON, 1867.

142 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] (311) *Resurrection and Ascension.*

2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose;
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoiled our hellish foes.

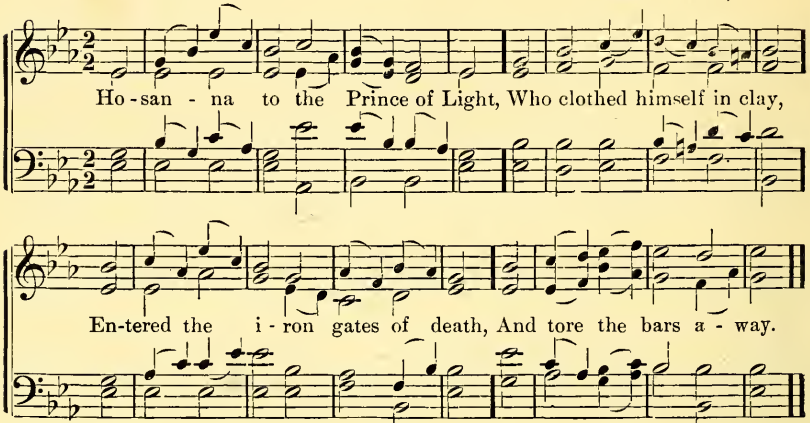
3 See how the conqueror mounts aloft,
And to his Father flies,
With scars of honor in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes.

4 There our exalted Savior reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.
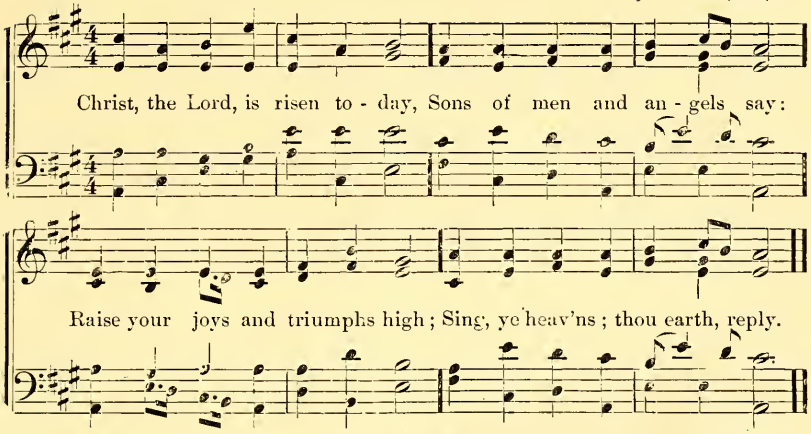
ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



NUREMBURG. 7s. J. R. AHLE, 1664.



143 (322)

The Lord is Risen.

CHRIST, the Lord, is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say:
Raise your joys and triumphs high;
Sing, ye heavens; thou earth, reply.

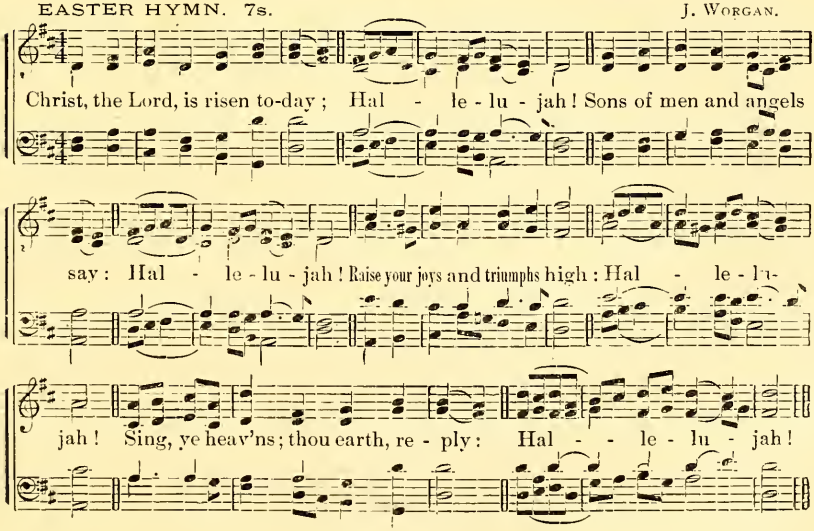
2 Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight; the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er;
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

3 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal—
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids his rise—
Christ hath opened paradise.

4 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O death, is now thy sting?
Once he died our souls to save:
Where's thy victory, boasting grave?

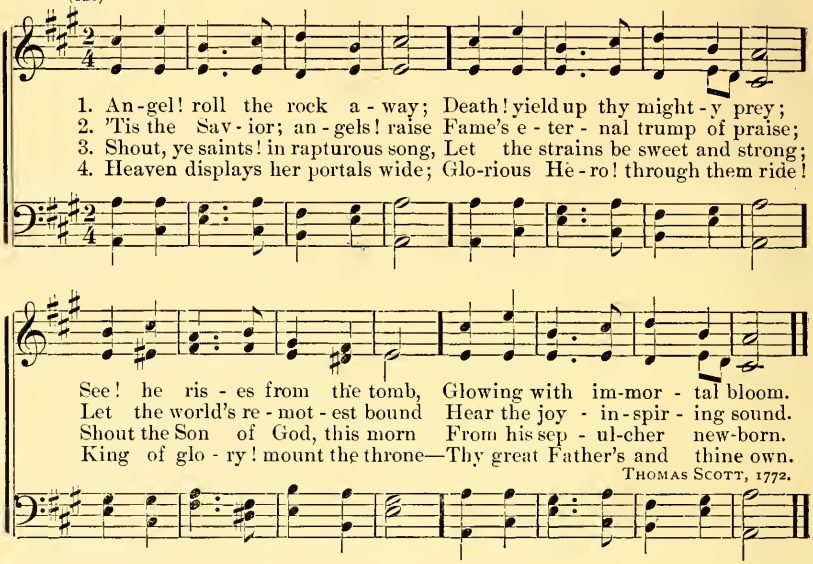
CHARLES WESLEY, 1739.

EASTER HYMN. 7s. J. WORGAN.



144 PLEYEL'S HYMN. 7s. (325)

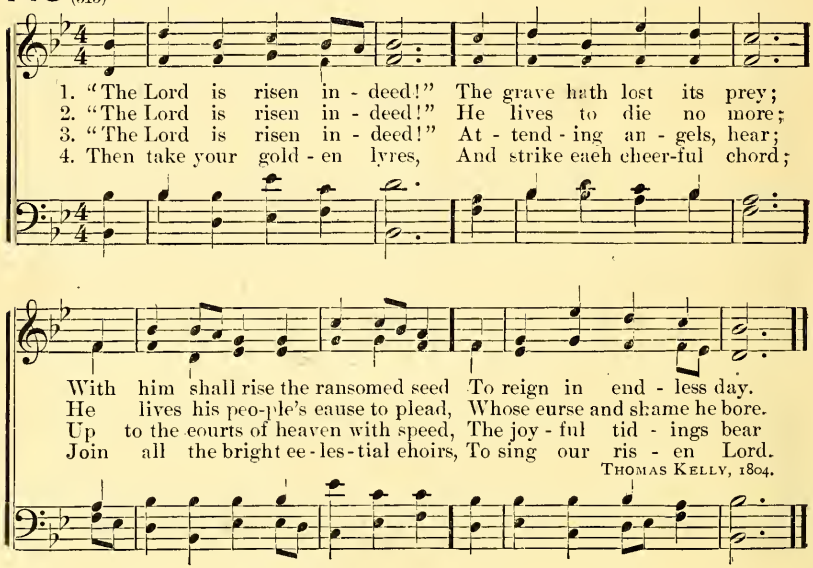
IGNACE PLEYEL, 1800.



THOMAS SCOTT, 1772.

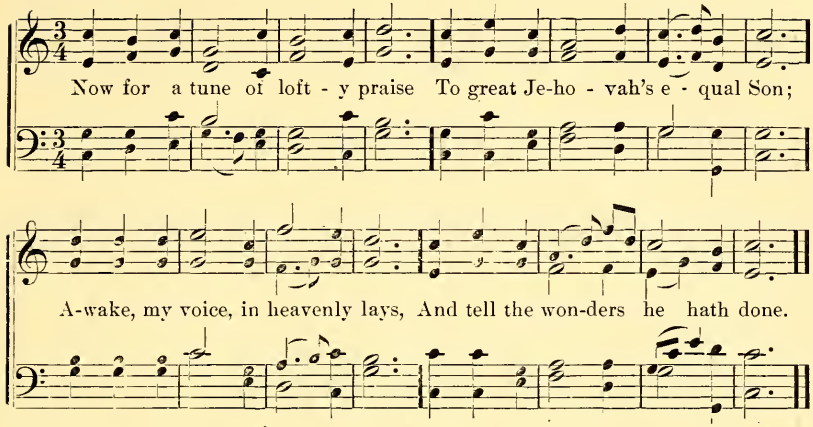
145 HUDSON. S. M. (313)

RALPH HARRISON, 1786.



THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

MENDON. L. M. Arr. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



146 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (318)
Exaltation of Christ.

2 Sing how he left the worlds of light,
And those bright robes he wore above;
How swift and joyful was his flight,
On wings of everlasting love.

3 Among a thousand harps and songs,
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues
And echoes through the heavenly plains.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

147 (319)
The Lord is Risen Indeed.

THE morning kindles all the sky;
The heavens resound with anthems high;
The shining angels, as they speed,
Proclaim, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

2 Vainly with rocks his tomb was barred
While Roman guards kept watch and ward;
Majestic from the spoiled tomb,
In pomp of triumph he has come!

3 When the amazed disciples heard,
Their hearts with speechless joy were stirred;
Their Lord's beloved face to see,
Eager they haste to Galilee.

4 His pierced hands to them he shows;
His face with love's own radiance glows;
They with the angel's message speed,
And shout, "The Lord is risen indeed!"

Latin Tr. by MRS. E. CHARLES.

148 (320)
Christ the Unsetting Sun.
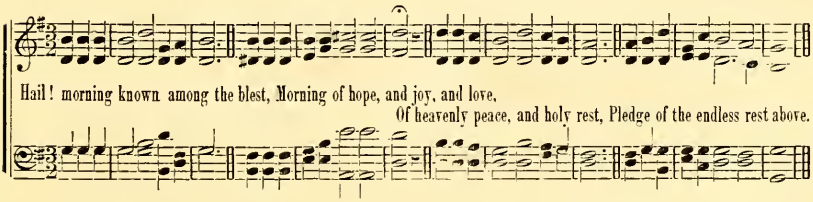
HAIL! morning known among the blest,
Morning of hope, and joy, and love,
Of heavenly peace, and holy rest,
Pledge of the endless rest above.

2 Blest be the Father of our Lord,
Who from the dead hath brought his Son;
Hope to the lost was then restored,
And everlasting glory won.

3 Mercy looked down with smiling eye
When our Immanuel left the dead;
Faith marked his bright ascent on high,
And hope with gladness raised her head.

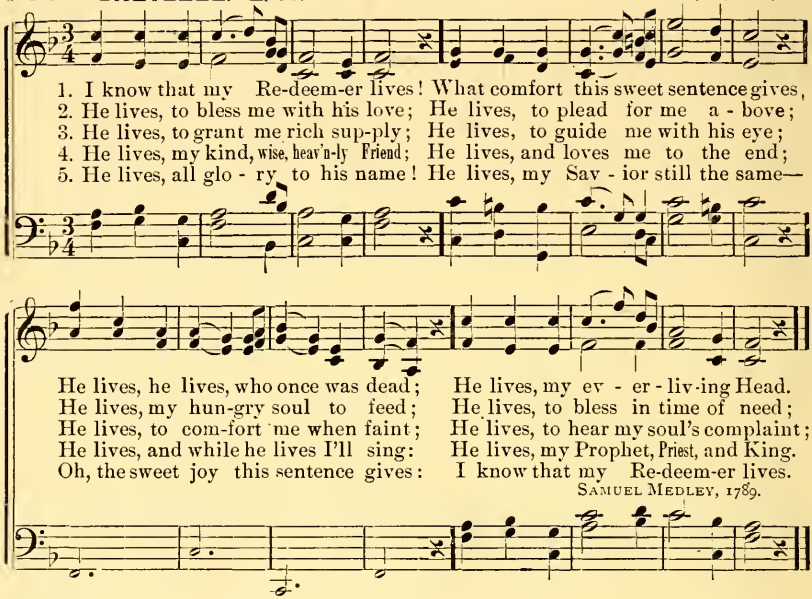
R. WARDLAW, 1814.

HARMONY GROVE L. M. H. K. OLIVER, 1839.



149 BALTZELL. L. M.

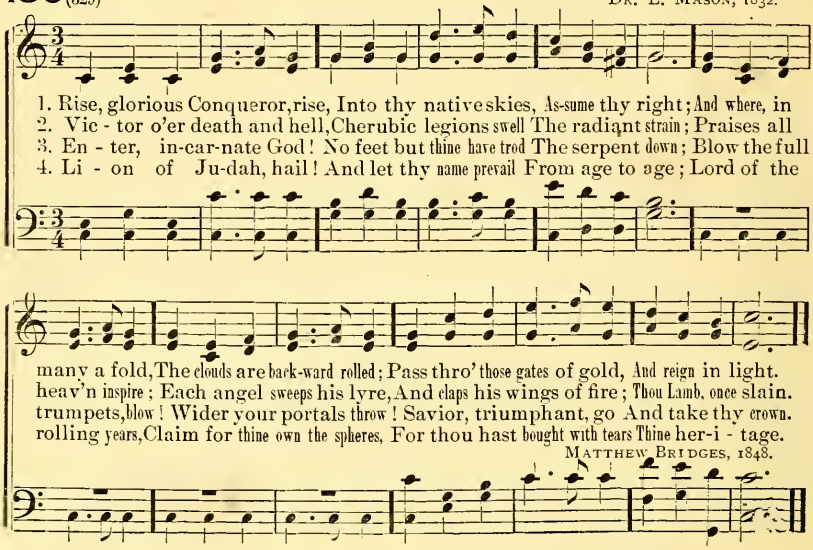
E. S. Lorenz.



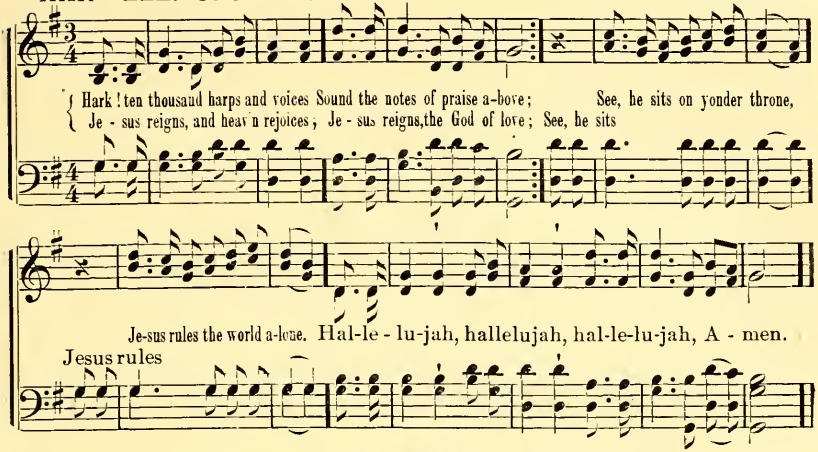
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150 (329) DORT. 6s & 4s.

Dr. L. Mason, 1832.



HARWELL. 8s & 7s. D. LOWELL MASON.



151 *Jesus Reigns.* (354)

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices
Sound the note of praise above;
Jesus reigns, and heaven rejoices:
Jesus reigns, the God of love:
See, he sits on yonder throne;
Jesus rules the world alone.

2 King of glory! reign forever—
Thine an everlasting crown;
Nothing, from thy love, shall sever
Those whom thou hast made thine own;
Happy objects of thy grace,
Destined to behold thy face.

3 Savior! hasten thine appearing;
Bring, oh, bring the glorious day,
When, the awful summons hearing,
Heaven and earth shall pass away;—
Then, with golden harps, we'll sing,—
"Glory, glory to our King!"

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

152 *The Return to Heaven.* (353)

JESUS comes, his conflict over,—
Comes to claim his great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

2 Yonder throne for him erected,
Now becomes the Victor's seat;
Lo, the Man on earth rejected!
Angels worship at his feet:
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

3 Day and night they cry before him,—
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore him,
All obey his sovereign word;
Haste, ye saints! your tribute bring,
Crown him, everlasting King.

THOMAS KELLY, 1806.

153 *We Live in Him.* (333)

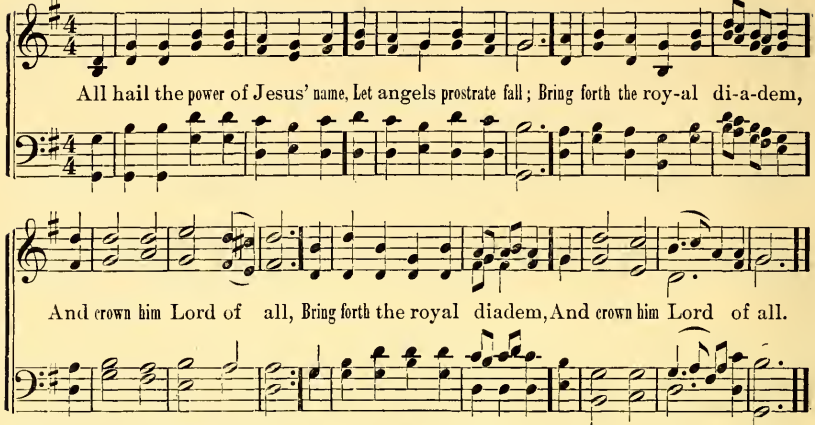
SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph
See the King in royal state,
Riding on the clouds, his chariot,
To his heavenly palace gate!
Hark! the choirs of angel voices
Joyful hallelujahs sing,
And the portals high are lifted
To receive their heavenly King.

2 Who is this that comes in glory,
With the trump of jubilee?
Lord of battles, God of armies,
He has gained the victory;
He, who on the cross did suffer,
He, who from the grave arose,
He has vanquished sin and Satan,
He by death has spoiled his foes.

3 Thou hast raised our human nature,
On the clouds to God's right hand,
There we sit in heavenly places,
There with thee in glory stand;
Jesus reigns, adored by angels;
Man with God is on the throne;
Mighty Lord! in thine ascension,
We by faith behold our own.

CHRISTOPHER WORDSWORTH, 1862.

CORONATION. C. M. OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.



[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.]

154 (336)
Crown Him Lord of all.

2 Crown him, ye morning stars of light,
Who fixed this earthly ball;
Now hail the strength of Israel's might,
And crown him Lord of all.

3 Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,
Ye ransomed from the fall,
Hail him who saves you by his grace,
And crown him Lord of all.

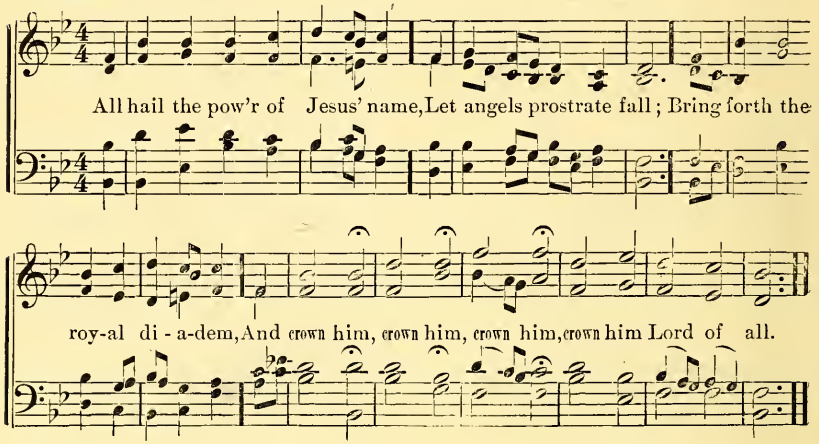
4 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget
The wormwood and the gall;
Go, spread your trophies at his feet,
And crown him Lord of all.

5 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

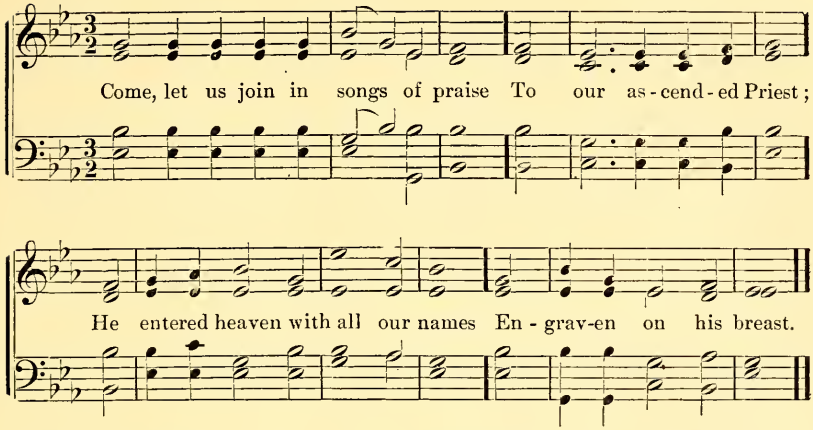
6 O that with yonder sacred throng
We at his feet may fall!
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

EDWARD PERRONET, *alt.* 1780.

MILES' LANE. C. M. WM. SHRUBSOLE, 1793.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



155 *The Sympathy of Jesus.* (338)

COME, let us join in songs of praise
To our ascended Priest;
He entered heaven with all our names
Engraven on his breast.

2 Below he washed our guilt away,
By his atoning blood;
Now he appears before the throne,
And pleads our cause with God.

3 Clothed with our nature still, he knows
The weakness of our frame,
And how to shield us from the foes
Which he himself o'ercame.

4 Oh! may we ne'er forget his grace,
Nor blush to wear his name;
Still may our hearts hold fast his faith,
Our mouths his praise proclaim.

ANON. 1818.

156 *Perfect Through Suffering.* (337)

THE head, that once was crowned with thorns,
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords
Is his—is his by right;
"The King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
And heaven's eternal Light.

3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name—an everlasting name;
Their joy—the joy of heaven.

5 They suffer with their Lord below,
They reign with him above;
Their profit and their joy—to know
The mystery of his love.

6 The cross he bore is life and health—
Though shame and death to him;
His people's hope, his people's wealth,
Their everlasting theme.

THOMAS KELLY, 1820.

157 *Christ's Compassion to the Weak.* (341)

WITH joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.

2 Touched with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

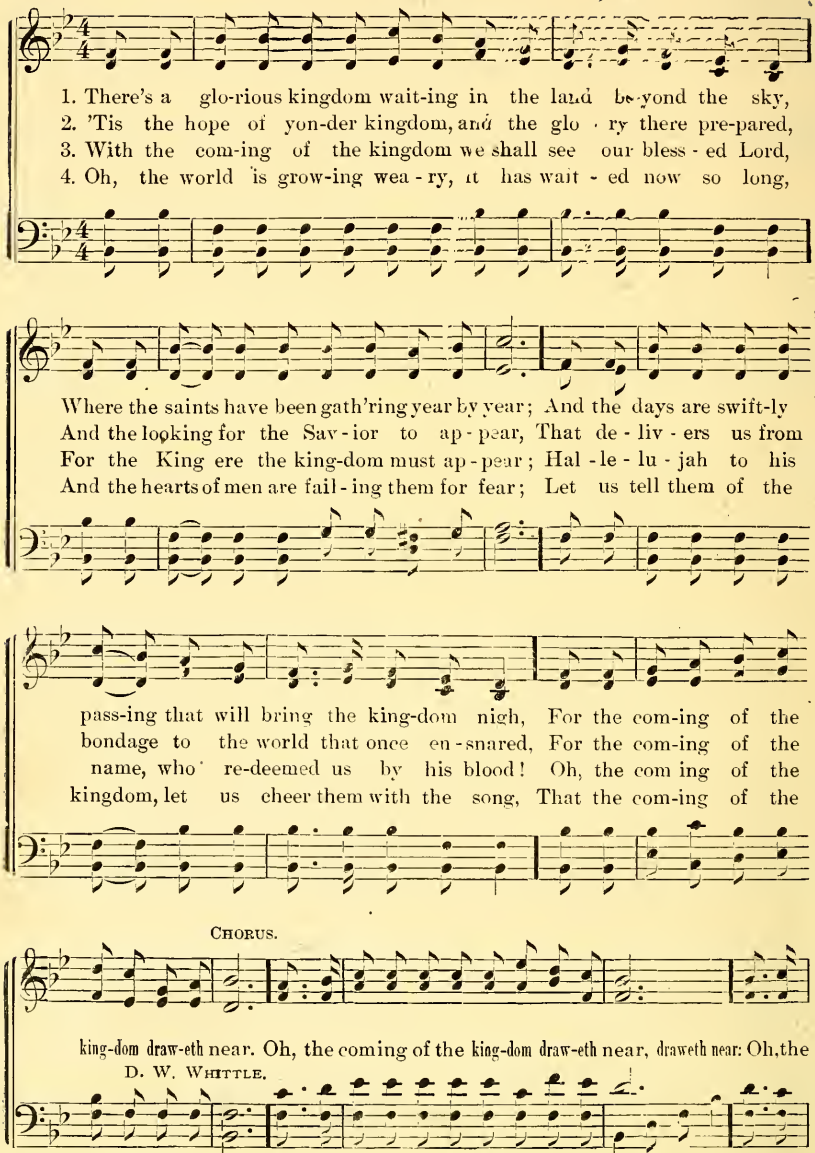
3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Poured out his cries and tears;
And, in his measure, feels afresh
What every member bears.

4 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power;
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

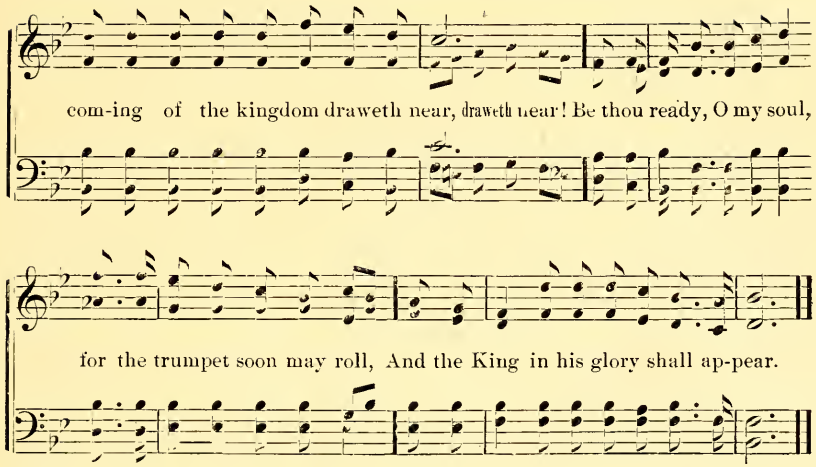
158 THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM. P. M.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.



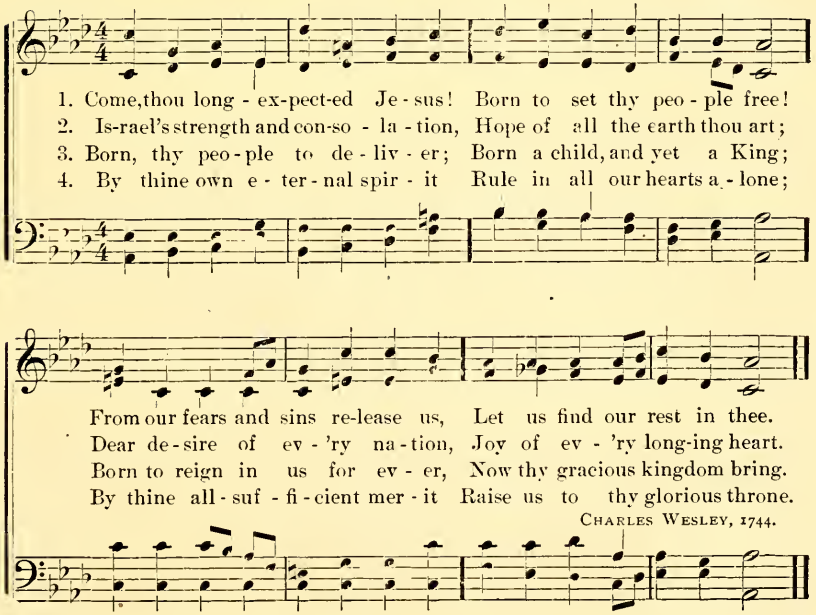
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THE COMING OF THE KINGDOM. Concluded.



159 (224) LEBANON VALLEY. 8s & 7s.

E. S. Lorenz.

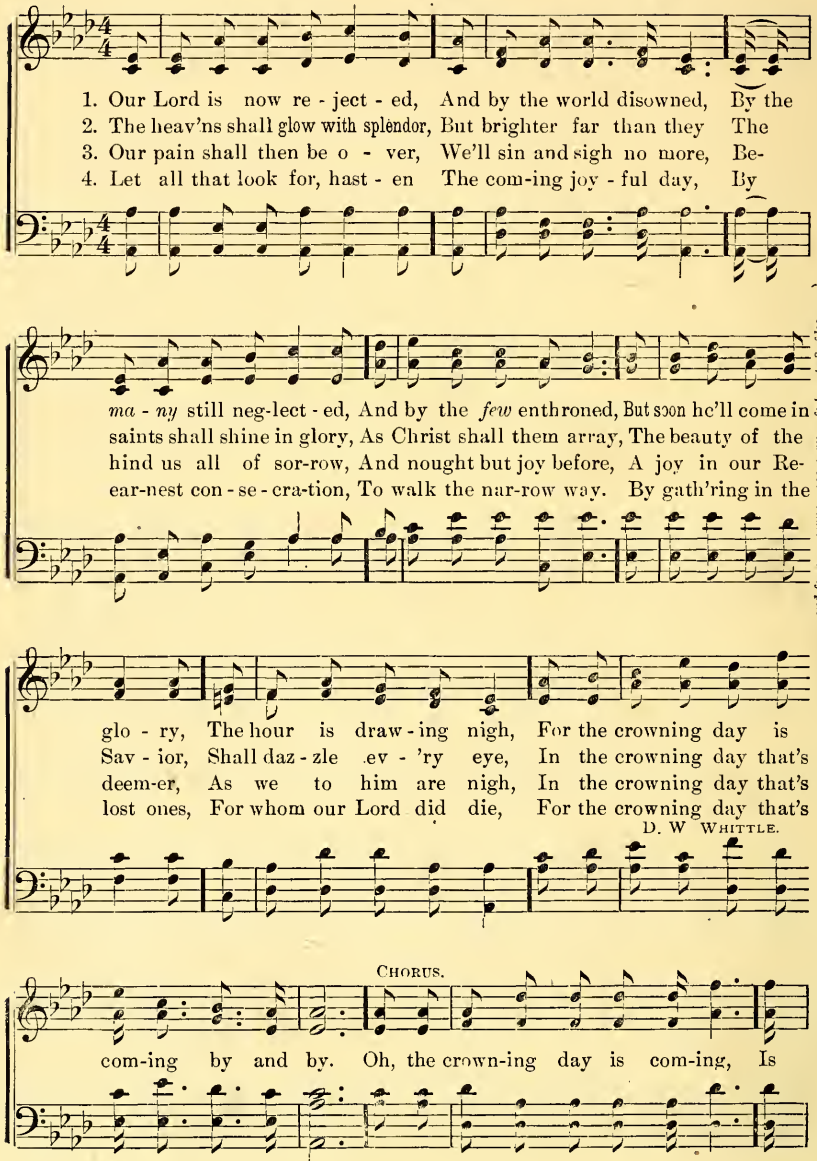


Charles Wesley, 1744.

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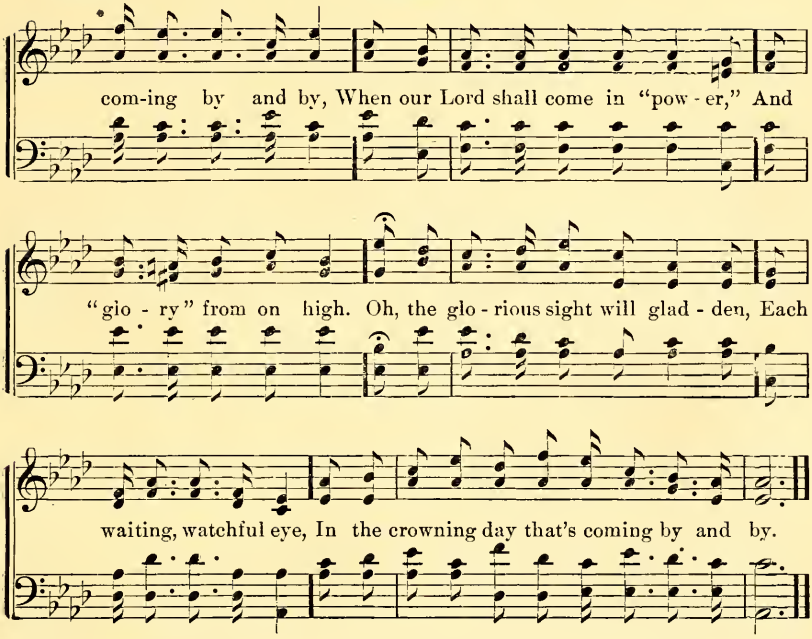
160 THE CROWNING DAY. 7s & 6s.

JAMES McGRANAHAN.

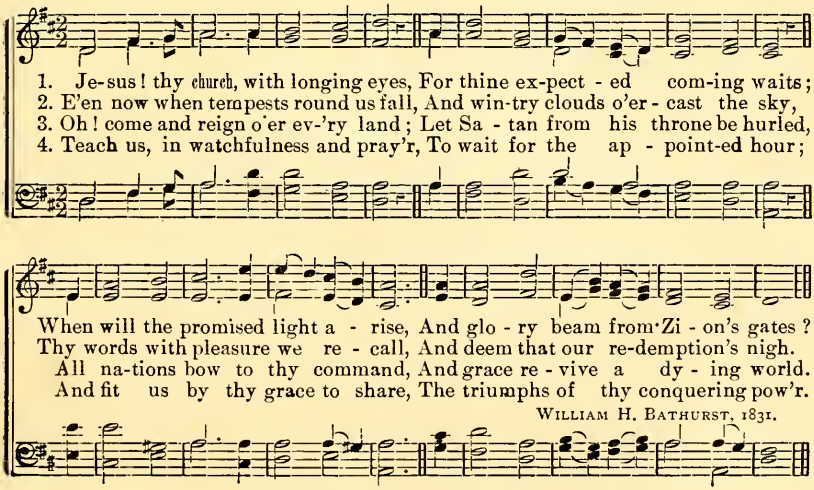


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THE CROWNING DAY. Concluded.

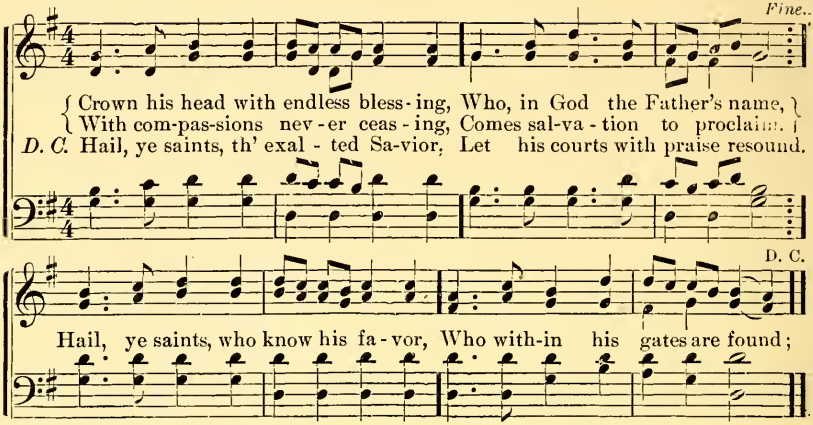


161 (907) **TRURO. L. M.** CHARLES BURNEY, 1769.



WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

MIDDLETOWN. 8s & 7s. D. ENGLISH.



162 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (615)
Crown Him Lord of All.

2 Lo, Jehovah, we adore thee;
Thee our Savior! thee our God!
From his throne his beams of glory
Shine through all the world abroad.
Jesus, thee our Savior hailing,
Thee our God in praise we own;
Highest honors, never failing,
Rise eternal round thy throne.

WILLIAM GOODE, 1811.

163 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.]
Much Forgiven. (616)

2 Oh! what mercy flows from heaven!
Oh! what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcerned in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Savior passed that way.

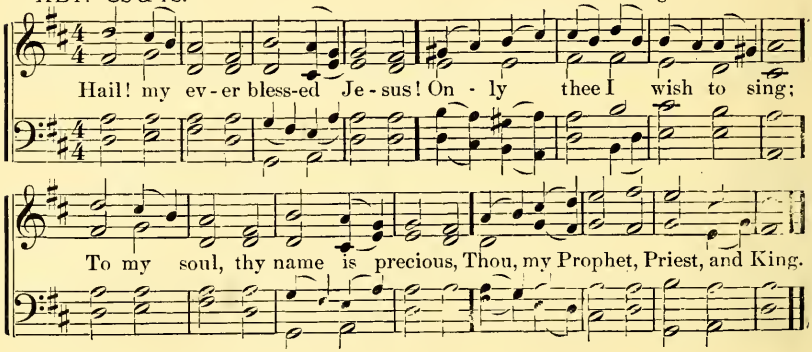
4 Witness, all ye host of heaven!
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

5 Shout, ye bright angelic choir!
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst, astonished, I admire
God's free grace, and boundless love.

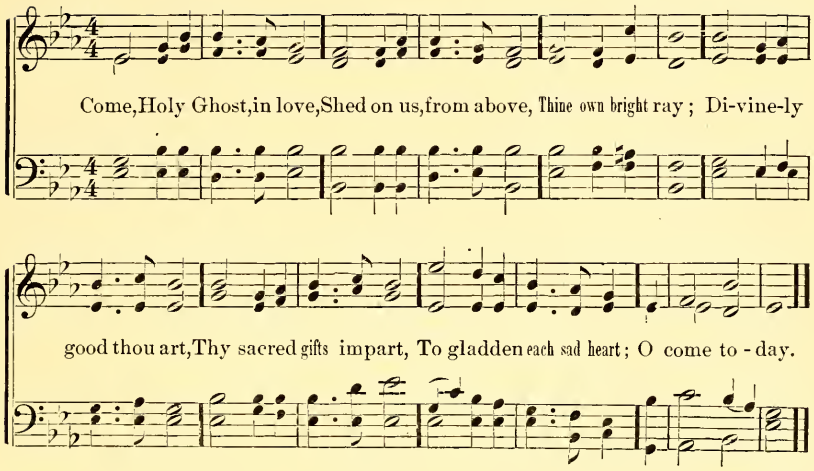
6 That blest moment, I received him,
Filled my soul with joy and peace:
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

JOHN WINGROVE, 1806.

ABT. 8s & 7s. Arranged from ABT.



OLIVET. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON, 1831.



164 (386)

Veni, Sancte, Spiritus!

COME, Holy Ghost! in love,
Shed on us, from above,
Thine own bright ray:
Divinely good thou art;
Thy sacred gifts impart,
To gladden each sad heart;
Oh! come to-day!

2 Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest!
With soothing power;
Rest, which the weary know;
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow;
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow;
Cheer us, this hour!

3 Come, Light serene, and still
Our inmost bosoms fill;
Dwell in each breast:
We know no dawn but thine;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest.

4 Exalt our low desires;
Extinguish passion's fires;
Heal every wound;
Our stubborn spirits bend;
Our icy coldness end;
Our devious steps attend,
While heavenward bound.

Lat., ROBERT II. of France, 996.
Tr., RAY PALMER, 1858.

165 (387)

The Spirit of Truth.
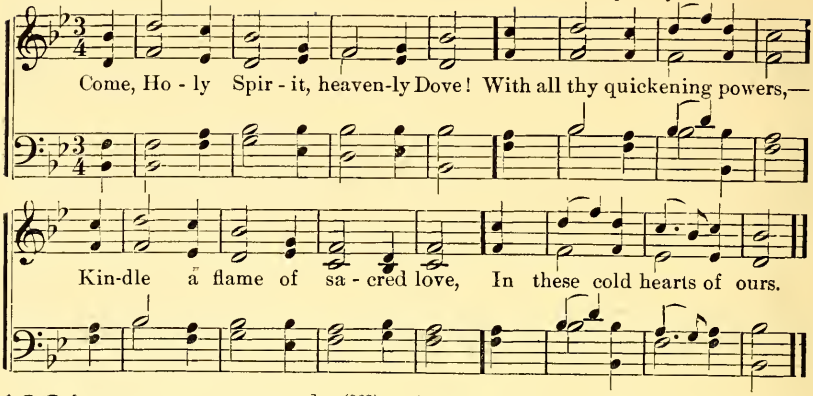
THOU! whose almighty word
Chaos and darkness heard,
And took their flight,
Hear us, we humbly pray,
And, where the gospel's day
Sheds not its glorious ray,
"Let there be light!"

2 Thou! who didst come to bring,
On thy redeeming wing,
Healing and sight,
Health to the sick in mind,
Sight to the inly blind;—
Oh! now to all mankind,
"Let there be light!"

3 Spirit of truth and love,
Life-giving holy Dove!
Speed forth thy flight:
Move o'er the water's face,
Bearing the lamp of grace,
And, in earth's darkest place,
"Let there be light!"

JOHN MARRIOTT, 1813.

BALERMA. C. M. Adapted by R. SIMPSON.



166 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (363)

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.

2 Look—how we grovel here below,
Fond of these trifling toys!
Our souls, how heavily they go,
To reach eternal joys.

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.

4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever live,
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove!
With all thy quickening powers;
Come, shed abroad a Savior's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

167 (364)

The Source of Life and Light.

GREAT Spirit! by whose mighty powe
All creatures live and move,
On us thy benediction shower;
Inspire our souls with love.

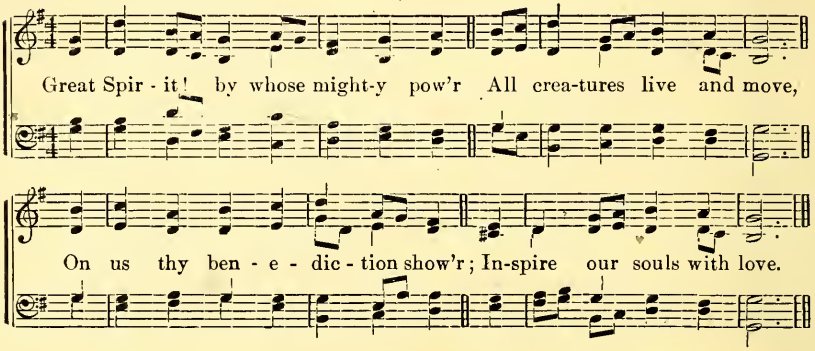
2 Hail, Source of light! arise and shine;
Darkness and doubt dispel;
Give peace and joy, for we are thine;
In us forever dwell.

3 From death to life our spirits raise;
Complete redemption bring;
New tongues impart, to speak the praise
Of Christ, our God and King.

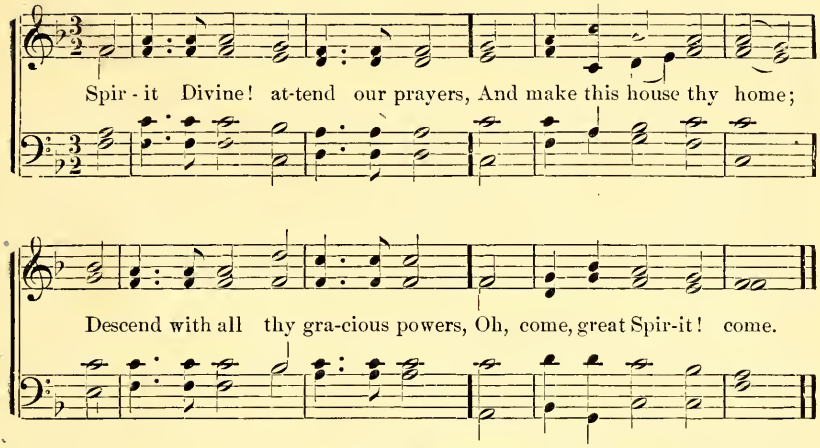
4 Thine inward witness bear, unknown
To all the world beside;
Exalting, then, we feel, and own
Our Jesus glorified.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

STEPHENS. C. M. W. JONES, 1780.



ARLINGTON. C. M. THOMAS A. ARNE, 1762.



168 *The Descent of the Spirit.* (369)

SPIRIT Divine! attend our prayers,
And make this house thy home;
Descend with all thy gracious powers,
Oh, come, great Spirit! come.

2 Come as the light; to us reveal
Our emptiness and woe;
And lead us in those paths of life
Where all the righteous go.

3 Come as the fire; and purge our hearts,
Like sacrificial flame;
Let our whole soul an offering be
To our Redeemer's name.

4 Come as the dove; and spread thy wings,
The wings of peaceful love;
And let thy church on earth become
Blessed as the church above.

5 Come as the wind; with rushing sound,
And pentecostal grace;
That all, of woman born, may see
The glory of thy face.

ANDREW REED, 1841.

169 *Assurance.*

WHY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend, and bring
Some tokens of thy grace.

2 Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven?

3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
The pledge of joys to come;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

170 *The Spirit's Work.* (366)

ETERNAL Spirit! by whose power
Are burst the bands of death,
On our cold hearts thy blessing shower
And stir them with thy breath.

2 'Tis thine to point the heavenly way
Each rising fear control,
And, with a warm, enlivening ray,
To melt the icy soul.

3 'Tis thine to cheer us when distressed,
To raise us when we fall;
To calm the doubting, troubled breast,
And aid when sinners call.

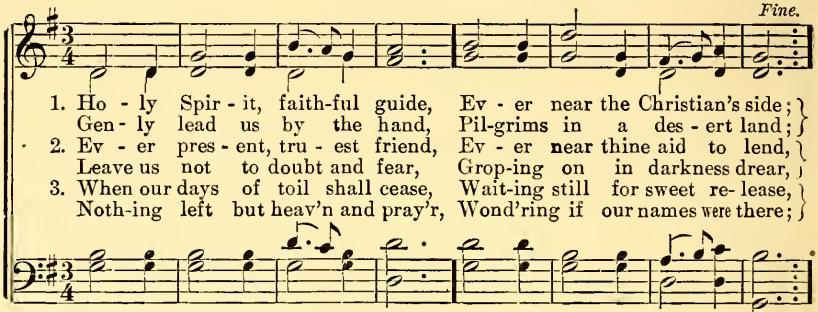
4 'Tis thine to bring God's sacred word,
And write it on our heart;
There its reviving truths record,
And there its peace impart.

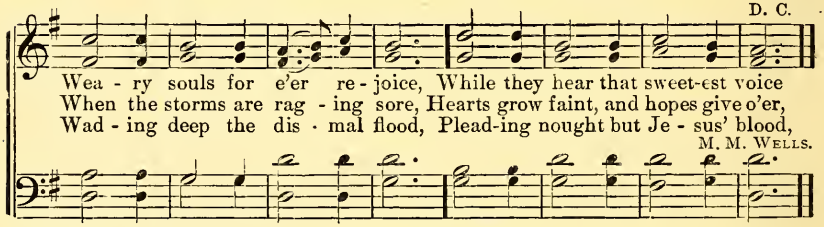
5 Almighty Spirit! visit thus
Our hearts, and guide our ways;
Pour down thy quickening grace on us,
And tune our lips to praise.

WM. HILEY BATHURST, 1830.

171 HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7s. D.
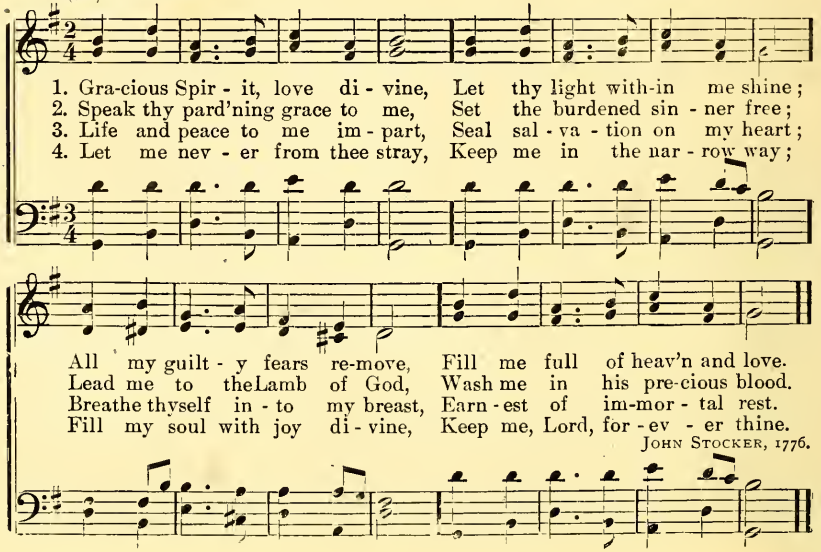
MARCUS MORRIS WELLS.





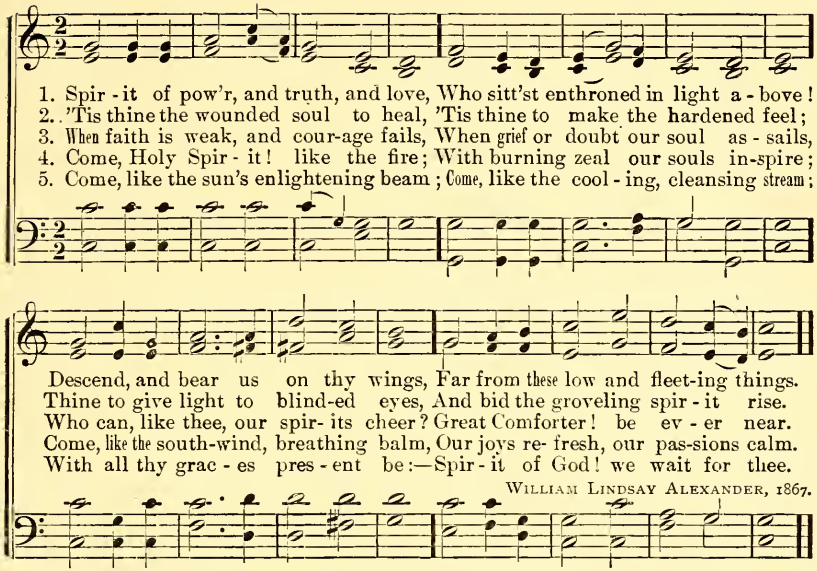
172 (383) PLEYEL. 7s.

IGNACE PLEYEL, cir. 1800.



173 (375) ZEPHYR. L. M.

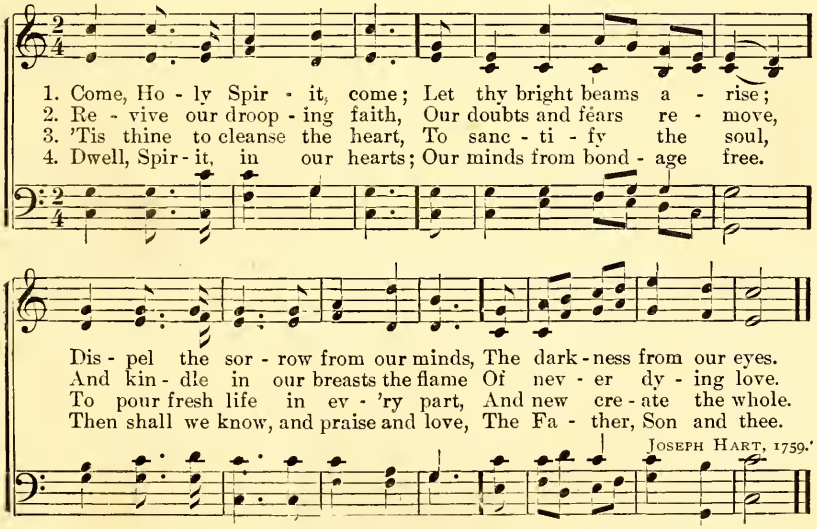
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



WILLIAM LINDSAY ALEXANDER, 1867.

174 (378) WHITEFIELD. S. M.

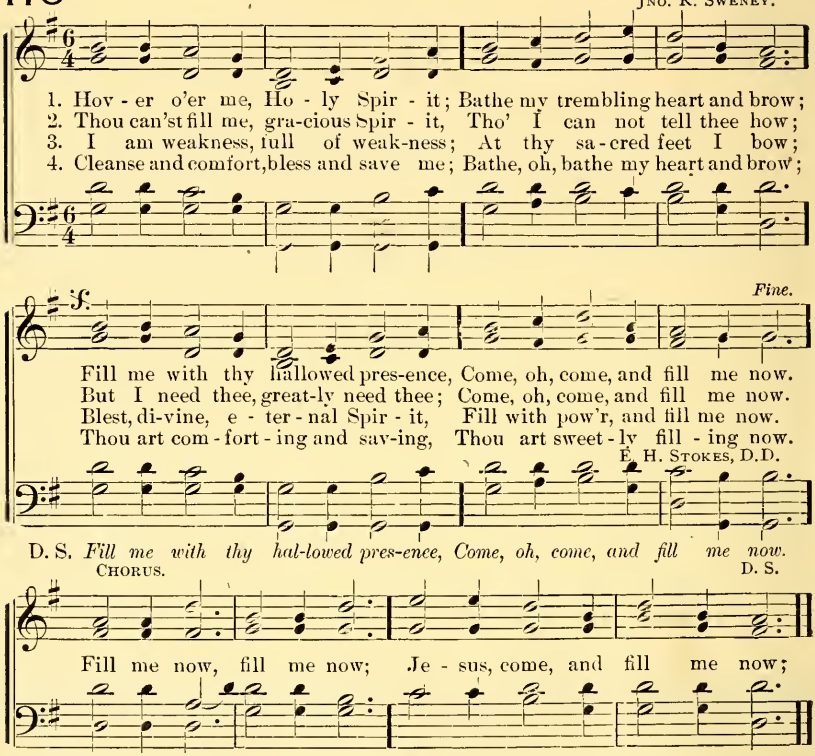
EDWARD MILLER.



JOSEPH HART, 1759.

175 FILL ME NOW. 8s & 7s, with Chorus.

JNO. R. SWENEY.



Copyright, 1870, by John J. Hood, by per.

176

Guide and Comforter.

HOLY Spirit, Fount of blessing,
Ever watchful, ever kind,
Thy celestial aid possessing,
Prisoned souls deliverance find.

2 Seal of truth, and Bond of union,
Source of light, and Flame of love,
Symbol of divine communion,
In the olive-bearing dove;

3 Heavenly Guide from paths of error,
Comforter of minds distressed,
When the billows fill with terror,
Pointing to an ark of rest;

4 Promised Pledge, eternal Spirit,
Greater than all gifts below,
May our hearts thy grace inherit;
May our lips thy glories show!

THOMAS J. JUDKIN.

177

The Source of Consolation.

HOLY Ghost, dispel our sadness;
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou Source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

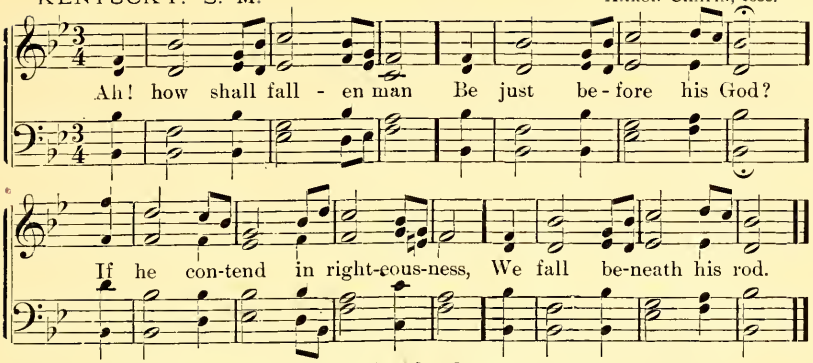
2 From the height which knows no measure,
As a gracious shower descend,
Bringing down the richest treasure
Man can wish, or God can send.

3 Author of the new creation,
Come with unction and with power;
Make our hearts thy habitation;
On our souls thy graces shower.

4 Hear, O hear our supplication,
Blessed Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
With the fullness of thy grace.

PAUL GERHARDT, 1653.
Tr. by J. C. JACOBI, 1725. Alt.

KENTUCKY. S. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.



178 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (405)
Guilt and Helplessness of Man.

2 If he our ways should mark
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
A just excuse devise?

3 All-seeing, powerful God,
Who can with thee contend?
Or who that tries the unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end?

4 Ah! how shall guilty man
Contend with such a God?
None, none can meet him and escape,
But through the Savior's blood.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

179 *An Evil Heart.* (406)

ASTONISHED and distressed,
I turn mine eyes within;
My heart with loads of guilt oppressed
The source of every sin.

2 What crowds of evil thoughts,
What vile affections there!
Envy and pride, deceit and guile,
Distrust and slavish fear.

3 Almighty King of saints!
These tyrant lusts subdue;
Drive the old serpent from his seat,
And all my powers renew.

4 This done,—my cheerful voice
Shall loud hosannas raise;
My heart shall glow with gratitude,
My lips be filled with praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1787.

180 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.]
The Reign of Sin. (407)

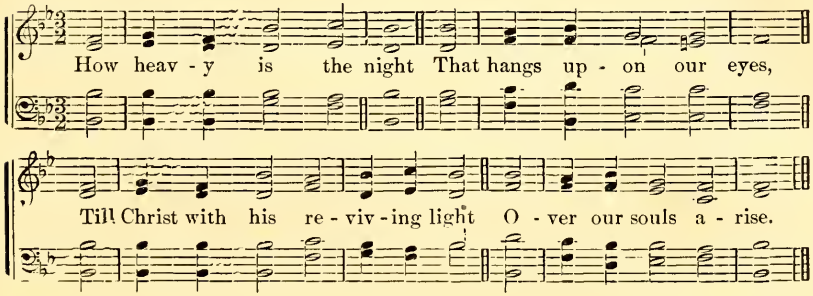
2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But, in his righteousness arrayed,
We see our sins forgiven.

3 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks the cursed chain.

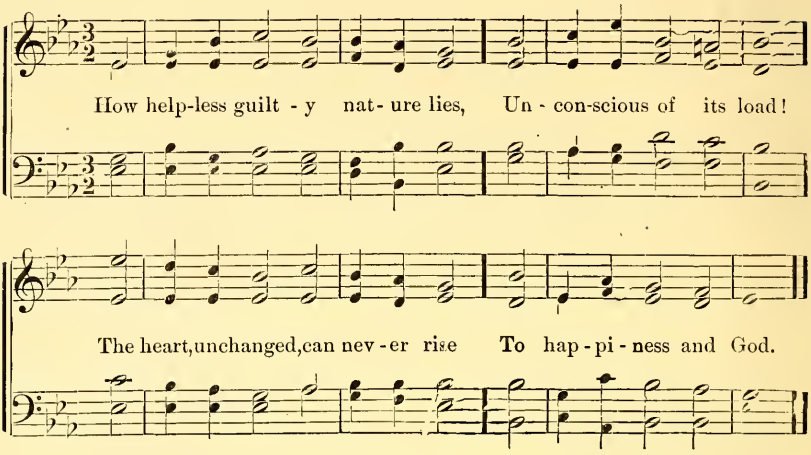
4 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

OLMUTZ. S. M. GREGORIAN.



DOWNS. C. M. LOWELL MASON 1836.



181 *The Need of Regeneration.* (396)

How helpless guilty nature lies,
Unconscious of its load!
The heart, unchanged, can never rise
To happiness and God.

2 Can aught, beneath a power divine,
The stubborn will subdue?
'Tis thine, almighty Spirit! thine,
To form the heart anew.

3 'Tis thine, the passions to recall,
And upward bid them rise;
To make the scales of error fall,
From reason's darkened eyes.

4 Oh! change these wretched hearts of ours,
And give them life divine;
Then shall our passions and our powers,
Almighty Lord! be thine.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

182 *Pardon and Sanctification in Christ.* (397)

How sad our state by nature is!
Our sin—how deep it stains!
And Satan binds our captive minds,
Fast in his slavish chains.

2 But there's a voice of sovereign grace,
Sounds from the sacred word;—
"Ho! ye despairing sinners! come
And trust a faithful Lord."

3 My soul obeys the gracious call
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
Oh! help my unbelief.

4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God! I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul,
From crimes of deepest dye.

5 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus, and my all.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

183 *Man's Need of the New Birth.* (400)

SINNERS, this solemn truth regard,
Hear, all ye sons of men;
For Christ, the Savior, hath declared,
"Ye must be born again."

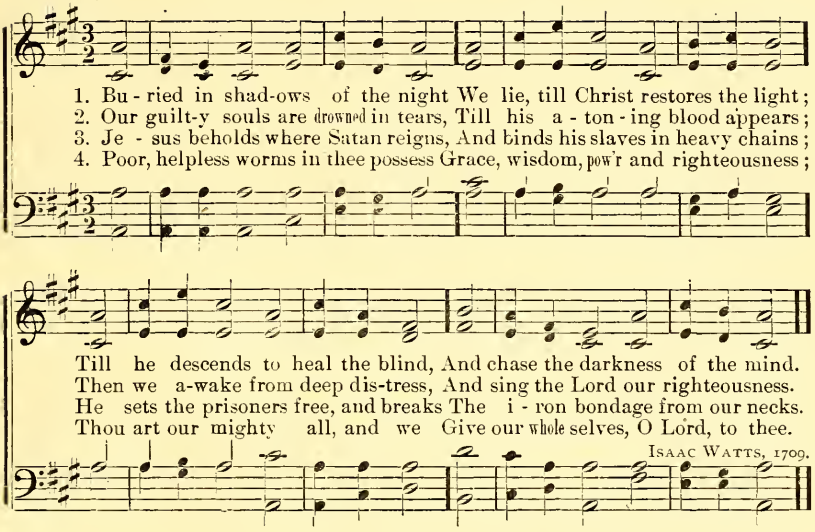
2 Whate'er might be your birth or blood,
The sinner's boast is vain;
Thus saith the glorious Son of God,
"Ye must be born again."

3 That which is born of flesh is flesh
And flesh it will remain:
Then marvel not that Jesus saith,
"Ye must be born again."

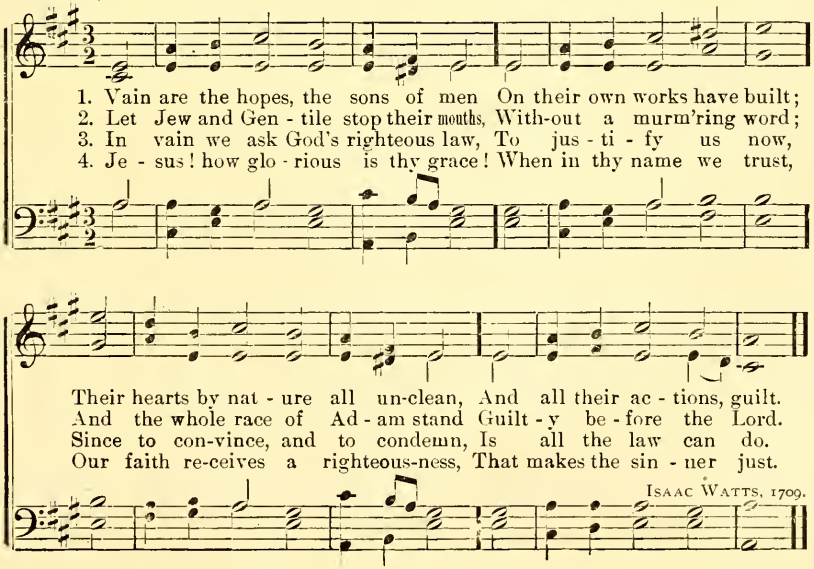
4 Spirit of life, thy grace impart,
And breathe on sinners slain:
Bear witness, Lord, in ev'ry heart,
That we are born again.

JOHN FAWCETT
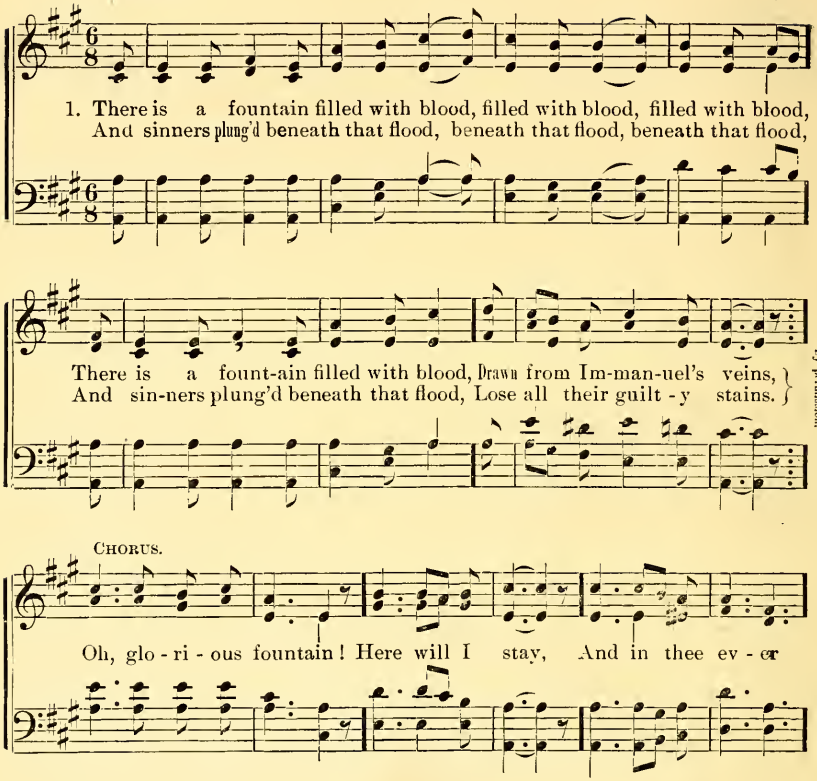
184 (402) ROCKBRIDGE. L. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1822.



185 (399) MELODY. C. M. AARON CHAPIN, 1823.



GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN. C. M. With Chorus. T. C. O'KANE.



186 (407)

Glorious Fountain.

THERE is a fountain ‖: filled with blood,:‖
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged ‖: beneath that flood,:‖
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief ‖: rejoiced to see,:‖
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, ‖: though vile as he,:‖
Wash all my sins away.

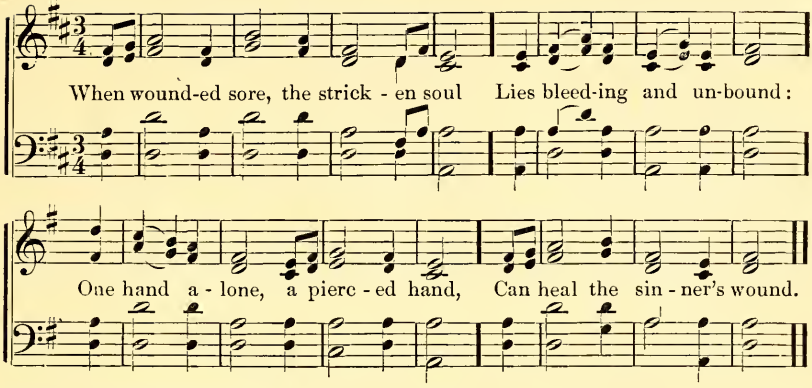
3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood,:‖
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: church of God,:‖
Are saved to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme,:‖
And shall be till I die.

5 And when this feeble, ‖: faltering tongue :‖
Lies silent in the grave,
Then, in a nobler, ‖: sweeter song,:‖
I'll sing thy power to save.

WILLIAM COWPER, 1779.

SILOAM. C. M. I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.



187 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]
The All-Sufficient Grace. (488)

2 When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One heart alone, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

3 'Tis Jesus' blood, that washes white,
His hand, that brings relief;
His heart, that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

4 Lift up thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide;
We have no shelter from our sin,
But in thy wounded side.

MRS. CECIL F. ALEXANDER, 1858.

188 *Salvation.*

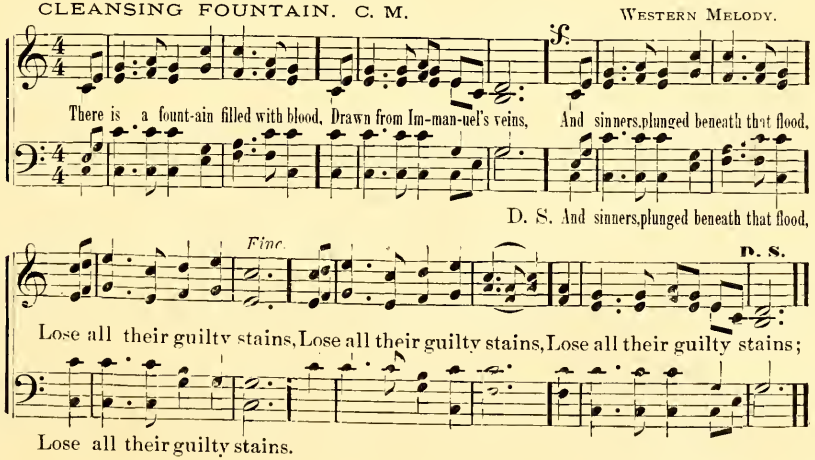
SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears;
A sovereign balm for every wound,
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.

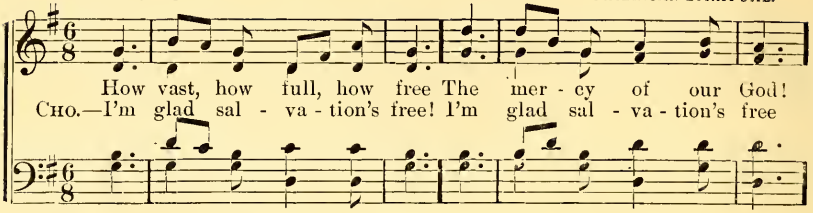
3 Salvation! O Thou bleeding Lamb!
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

ISAAC WATTS.

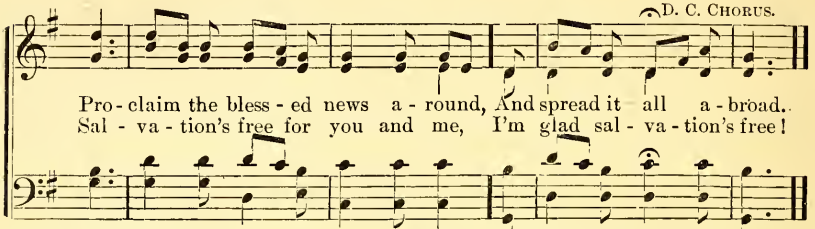
CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M. WESTERN MELODY.



DUNBAR. S. M. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



D. C. CHORUS.



189 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *All Invited.* (446)

2 How vast! "whoever will"
May drink at mercy's stream,
And know that faith in Jesus brings
Salvation now to him.—CHO.

3 How full! it doth remove
The stain of every sin;
And makes the soul as white and pure,
As though no sin had been.—CHO.

4 Poor trembling sinner, come!
God waits to comfort thee;
Come, cast thyself upon his love,
So vast, so full, so free.—CHO.

VESTRY H. & T. BOOK.

190 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] *The Better Sacrifice.* (297)

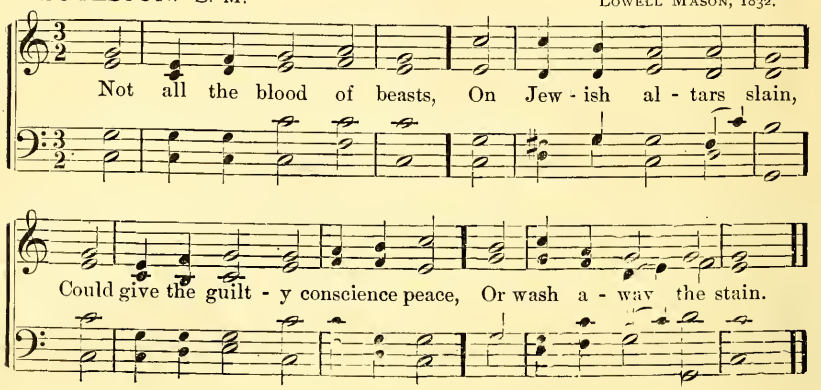
2 But Christ, the heav'nly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of Thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burden Thou didst bear;
While hanging on the cursed tree,
And knows her guilt was there.
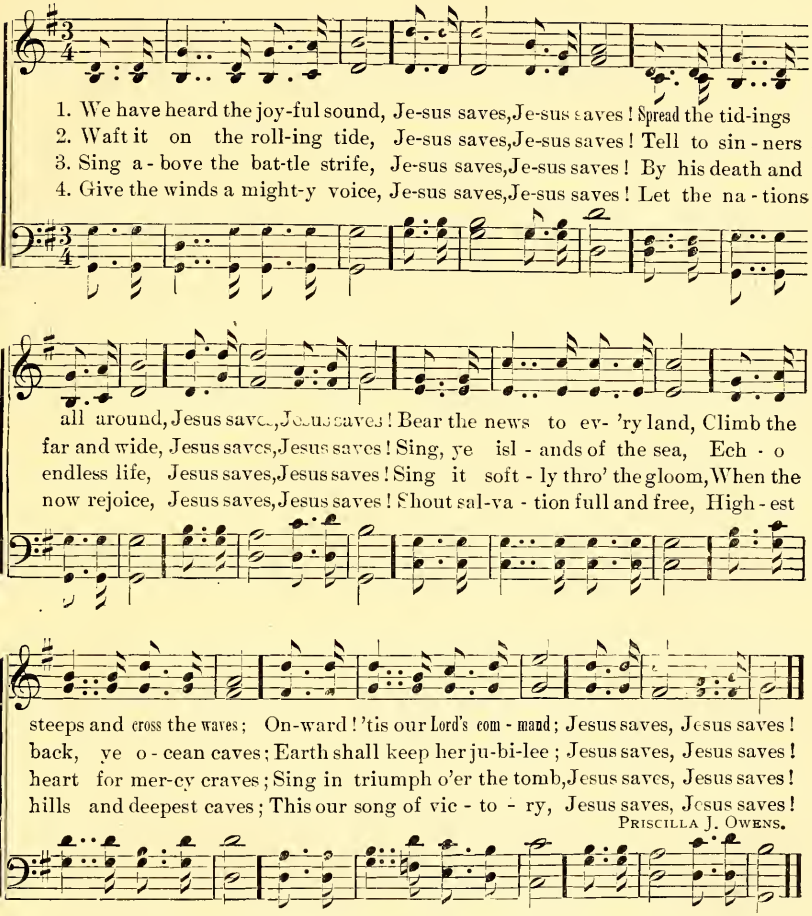
ISAAC WATTS.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



191 JESUS SAVES. P. M.

WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



From "Hosea Songbirds," by per. John J. Hood.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

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192 *Ark of Salvation.*

LIKE Noah's weary dove
That soared the earth around,
But not a resting-place above
The cheerless waters found.
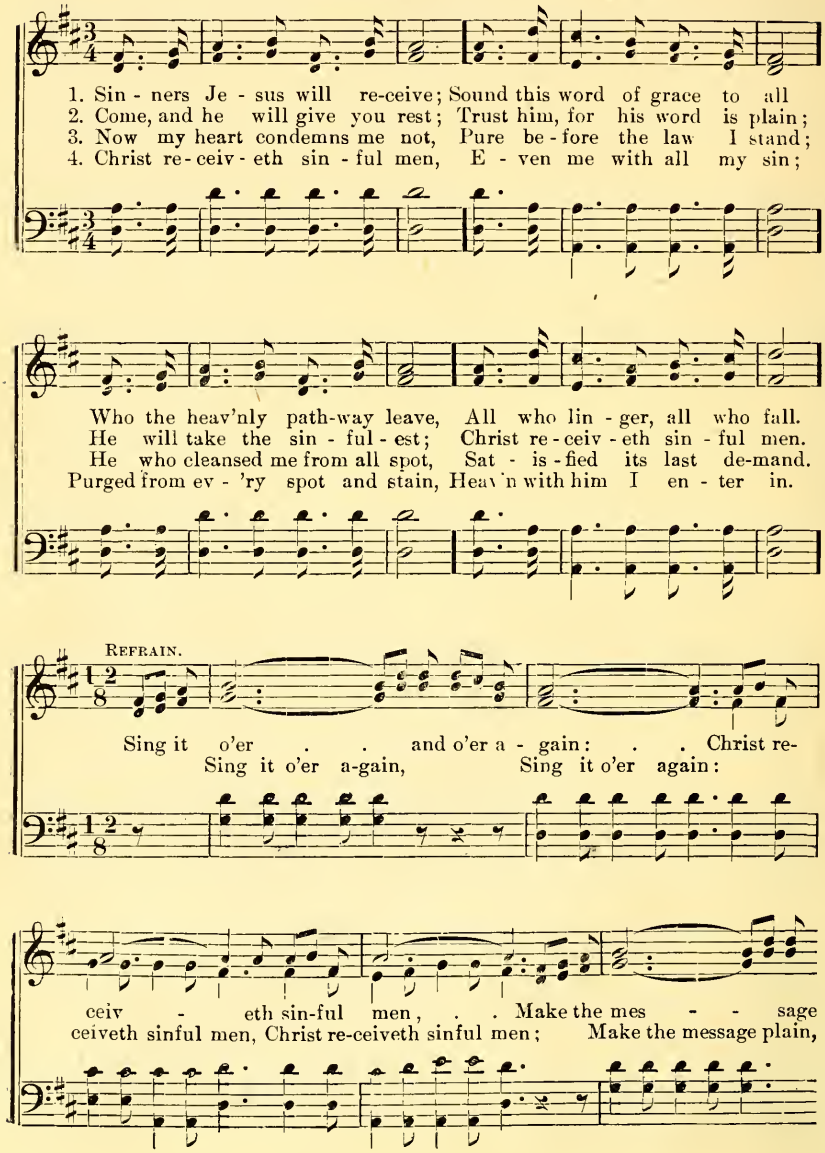
2 Oh, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam;
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.

3 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

4 There safe thou shalt abide,
There sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.
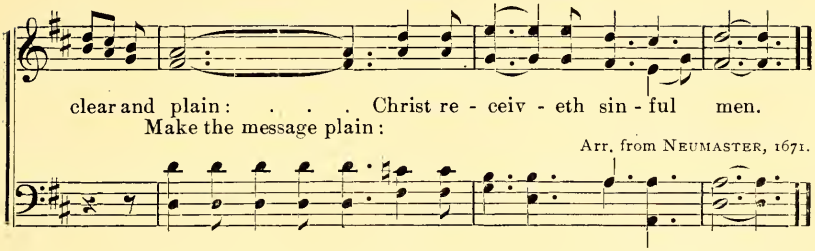
WM. A. MUHLENBERG.

193 CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN. 7s. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



Copyright, 1882, by JAMES McGRANAHAN. Used by per.

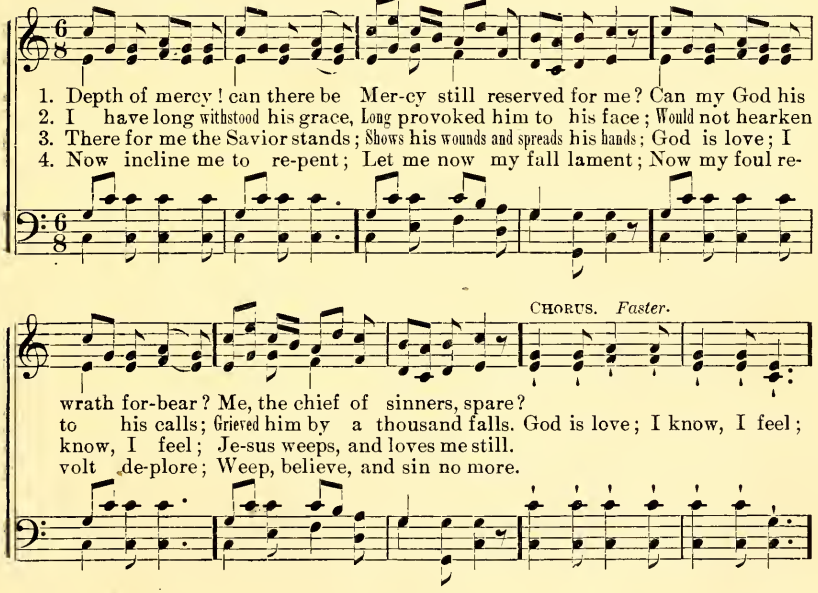
CHRIST RECEIVETH SINFUL MEN. Concluded.



194 (507) DEPTH OF MERCY. 7s.

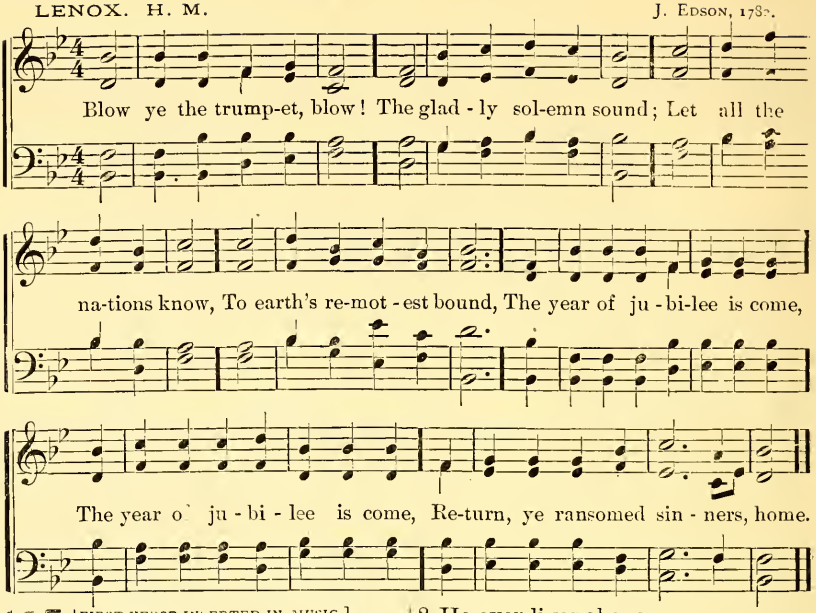
W. H. ROBERTS.

Moderato legato.



CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

LENOX. H. M. J. EDSON, 178?.



195 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

The Jubilee Proclaimed. (461)

2 Jesus, our great High Priest,
Hath full atonement made:
Ye weary spirits! rest,
Ye mournful souls! be glad;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

3 Extol the Lamb of God,—
The all-atoning Lamb;
Redemption in his blood,
Throughout the world, proclaim;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

4 Ye, who have sold for naught
Your heritage above!
Shall have it back unbought,
The gift of Jesus' love;
The year of jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransomed sinners! home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1755.

196

The Sacrifice.

ARISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding sacrifice
In my behalf appears;
Before the throne my Surety stands,
My name is written on His hands.
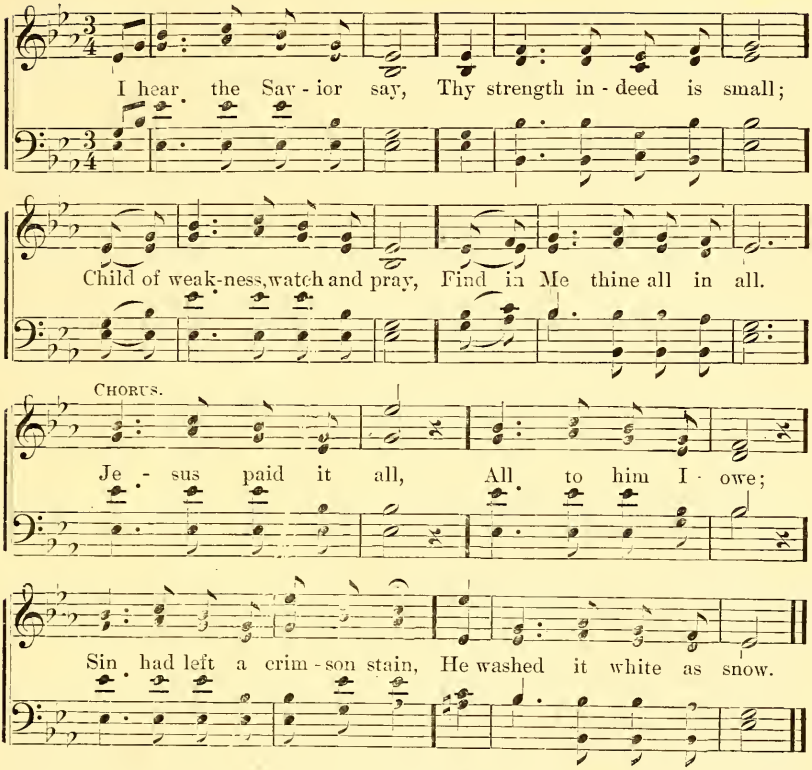
2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede;
His all-redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead;
His blood atoned for all our race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.

3 Five bleeding wounds He bears,
Received on Calvary;
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me;
Forgive him, O forgive, they cry,
Nor let that ransomed sinner die.

4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He can not turn away
The presence of His Son;
His spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 My God is reconciled,
His pard'ning voice I hear,
He owns me for his child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father, cry.

ALL TO CHRIST I OWE. 6s. JOHN T. GRAPE.



197

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Jesus Paid it All.

2 Lord, now indeed I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change the leper's spots,
And melt the heart of stone. —CHO.

3 For nothing good have I
Whereby Thy grace to claim—
I'll wash my garment white
In the blood of Calvary's Lamb.—CHO.

4 When from my dying bed
My ransomed soul shall rise,
Then "Jesus paid it all"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.

5 And when before the throne
I stand in Him complete,
I'll lay my trophies down,
All down at Jesus' feet.—CHO.

MRS. ELVINA M. HALL.

198

Rev. 22 : 17. (479)

COME to the blood-stained tree;
The Victim bleeding lies;
God sets the sinner free,
Since Christ, a ransom, dies.

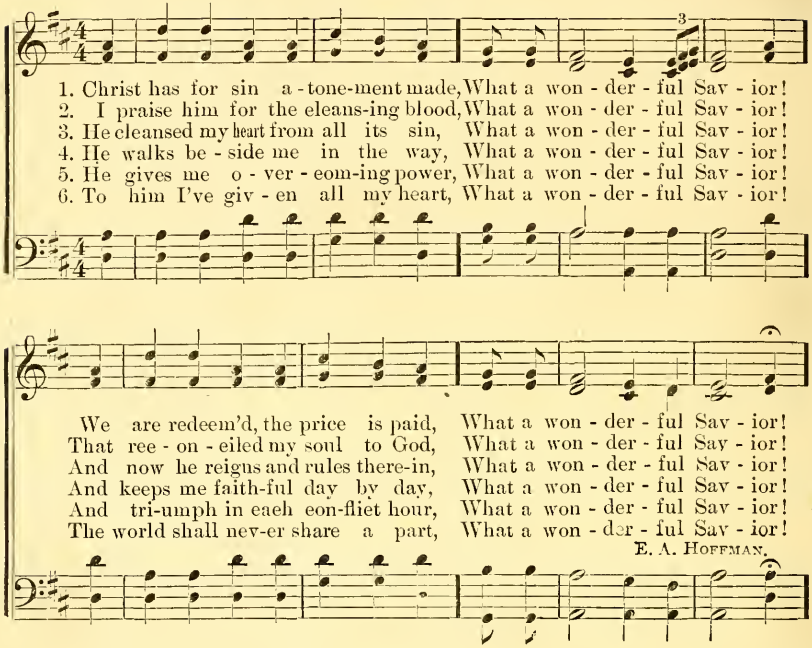
2 The Spirit will apply
His blood to cleanse thy stain;
Oh, burdened soul, draw nigh,
For none can come in vain!

3 Dark though thy guilt appear,
And deep its crimson stain,
There's boundless mercy here,
Oh, do not still disdain.

4 Look not within for peace,
Within, there's nought to cheer;
Look up, and find release
From sin, and self, and fear.
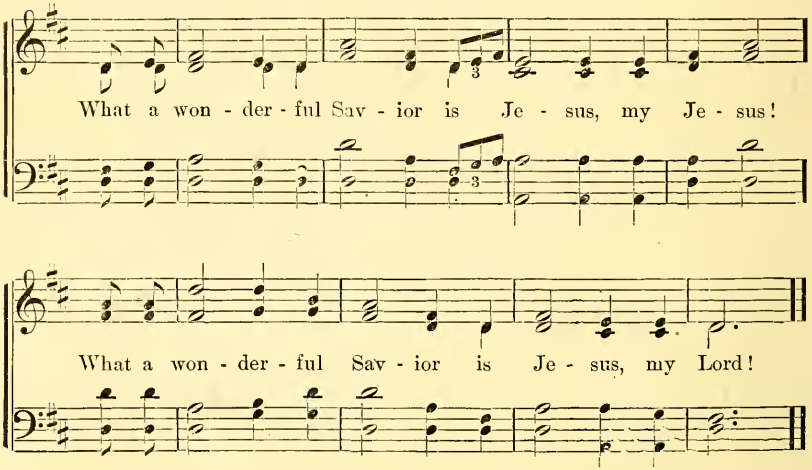
199 WHAT A WONDERFUL SAVIOR. P. M.

ELISHA A. HOFFMAN.
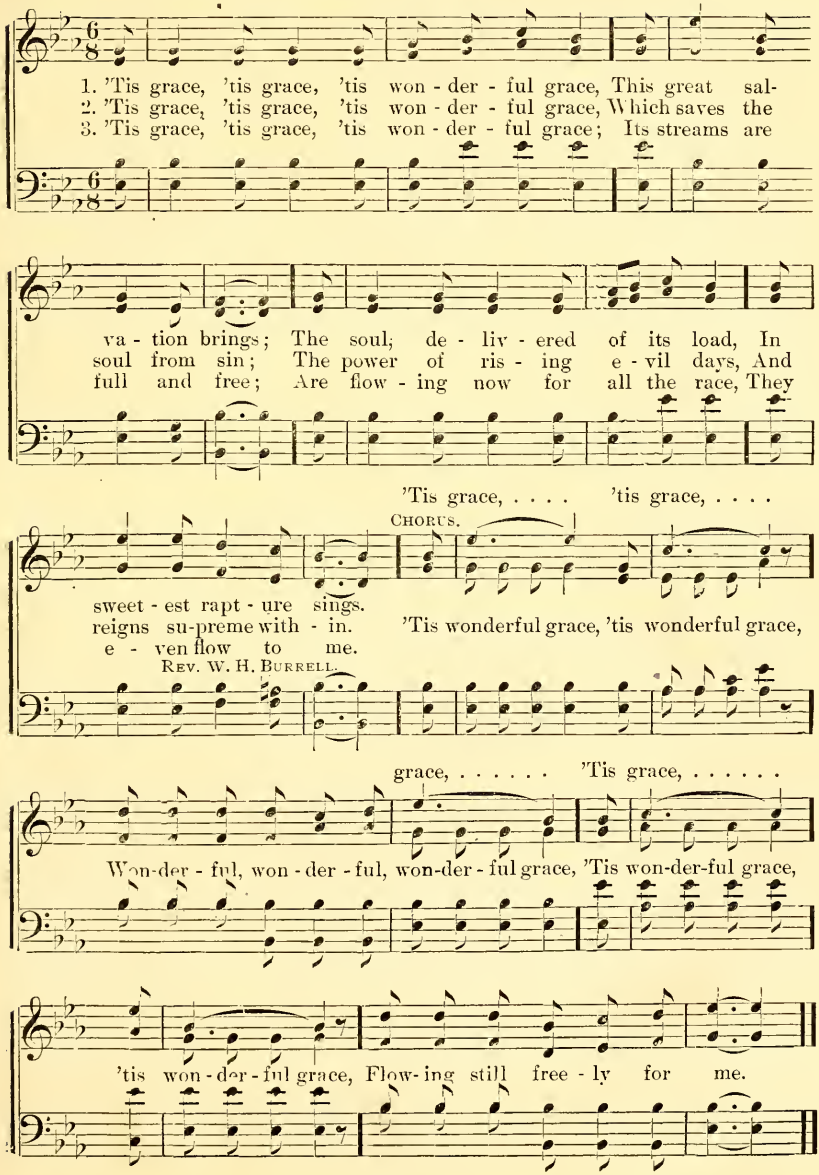


By permission.

CHORUS.



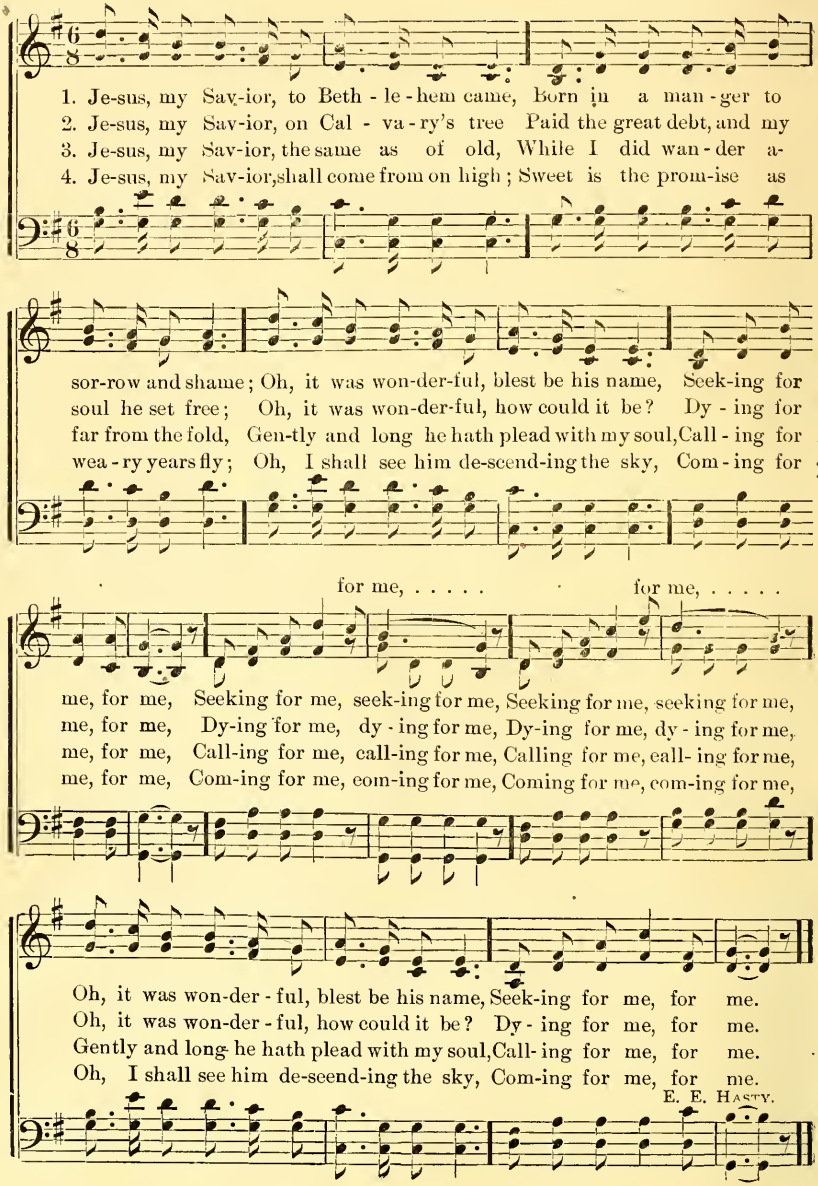
200 WONDERFUL GRACE. P. M.

I. BALTZELL.
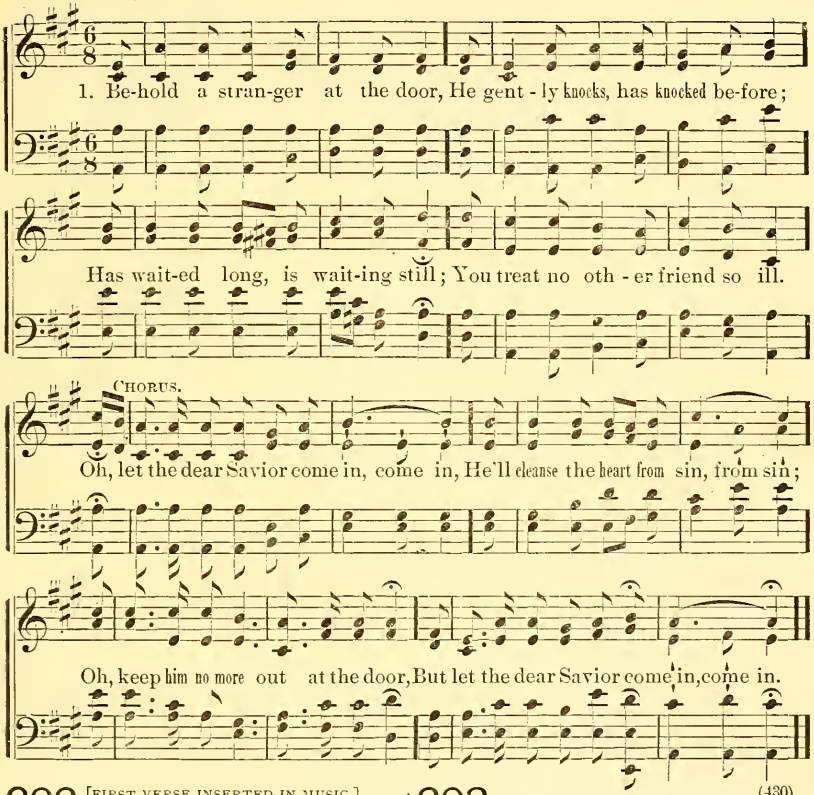


201 SEEKING FOR ME. P. M.

EMERSON E. HASTY.



From "GOOD WILL," by per.

THE STRANGER AT THE DOOR. L. M. T. C. O'KANE.



By permission.

202 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

At the Door. (429)

2 Oh, lovely attitude—he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands;
Oh, matchless kindness—and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes.

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will—the very friend you need;
The Friend of sinners? Yes, 'tis he,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine,
Turn out his enemy and thine;
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

5 Admit him, ere his anger burn—
His feet, departed, ne'er return;
Admit him, or the hour's at hand
You'll at his door rejected stand.

JOSEPH GRIGG, 1765.

203

Why not be Saved To-night? (430)

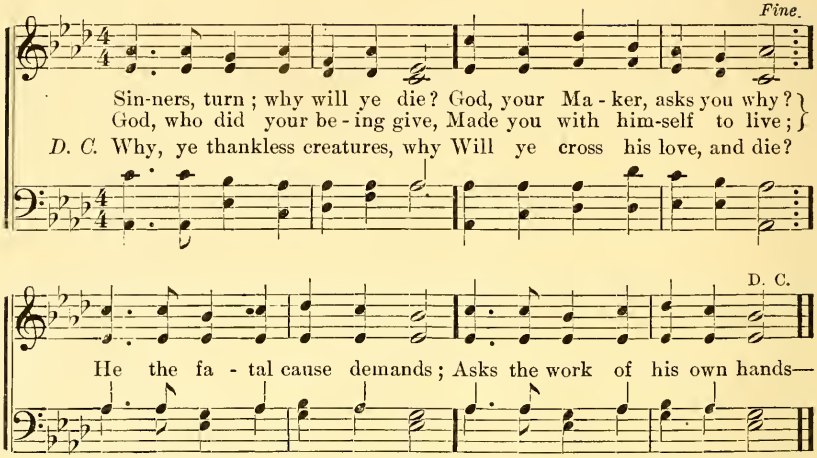
OH, do not let the word depart,
And close thine eyes against the light;
Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
To bless thy long-deluded sight;
This is the time, oh, then be wise!
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
And wilt thou thus his love requite?
Renounce at length thy stubborn will;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

4 The world has nothing left to give,
It has no new, no pure delight;
Oh, try the life which Christians live;
Thou would'st be saved, why not to-night?

SPANISH HYMN. 7s. D. SPANISH MELODY.



204 *Sinners, Turn!*

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Maker, asks you why?
God, who did your being give,
Made you with himself to live;
He the fatal cause demands;
Asks the work of his own hands,—
Why, ye thankless creatures, why
Will ye cross his love, and die?

2 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, your Savior, asks you why?
He, who did your souls retrieve,
Died himself, that ye might live.
Will ye let him die in vain?
Crucify your Lord again?
Why, ye ransomed sinners, why
Will ye slight his grace and die?

3 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
God, the Spirit, asks you why?
He who all your lives hath strove,
Urged you to embrace his love.
Will ye not his grace receive?
Will ye still refuse to live?
O ye dying sinners, why,
Why will ye forever die?

REV. C. WESLEY, 1745.

205 *Delay.* (454)

HASTEN, sinner! to be wise,
Stay not for the morrow's sun:
Wisdom, if thou still despise,
Harder is she to be won.

2 Hasten, mercy to implore,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy season should be o'er,
Ere this evening's stage be run.

3 Hasten, sinner! to return,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest thy lamp should fail to burn,
Ere salvation's work is done.

4 Hasten, sinner! to be blessed,
Stay not for the morrow's sun,
Lest perdition thee arrest,
Ere the morrow is begun.

THOMAS SCOTT, 1773.

206 *The Voice of Jesus.* (451)

COME, says Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim! hither come.

2 Thou, who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn.
Long hast roamed this barren waste,
Weary pilgrim! hither haste.
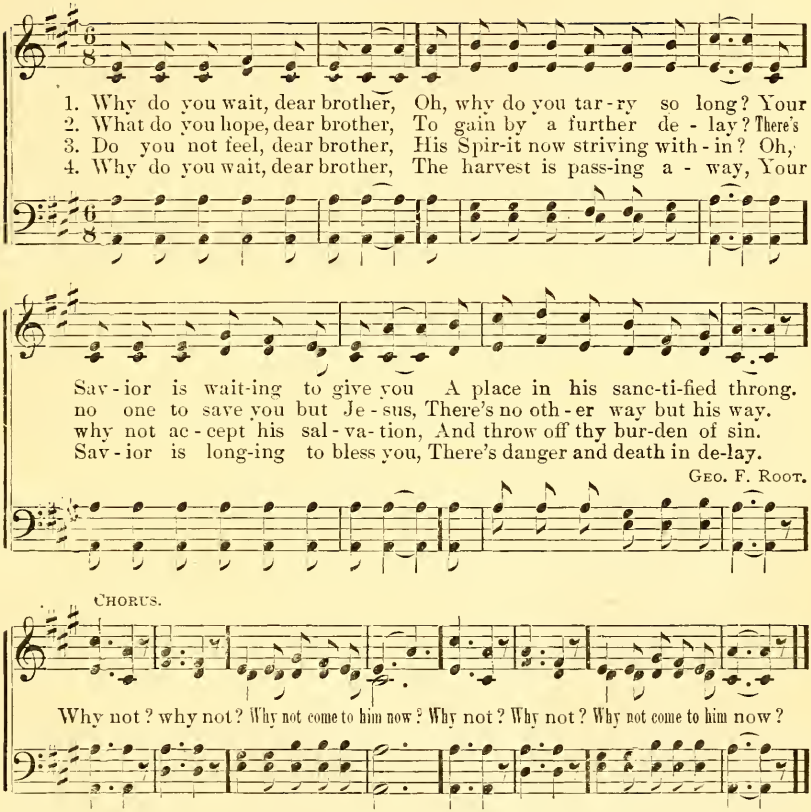
3 Ye, who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain!
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn!—

4 Hither come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1812.

207 WHY DO YOU WAIT? P. M.

GEO. F. ROOT.



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(TUNE ON OPPOSITE PAGE, OMITTING REPEAT.)

208 *Come and Welcome.* (455)

FROM the cross uplifted high,
Where the Savior deigns to die,
What melodious sounds we hear,
Bursting on the ravished ear!—
"Love's redeeming work is done—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

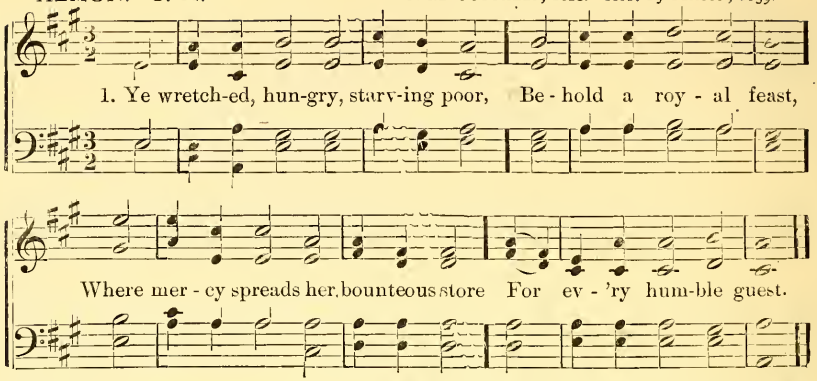
2 "Sprinkled now with blood the throne—
Why beneath thy burdens groan?
On my pierced body laid,
Justice owns the ransom paid—
Bow the knee, and kiss the Son—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

3 "Spread for thee, the festal board—
See with richest bounty stored;
To thy Father's bosom pressed,
Thou shalt be a child confessed,
Never from his house to roam;
Come and welcome, sinner, come!

4 "Soon the days of life shall end—
Lo, I come—your Savior, Friend!
Safe your spirit to convey
To the realms of endless day,
Up to my eternal home—
Come and welcome, sinner, come!"

T. HAWEIS, 1792.

AZMON. C. M. CARL GOTTHELF, 1828. Arr. by MASON, 1839.



209 (417)

The Gospel Feast.

YE wretched, hungry, starving poor!
Behold a royal feast,
Where mercy spreads her bounteous store,
For every humble guest.

2 See, Jesus stands, with open arms;
He calls,—he bids you come;
Guilt holds you back, and fear alarms;
But, see! there yet is room.

3 Room, in the Savior's bleeding heart;
There love and pity meet;
Nor will he bid the soul depart,
That trembles at his feet.

4 Oh! come, and with his children taste
The blessings of his love:
While hope attends the sweet repast
Of nobler joys above.

5 There, with united heart and voice,
Before th' eternal throne,
Ten thousand thousand souls rejoice,
In ecstasies unknown.

6 And yet ten thousand thousand more
Are welcome still to come;
Ye longing souls! the grace adore,
Approach, there yet is room.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

210 (245)

Gen. 6: 3.

THERE is a line, by us unseen,
That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
God's patience and his wrath.

2 To pass that limit is to die,
To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
Nor pale the glow of health.

3 Oh! where is this mysterious bourne
By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
That he who goes is lost?

4 How far may we go on to sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

5 An answer from the skies is sent,—
"Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart."

JOSEPH ADDISON ALEXANDER.

211 (416)

The Last Resolve.

COME, humble sinner! in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve:
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:—

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Like mountains round me close;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

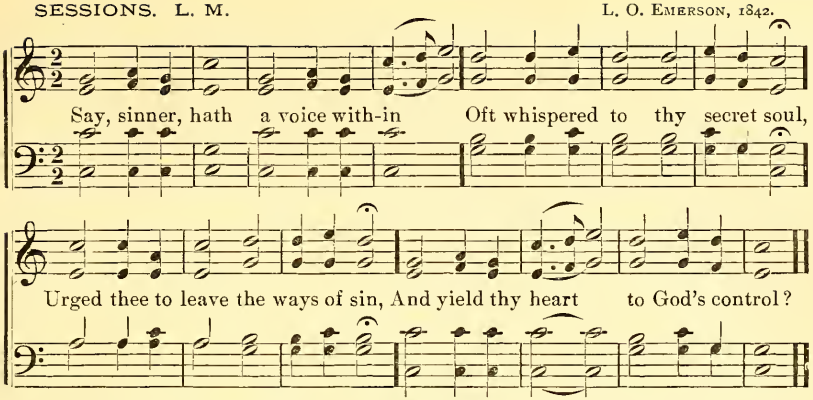
3 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

4 "Perhaps he will admit my plea
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But, if I perish, I will pray,
And perish only there.

5 "I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

EDMUND JONES, 1777.

SESSIONS. L. M. L. O. EMERSON, 1842.



212 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (427)
My Spirit Shall not Always Strive.

2 Sinner! it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
Regard in time the warning kind;
That call thou may'st not always slight
And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
With hardened self-destroying men;
Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner! perhaps this very day
Thy last accepted time may be:
Oh! should'st thou grieve him now away
Then hope may never beam on thee.

MRS. ANN B. HYDE, 1825.

213 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] (426)
Just as Thou Art.

2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;
The stripes, thy due, were laid on me,
That peace and pardon might be free;—
Oh, wretched sinner! come,—now come.

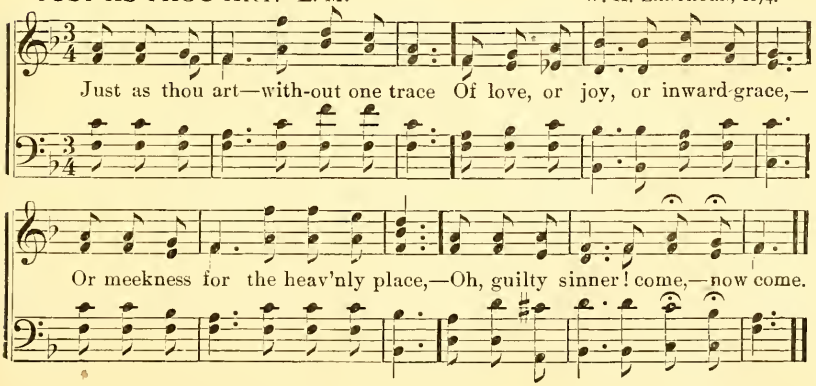
3 Burdened with guilt, would'st thou be blessed?
Trust not the world; it gives no rest;
I bring relief to hearts oppressed;—
Oh, weary sinner! come,—now come.

4 Come, hither bring thy boding fears,
Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears;
'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears;—
Oh, trembling sinner! come,—now come.

5 "The Spirit and the Bride say, Come!"
Rejoicing saints re-echo, "Come!"
Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come;
Thy Savior bids thee come,—now come.

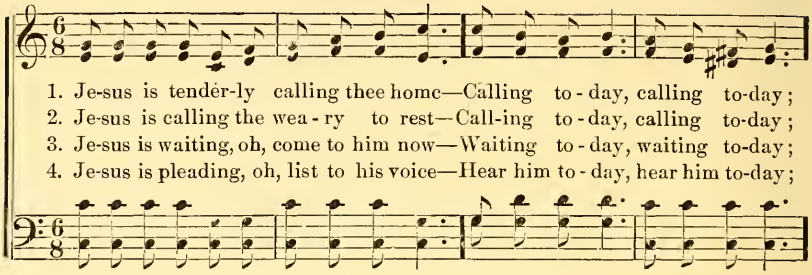
RUSSELL S. COOK, 1850, *a.*

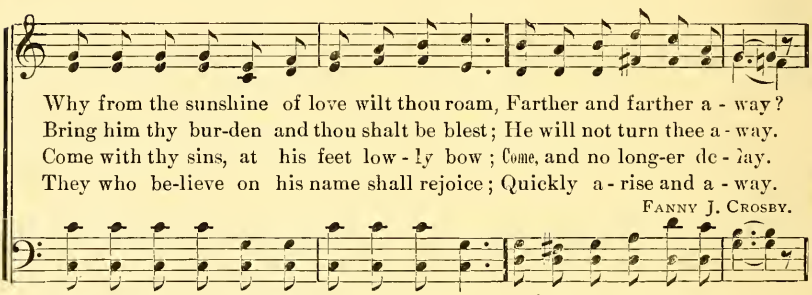
JUST AS THOU ART. L. M. W. H. LANTHURN, 1874.



214 JESUS IS CALLING. P. M.
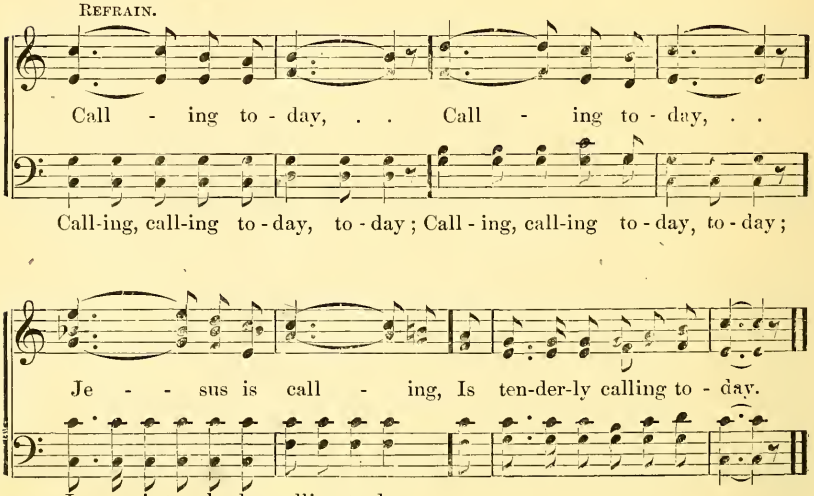
GEO. C. STEBBINS.



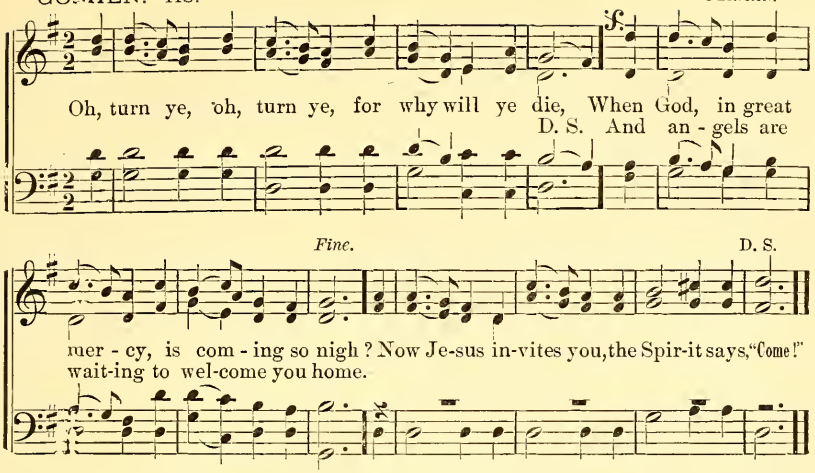


FANNY J. CROSBY.

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GOSHEN. 11s. GERMAN.



215

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.)

All Things Ready. (469)

2 How vain the delusion, that while you delay,
Your hearts may grow better by staying away!
Come wretched, come starving, come just as you be
While streams of salvation are flowing so free.

3 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive;
Oh! how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you he bids welcome; he bids you come home.

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that his mercy is boundless and free.

JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.

216

Danger of Delay. (470)

DELAY not, delay not; oh, sinner! draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is opened,—how canst thou refuse
To wash, and be cleansed in his pardoning blood?

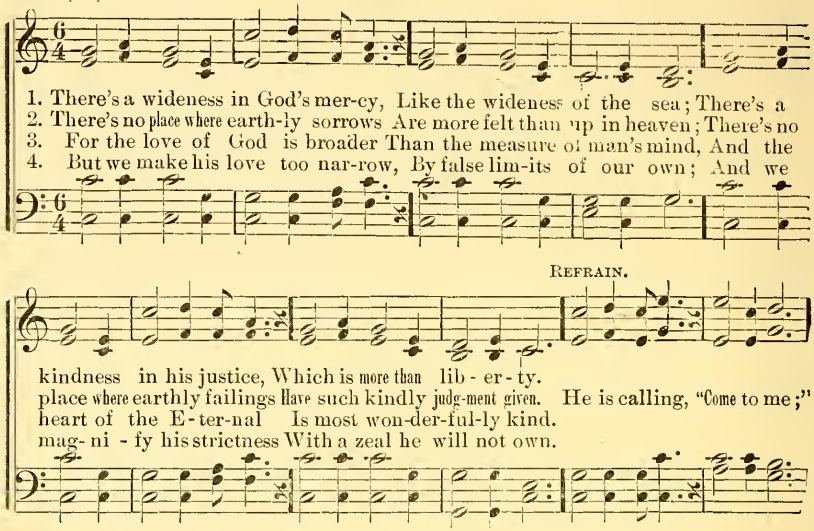
3 Delay not, delay not, oh sinner! to come,
For mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb,—
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,
Long grieved and resisted, may take its sad flight;
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,—
To sink in the vale of eternity's night.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831.

217 (477) HE IS CALLING. 8s & 7s.

Arr. by S. J. VAIL

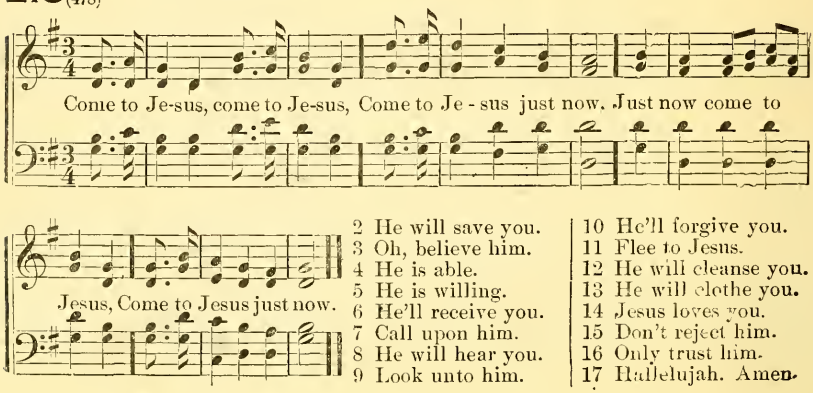


5 Pining souls, come nearer Jesus;
Come, but come not doubting thus;
Come with faith that trusts more freely
His great tenderness for us.

6 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

FRED'K FABER, *ab.*

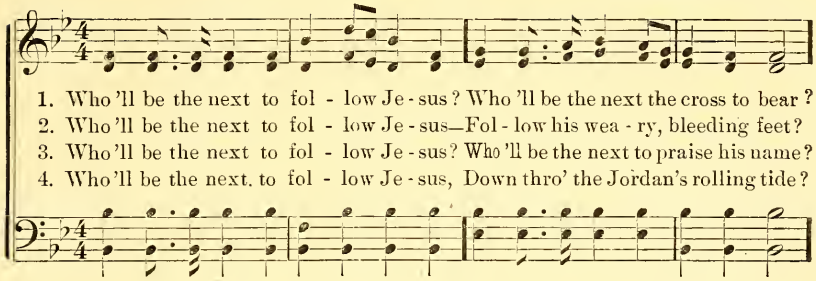
218 (478) COME TO JESUS.

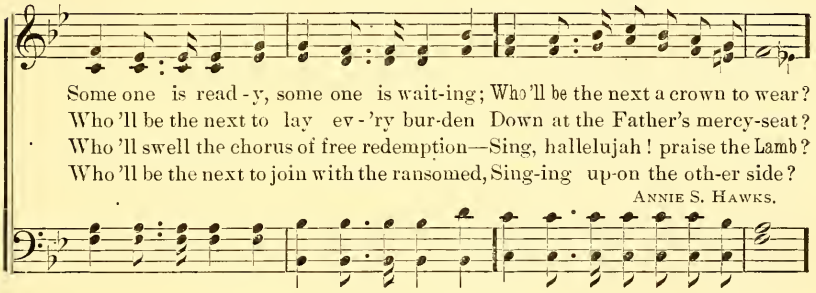


2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon him.
8 He will hear you.
9 Look unto him.
10 He'll forgive you.
11 Flee to Jesus.
12 He will cleanse you.
13 He will clothe you.
14 Jesus loves you.
15 Don't reject him.
16 Only trust him.
17 Hallelujah. Amen.

219 WHO'LL BE THE NEXT? P. M.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.

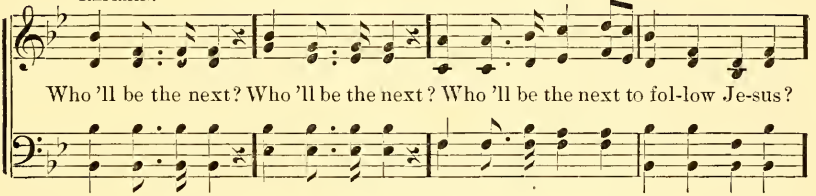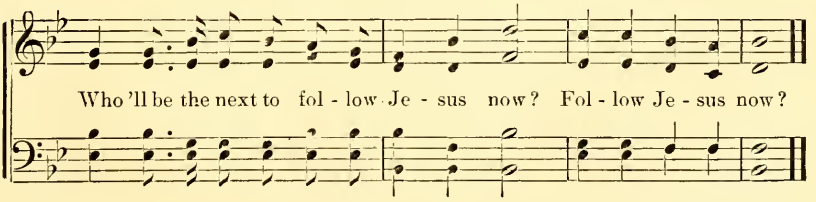




ANNIE S. HAWKS.

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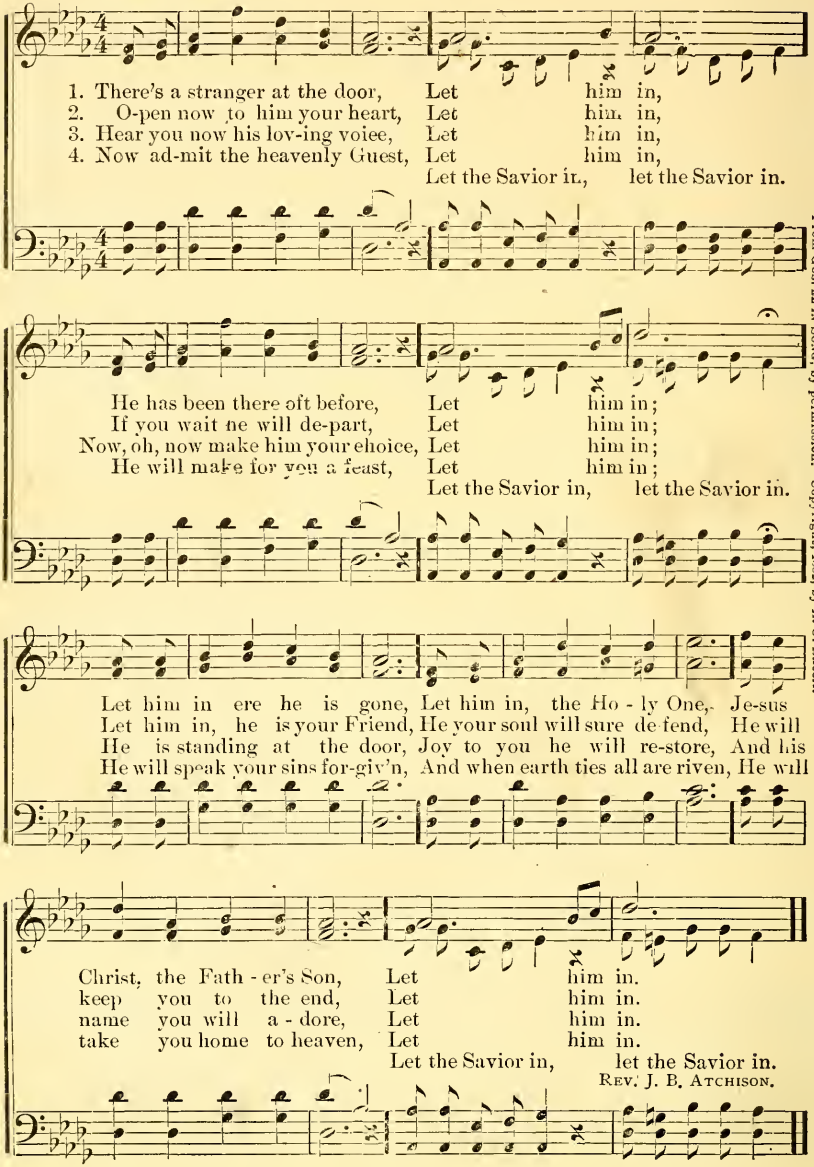
REFRAIN.





220 LET HIM IN. P. M.

E. O. EXCELL.
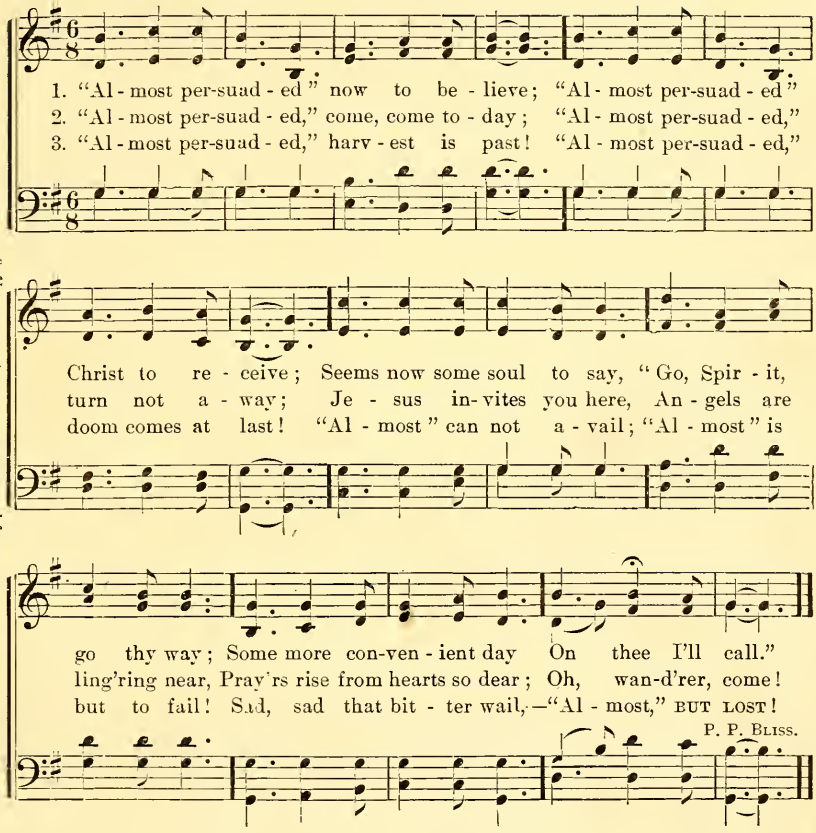


REV. J. B. ATCHISON.

From GOSPEL IN SONG, by permission. Copyright, 1887, by E. O. Excell.

221 (475) ALMOST PERSUADED. P. M.

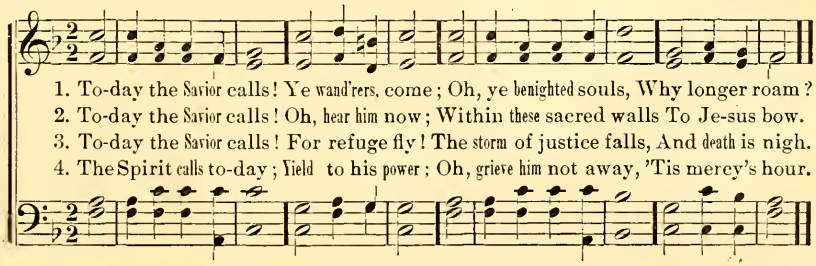
P. P. Bliss.



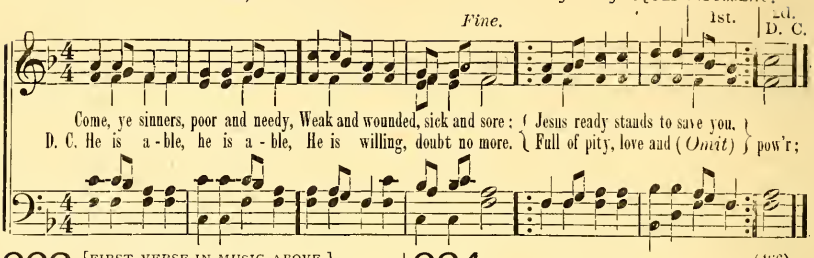
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222 (476) TO-DAY. 6s & 4s.

L. Mason.



GREENVILLE. 8s, 7s & 4s. JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.



223

[FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.]

Invitation Hymn. (463)

2 Now, ye needy, come and welcome;
God's free bounty glorify;
True belief and true repentance,
Every grace that brings you nigh,
Without money,
Come to Jesus Christ and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him:
This he gives you;
'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall;
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners Jesus came to call.

JOSEPH HART, 1759.

224

The Voice of Mercy. (466)

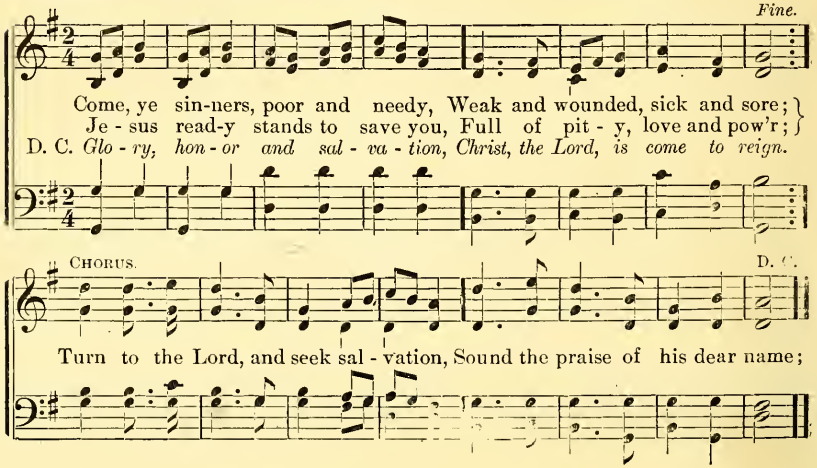
LISTEN, sinner! mercy hails you;
With her sweetest voice she calls;
Bids you hasten to the Savior,
Ere the hand of justice falls:
Listen, sinner!
'Tis the voice of mercy calls.

2 See! the storm of vengeance gathering
O'er the path you dare to tread!
Hark! the awful thunders rolling
Loud and louder o'er your head!
Flee, oh, sinner!
Lest the lightnings strike you dead.

3 Haste, ah! hasten to the Savior;
Sue his mercy while you may;
Soon the day of grace is over;
Soon your life will pass away;
Hasten, sinner!
You must perish, if you stay.

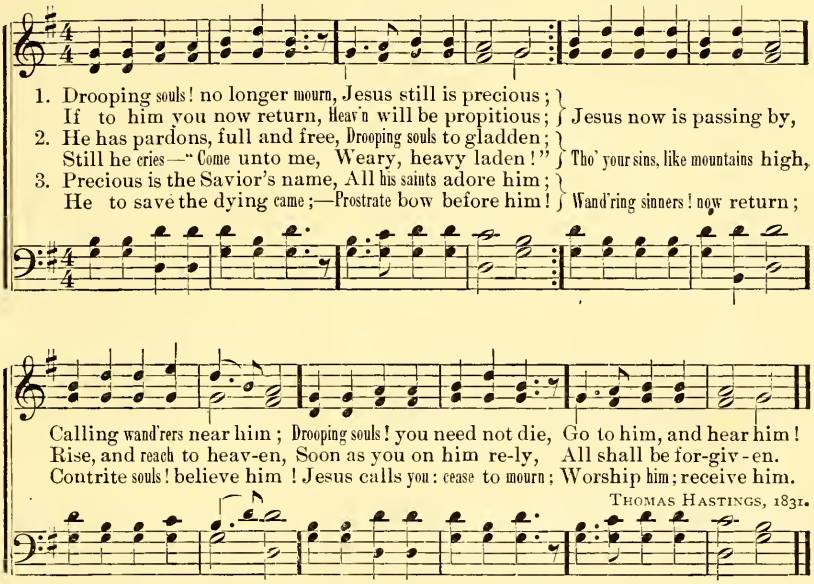
ANDREW REED, 1817.

COME, YE SINNERS. 8s & 7s. JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1830.



225 (458) RHINEHART. 7s & 6s.

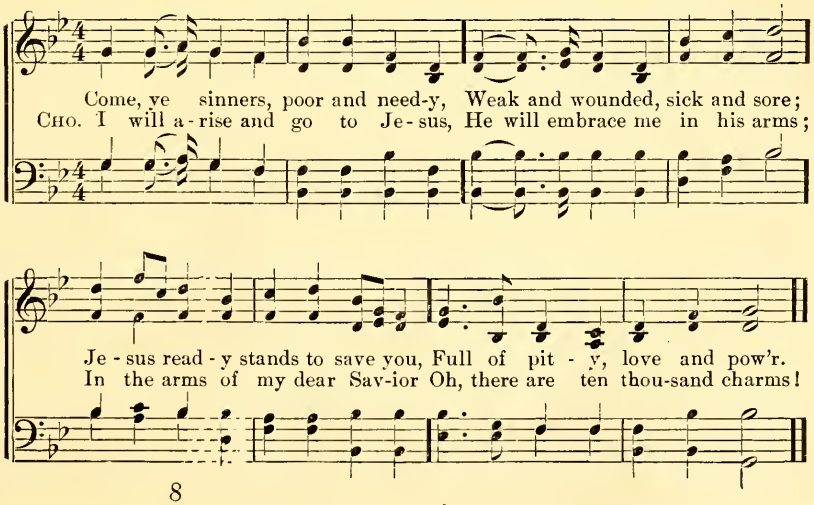
SPIRITUAL. Arr. by I. BALTZELL.



THOMAS HASTINGS, 1831.

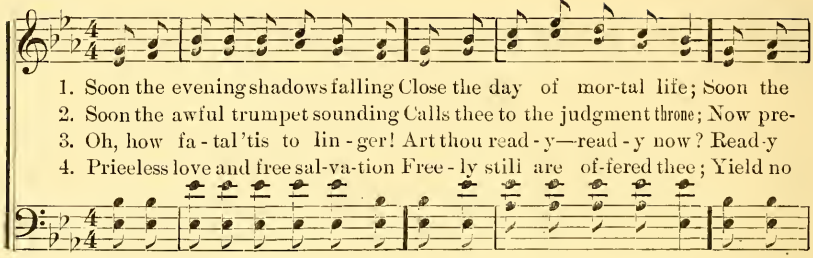
I WILL ARISE. 8s & 7s.

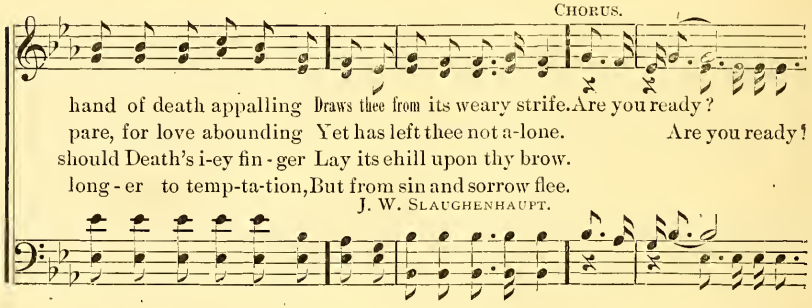
AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.

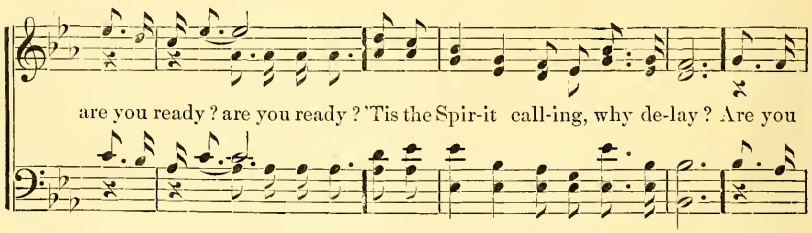


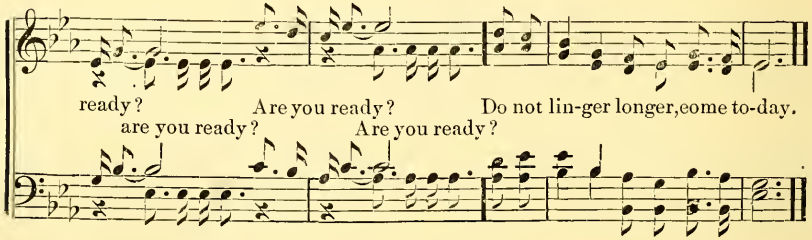
226 ARE YOU READY? 8s & 7s.

E. S. Lorenz.



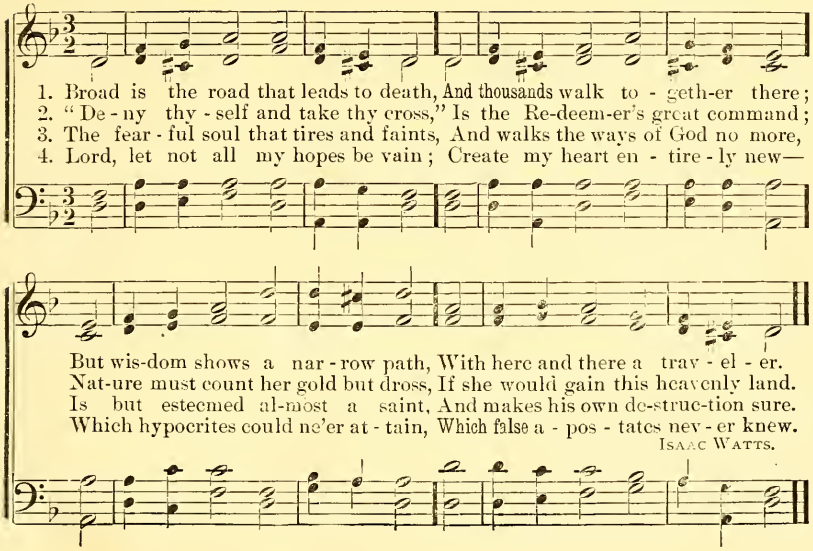






227 WINDHAM. L. M.

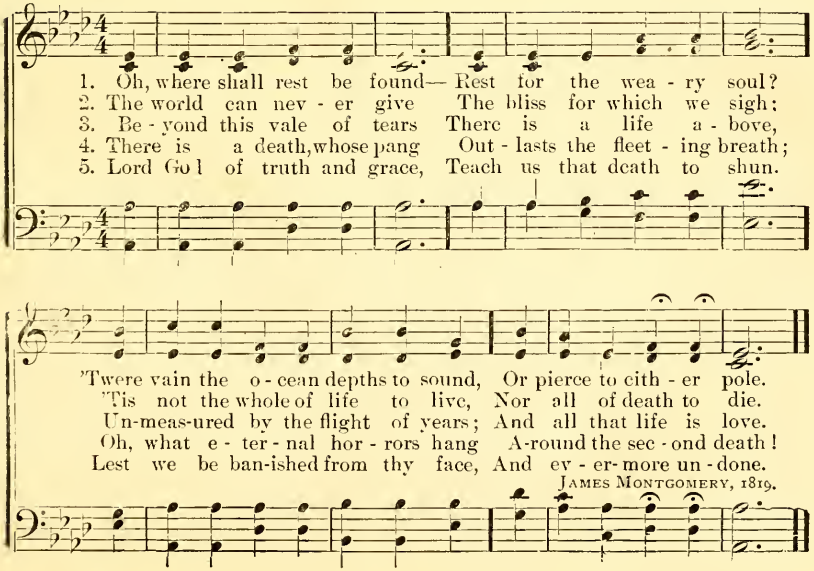
DANIEL READ, 1785.



ISAAC WATTS.

228 GORTON. S. M. (504)

LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN.



JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

229 NO ROOM IN HEAVEN. P. M.

I. BALTZELL.

1. How sad it would be, if when thou didst call, All hopeless and un - for-
2. How sad it would be, the har - vest all past, The bright summer days all
3. Oh, haste thee, and fly, while mercy is near, Remember the love that he

giv - en, The an - gel that stands at the beau - ti - ful gate, Should
o - ver; To know that the reap - ers had gath-ered the grain, And
gave you; The love that has sought thee is seek - ing thee still, And

REFRAIN.

answer, No room in heav-en.
left thee alone for - ev - er. Sad, sad, sad would it be! No room in
Je - sus now waits to save you.

W. O. CUSHING.
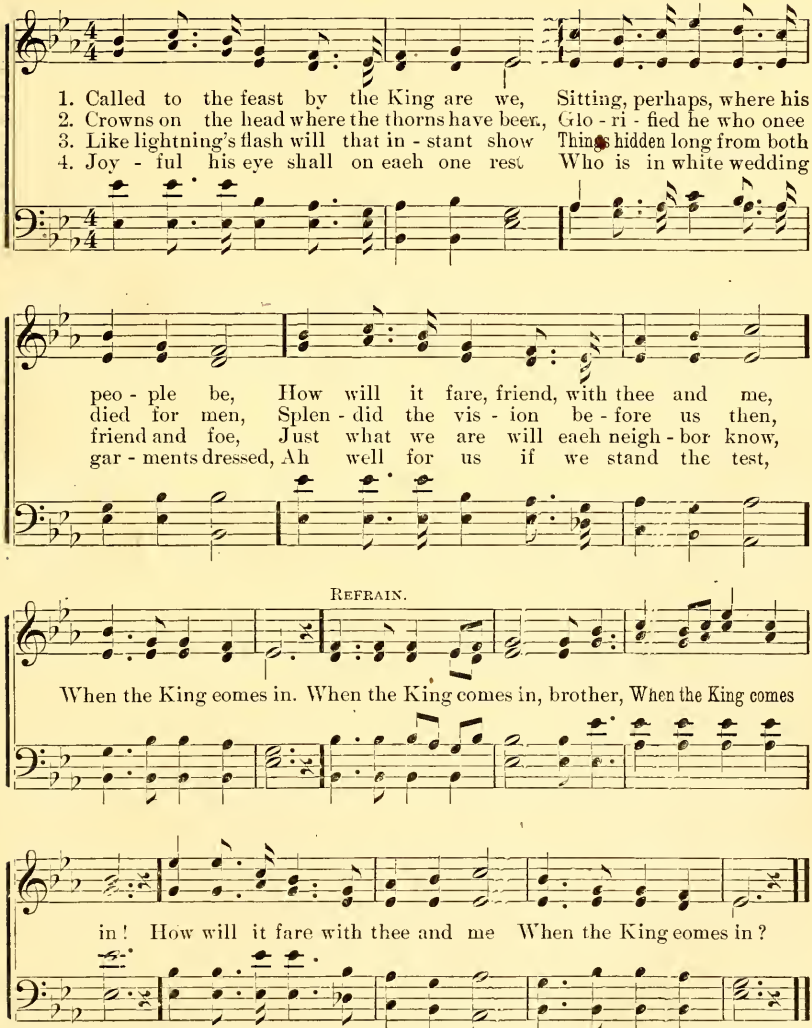
heav-en for thee! No room, no room, No room in heav-en for

Slow and soft.

thee! No room, no room, No room in heav-en for thee!

230 WHEN THE KING COMES IN. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



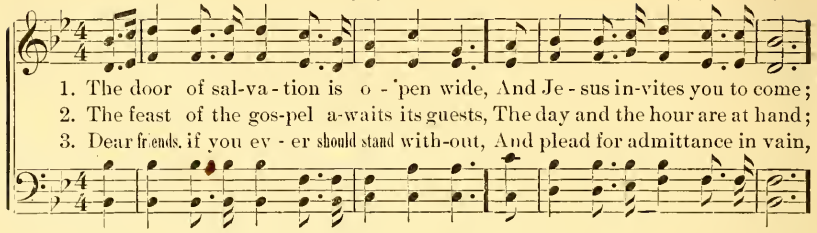
5 Endless the separation then,
Bitter the cry of deluded men,
Awful that moment beyond all ken,
When the King comes in.

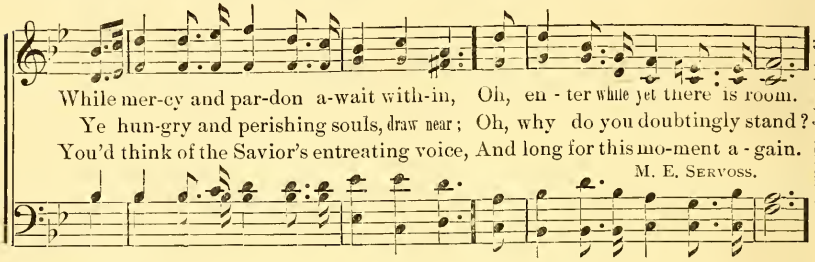
6 Lord, grant us all, we implore thee, grace,
So to await thee each in his place,
That we may fear not to see thy face
When thou comest in.

J. E. LANDOR.

231 WHEN THE DOOR IS SHUT. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.
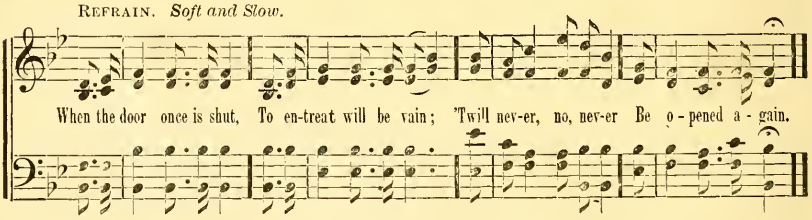




M. E. SERVOSS.
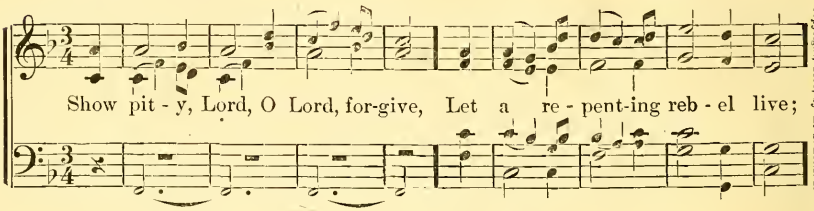
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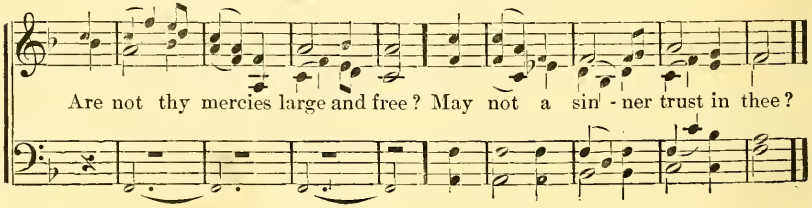
REFRAIN. *Soft and Slow.*



JUSTINA. L. M.
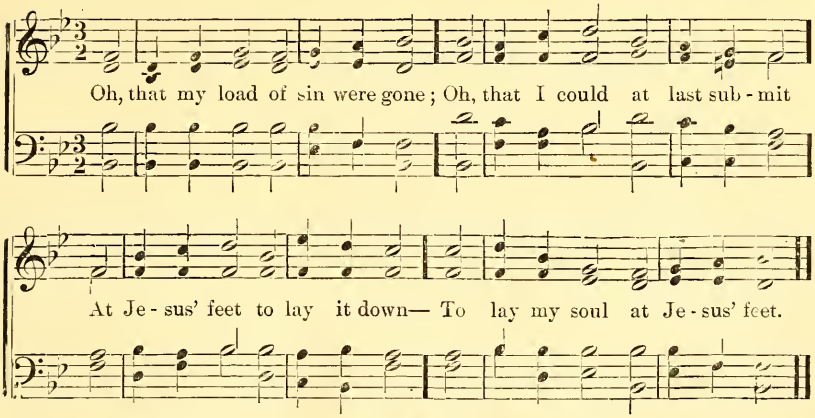
E. S. LORENZ.





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HEBRON. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



232 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.] (495)
My Yoke is Easy, my Burden Light.

2 Rest for my soul I long to find;
Savior of all, if mine thou art,
Give me the meek and lowly mind,
And stamp thine image on my heart.

3 Break off the yoke of inbred sin,
And fully set my spirit free;
I can not rest till pure within—
Till I am wholly lost in thee.

4 Fain would I learn of thee, my God;
Thy light and easy burden prove;
The cross all stained with hallowed blood,
The labor of thy dying love.

5 I would, but thou must give the power;
My heart from every sin release;
Bring near, bring near the joyful hour,
And fill me with thy perfect peace.
CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

233 (493)
Pardon Penitently Implored.

SHOW pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive;
Let a repenting rebel live;
Are not thy mercies large and free?
May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes, though great, can not surpass
The power and glory of thy grace;
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

3 Oh, wash my soul from every sin,
And make my guilty conscience clean;
Here, on my heart, the burden lies
And past offenses pain mine eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against thy law, against thy grace;
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

5 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.
CHARLES WESLEY, 1742.

234 (494)
Deprecating the Withdrawal of the Spirit.

STAY, thou insulted Spirit, stay,
Though I have done thee such despite,
Nor cast the sinner quite away,
Nor take thine everlasting flight.

2 Though I have steeled my stubborn heart,
And still shook off my guilty fears;
And vexed and urged thee to depart,
For many long rebellious years;
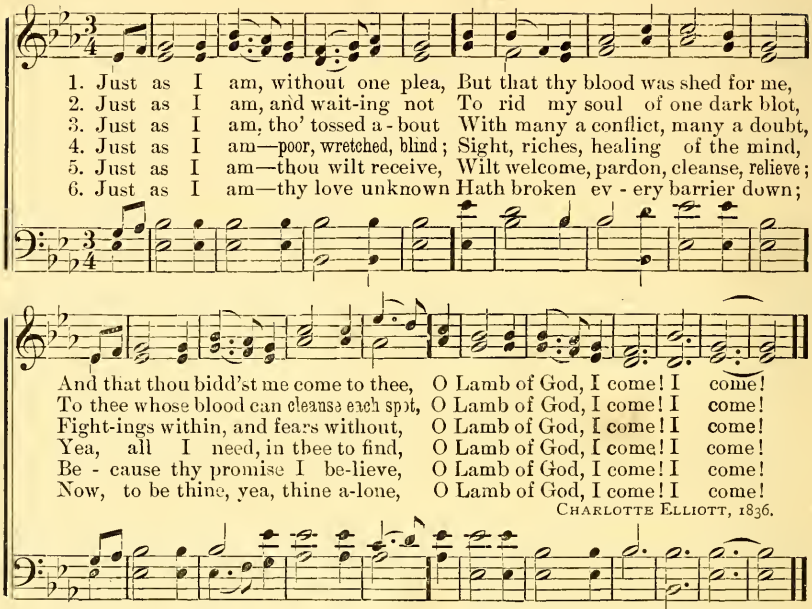
3 Though I have most unfaithful been,
Of all whoe'er thy grace received!
Ten thousand times thy goodness seen;
Ten thousand times thy goodness grieved;

4 This only woe I deprecate;
This only plague I pray remove;
Nor leave me in my lost estate;
Nor curse me with this want of love.

5 Now, Lord, my weary soul release,
Upraise me with thy gracious hand,
And guide into thy perfect peace,
And bring me to the promised land.
CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

235 (489) WOODWORTH. L. M.
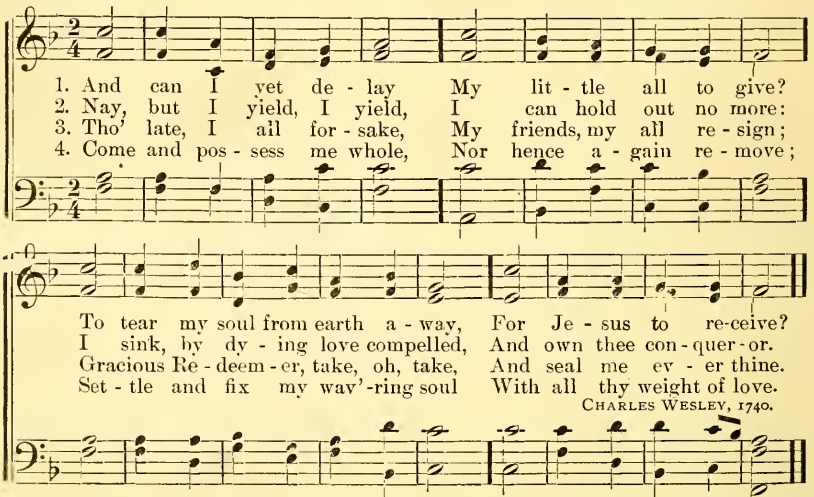
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1836.

236 (506) BADEA. S. M.

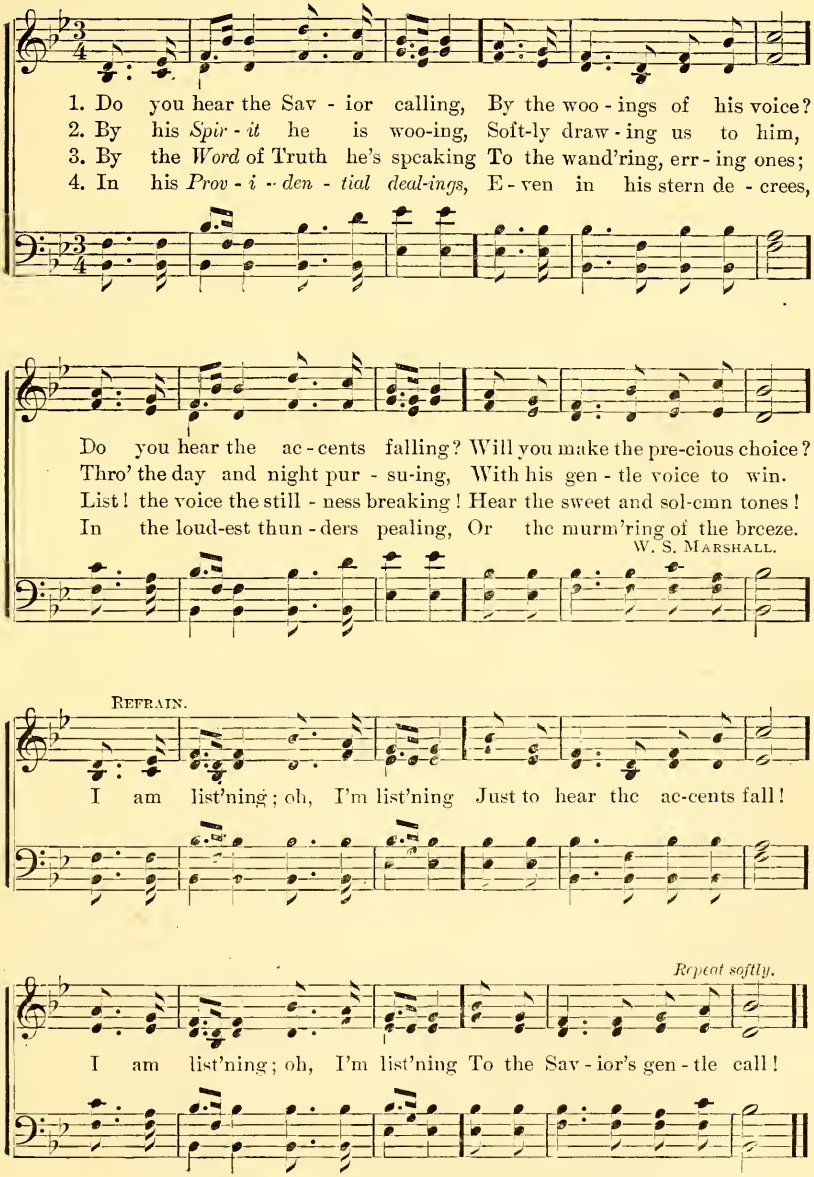
GERMAN MELODY.



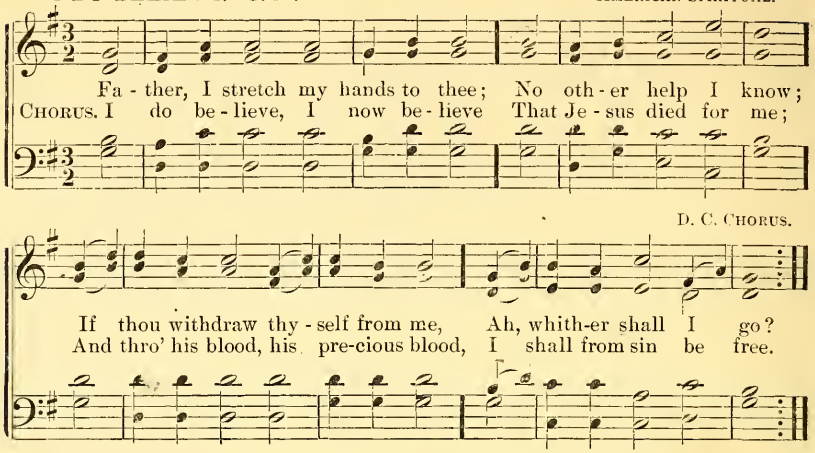
CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

237 I AM LISTENING. 8s & 7s.

W. S. MARSHALL.



I DO BELIEVE. C. M. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



238 *Unwearied Earnestness.* (491)

FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee;
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah! whither shall I go?

2 What did thine only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath?
What pain, what labor, to secure
My soul from endless death!

3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
And all my wants thou would'st relieve,
In this accepted hour.

4 Author of faith! to thee I lift
My weary, longing eyes:
Oh, let me now receive that gift—
My soul without it dies.

5 Surely thou canst not let me die;
Oh, speak, and I shall live,
And here I will unwearied lie,
Till thou thy Spirit give.

6 How would my fainting soul rejoice,
Could I but see thy face;
Now let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

CHARLES WESLEY.

239 *The Friend of Sinners.* (485)

JESUS! thou art the sinner's Friend;
As such I look to thee;
Now, in the fullness of thy love
O Lord, remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,—
Remember Calvary;
Remember all thy dying groans,
And, then, remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
I yield myself to thee;
While thou art sitting on thy throne,
Dear Lord! remember me.

4 Lord! I am guilty—I am vile,
But thy salvation's free;
Then, in thine all abounding grace,
Dear Lord! remember me.

RICHARD BURNHAM, 1783, *a.*

240 *Approaching the Mercy-Seat.* (482)

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

2 Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou call'st the burdened souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.
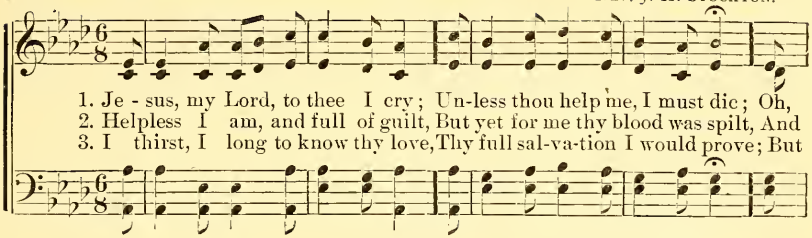
3 Bowed down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely pressed;
By wars without and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

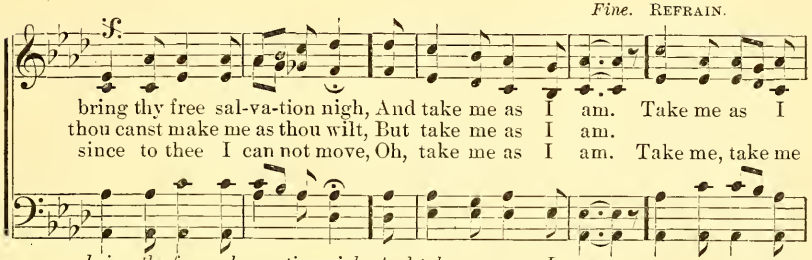
4 Oh, wondrous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame;
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.
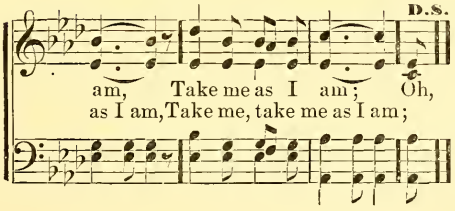
241 TAKE ME AS I AM. P. M.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.





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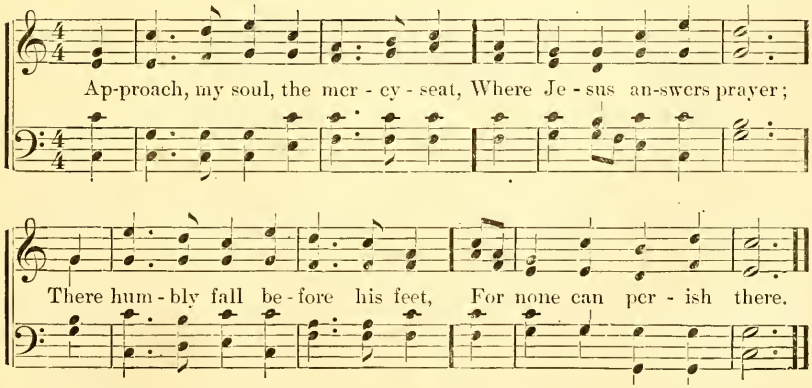
4 If thou hast work for me to do,
Inspire my will, my heart renew,
And work both in and by me, too,
But take me as I am.

5 And when at last the work is done,
The battle o'er, the victory won,
Still, still my cry shall be alone,
Oh, take me as I am.

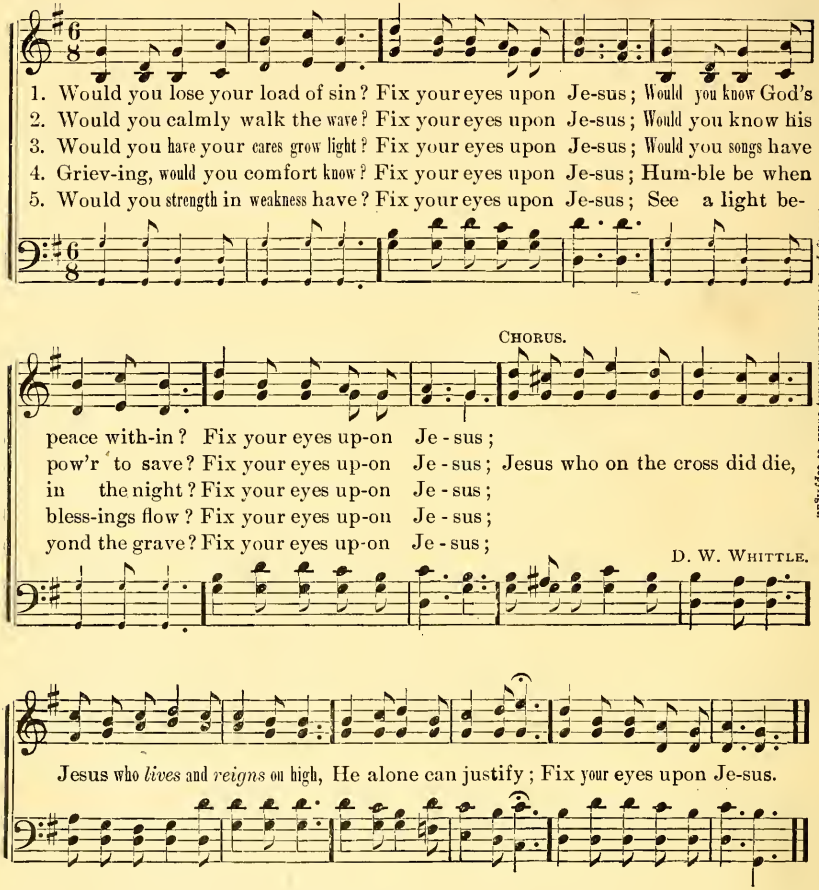
ELIZA H. HAMILTON.

BROWN. C. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1840.



242 FIX YOUR EYES UPON JESUS. P. M. JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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243 (664)

Rom. 5 : 2.

1 STAND; but not as once I did,
Beneath my load of guilt;
The blessed Jesus bore it all—
For me his blood was spilt.

2 I stand; but not on Calvary's Mount,
With arms around the cross;
I have been there, and left behind
Earth's pleasures, joys, and dross.

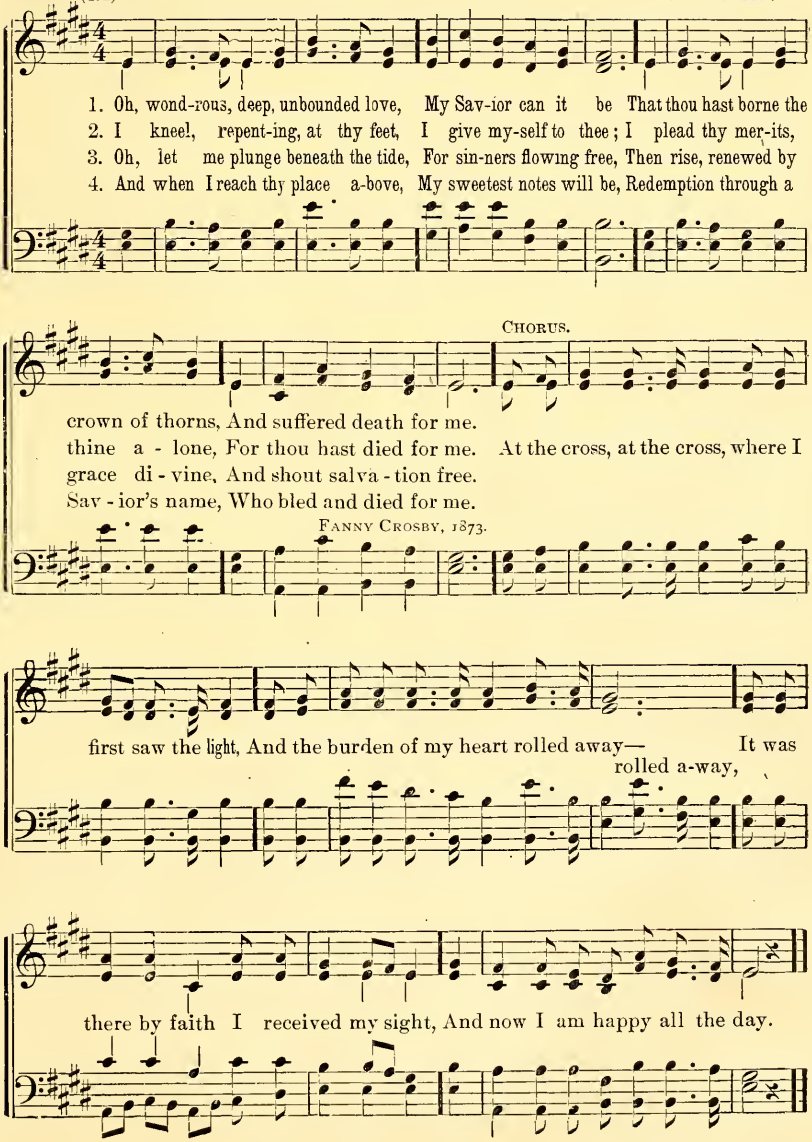
3 I stand e'en now where he appears,
In union with my Lord;
In him I'm saved, oh, wondrous thought,
I read it in his word.

4 Oh, bless the Lord! in him alone—
In him we are complete;
We live by faith! but soon in sight
Our coming Christ we'll greet.

UNKNOWN.

244 (492) AT THE CROSS. C. M. With Chorus.

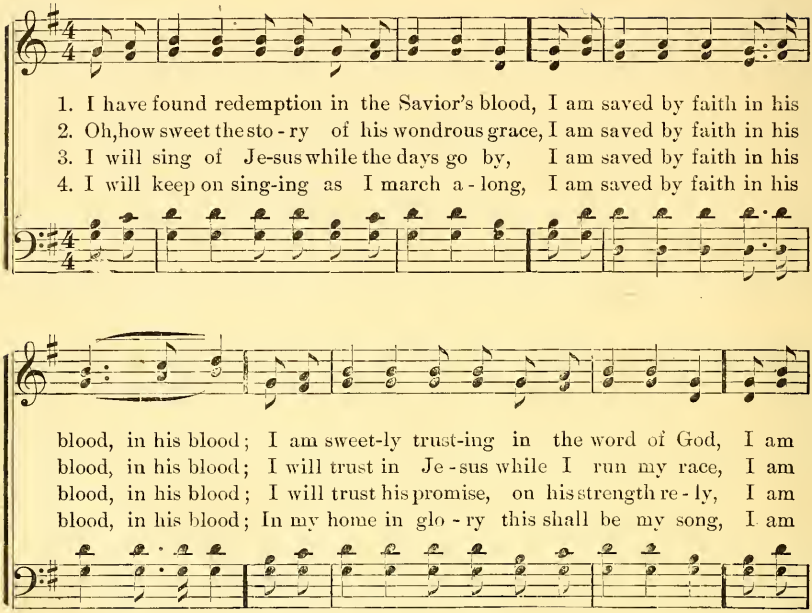
R. E. HUDSON.



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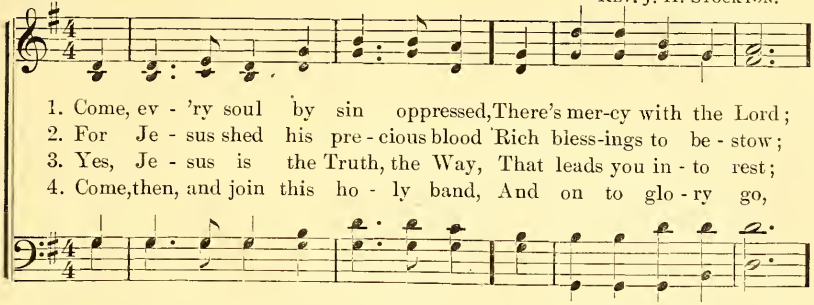
245 SAVED BY FAITH. P. M.

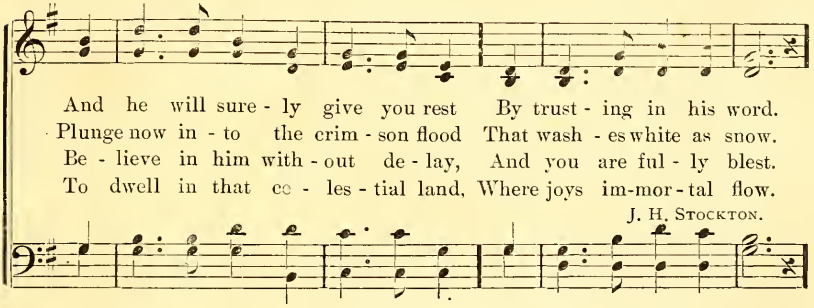
I. BALTZELL.



246 ONLY TRUST HIM. C. M.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.

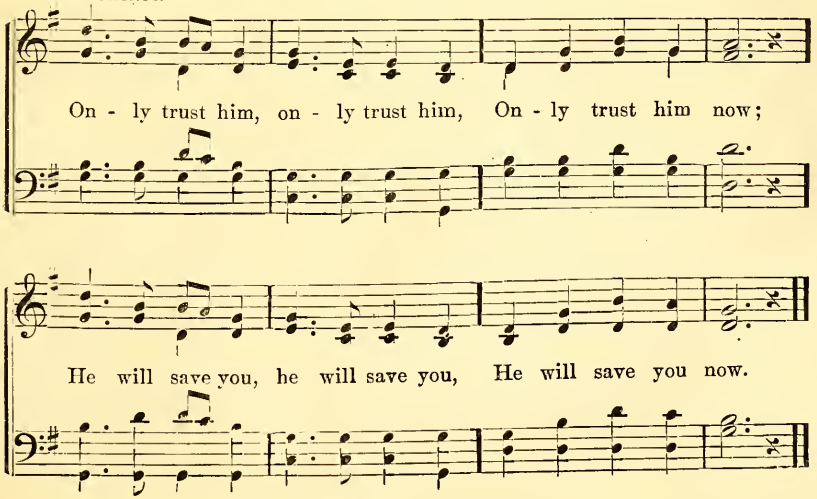




J. H. STOCKTON.

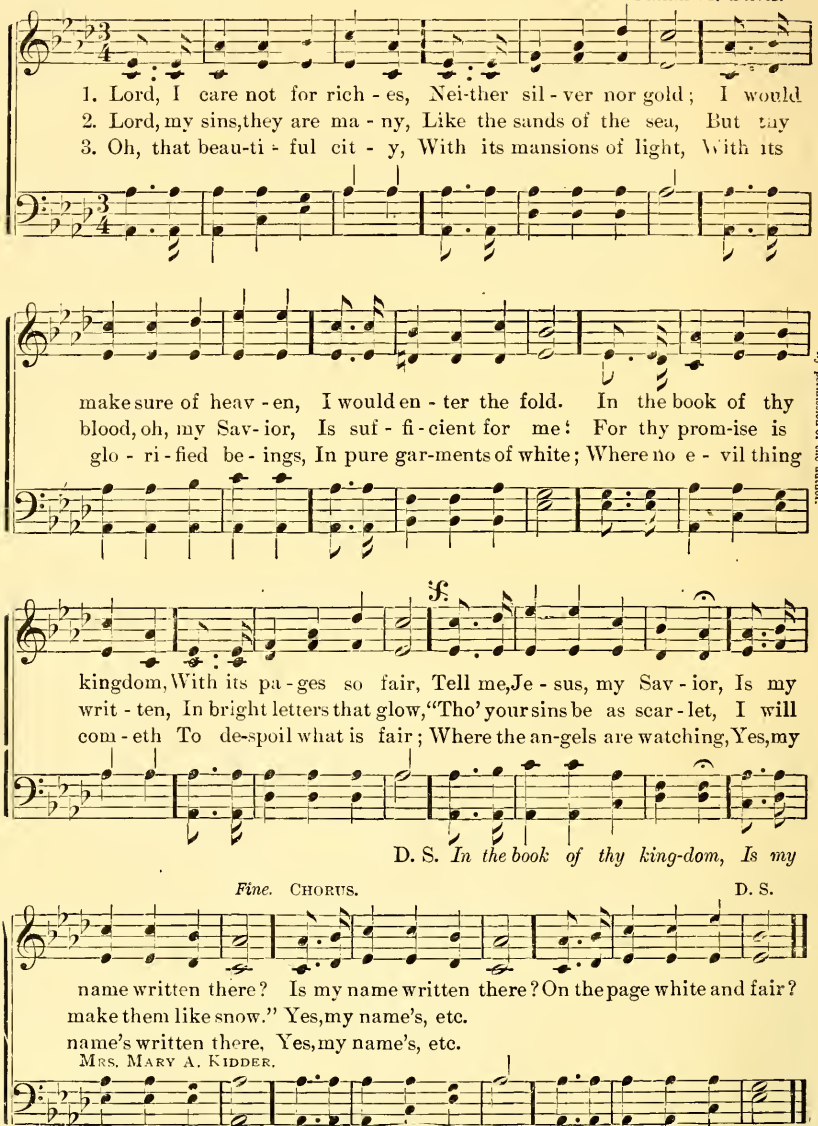
By permission.

CHORUS.



247 IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? P. M.

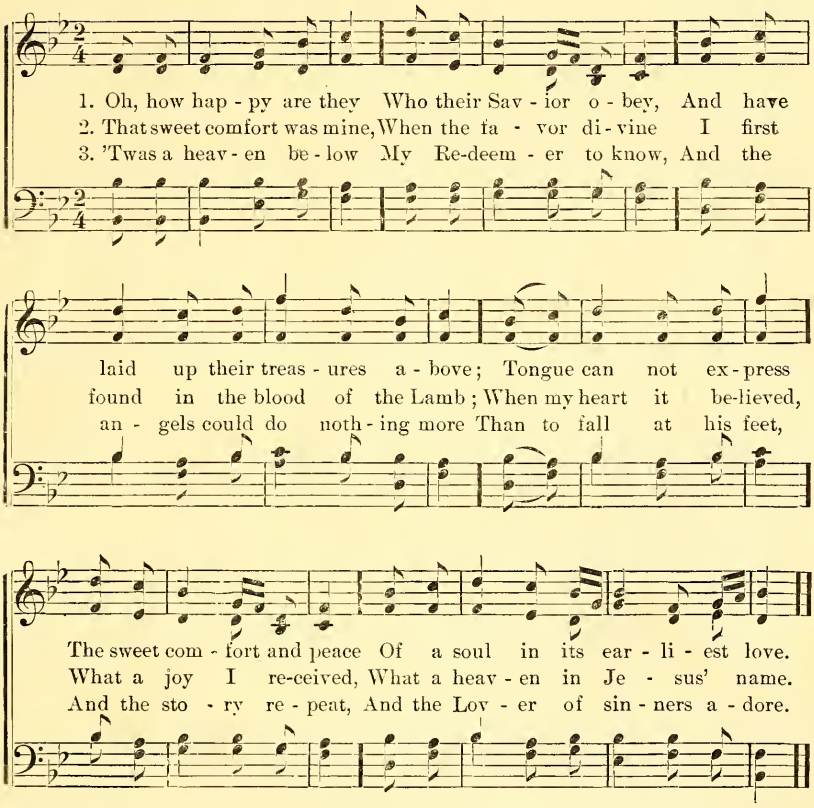
FRANK M. DAVIS.



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248 CONVERT. P. M.

SPIRITUAL. Arr. by E. S. L.



4 Jesus, all the day long,
  Was my joy and my song;
O that all his salvation might see!
  He hath loved me, I cried,
  He hath suffered and died
To redeem such a rebel as me.

5 On the wings of his love
  I was carried above
All sin and temptation and pain
  And I could not believe
  That I ever should grieve—
That I ever should suffer again.

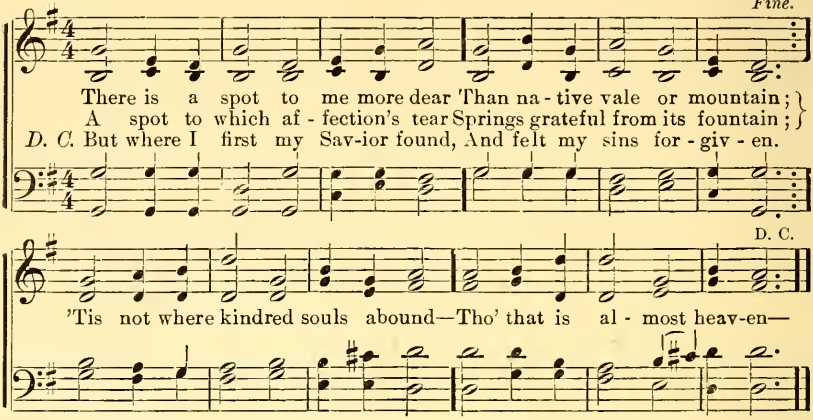
6 I then rode on the sky,
  Freely justified I,
Nor did envy Elijah his seat;
  My soul mounted higher,
  In a chariot of fire,
And the moon it was under my feet.

7 O the rapturous height
  Of that holy delight
Which I felt in the life-giving blood,
  Of my Savior possessed,
  I was perfectly blest,
As if filled with the fullness of God.

8 Never more will I stray
  From my Savior away,
But I'll follow the Lamb till I die;
  I will take up my cross,
  And count all things but loss,
Till I meet with my Lord in the sky.

CHARLES WESLEY.

HALLOWED SPOT. P. M. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL. Arr. by E. S. LORENZ.



249 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] (249)

2 Hard was my toil to reach the shore,
Long tossed upon the ocean,
Above me was the thunder's roar,
Beneath, the wave's commotion.
Darkly the pall of night was thrown
Around me, faint with terror;
In that dark hour how did my groans
Ascend for years of error.

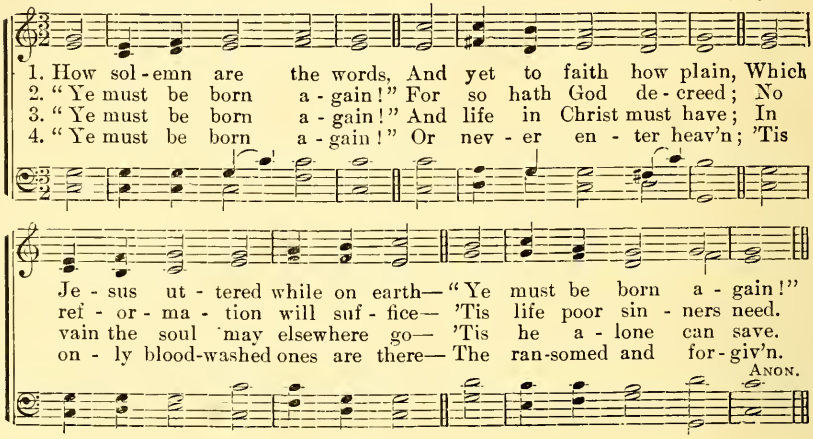
3 Sinking and panting as for breath,
I knew not help was nigh me,
And cried, O save me, Lord, from death—
Immortal Jesus, hear me.
Then, quick as thought, I felt him mine—
My Savior stood before me;
I saw his brightness round me shine,
And shouted glory, glory.

4 O sacred hour, O hallowed spot!
Where love divine first found me;
Wherever falls my distant lot,
My heart shall linger round thee:
And as from earth I rise, to soar
Up to my home in heaven,
Down will I cast my eyes once more,
Where I was first forgiven.

WILLIAM HUNTER, D. D.

250 BOYLSTON. S. M.

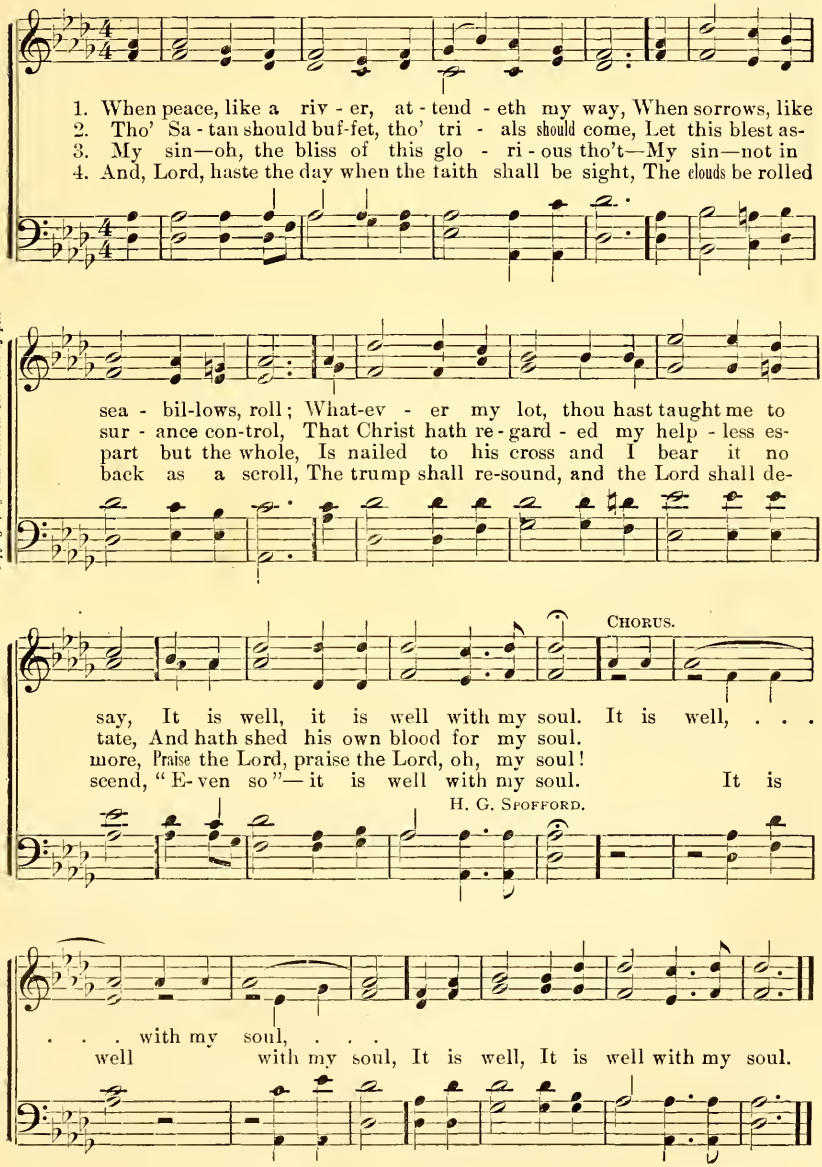
LOWELL MASON, 1832.



ANON.

251 IT IS WELL WITH MY SOUL. P. M.

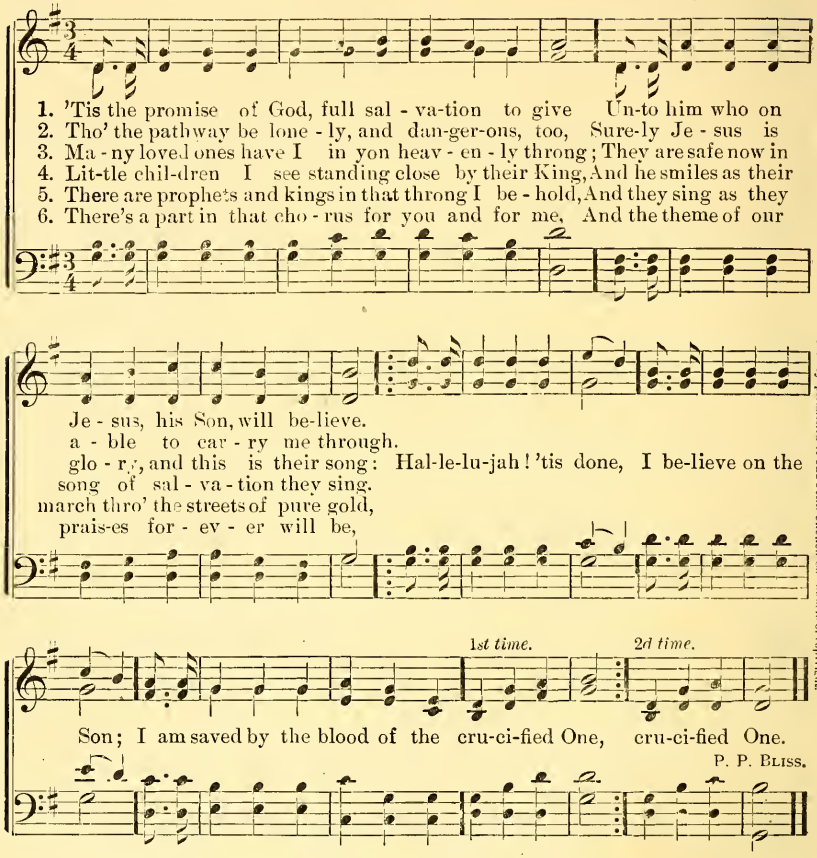
P. P. Bliss.



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252 HALLELUJAH! 'TIS DONE. 12s.

P. P. Bliss.



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253 (522)

From Darkness to Light.

Lord! I know thy grace is nigh me,
Thee thyself I can not see;
Jesus, Master! pass not by me;
Son of David! pity me.

2 While I sit in weary blindness,
Longing for the blessed light,
Many taste thy loving kindness;
"Lord! I would receive my sight."

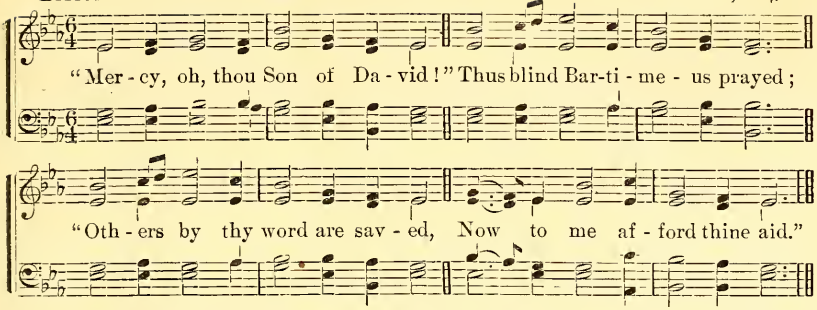
3 I would see thee and adore thee,
And thy word the power can give;
Hear the sightless soul implore thee;
Let me see thy face and live.

4 Ah! what touch is this that thrills me?
What this burst of strange delight?
Lo! the rapturous vision fills me!
This is Jesus! this is sight!

5 Room, ye saints that throng behind him!
Let me follow in the way;
I will teach the blind to find him
Who can turn their night to day.

H. D. Ganse.

BARTIMEUS. 8s & 7s. DANIEL READ, 1804.



254 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *The Blind Man Healed.* (521)

2 Many for his crying chid him,—
But he called the louder still;
Till the gracious Savior bade him,—
"Come, and ask me what you will."

3 Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging used to live;
But he asked, and Jesus granted,
Alms which none but he could give:

4 "Lord! remove this grievous blindness,
Let mine eyes behold the day!"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

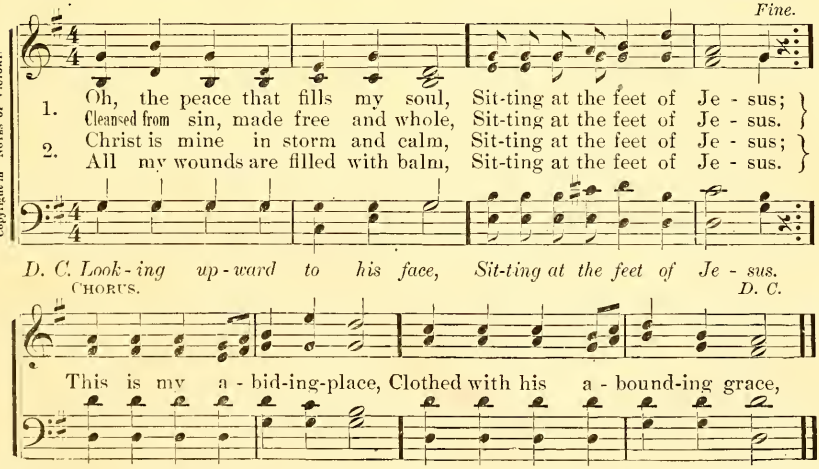
5 Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around,
"Friends! is not my case amazing?
What a Savior I have found!

6 "Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advised by me!
Surely would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

255 SITTING AT THE FEET OF JESUS. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



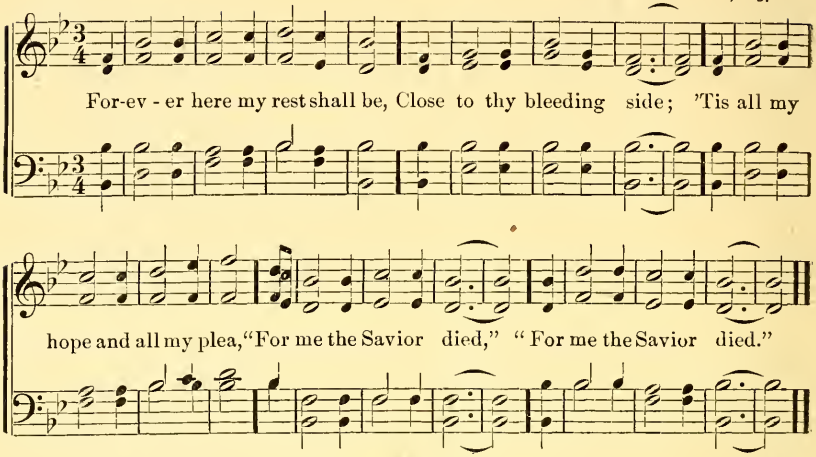
Copyright in "Notes of Victory"

3 Here I rest from toil and strife,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Safe beneath the Tree of Life,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

4 Come ye guilty and be healed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus;
Freely is God's love revealed,
Sitting at the feet of Jesus.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS.

ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



256 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Prayer for Entire Purification.* (649)

2 My dying Savior and my God,
Fountain for guilt and sin,
Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
And cleanse and keep me clean.

3 Wash me and make me thus thine own,
Wash me, and mine thou art!
Wash me, but not my feet alone,
My hands, my head, my heart!

4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
Till faith to sight improve,
Till hope in full fruition die,
And all my soul be love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

257 *The Believer's Rest.* (654)

LORD, I believe a rest remains
To all thy people known;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And thou art loved alone.

2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fixed on things above;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.

3 Oh, that I now the rest might know,
Believe and enter in:
Now, Savior, now the power bestow,
And let me cease from sin.

4 Remove this hardness from my heart;
This unbelief remove:
To me the rest of faith impart—
The Sabbath of thy love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

258 *Longing for Christ.* (648)

OH! could I find from day to day,
A nearness to my God;
Then should my hours glide sweet away,
And live upon thy word.

2 Lord! I desire with thee to live,
Anew from day to day,
In joys the world can never give,
Nor ever take away.

3 O Jesus! come and rule my heart,
And I'll be wholly thine;
And never, never more depart;
For thou art wholly mine.

4 Thus, till my last expiring breath,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And, when my flesh dissolves in death,
My soul shall love thee more.

BENJAMIN CLEVELAND, 1790.

259 *Self-Dedication.* (662)

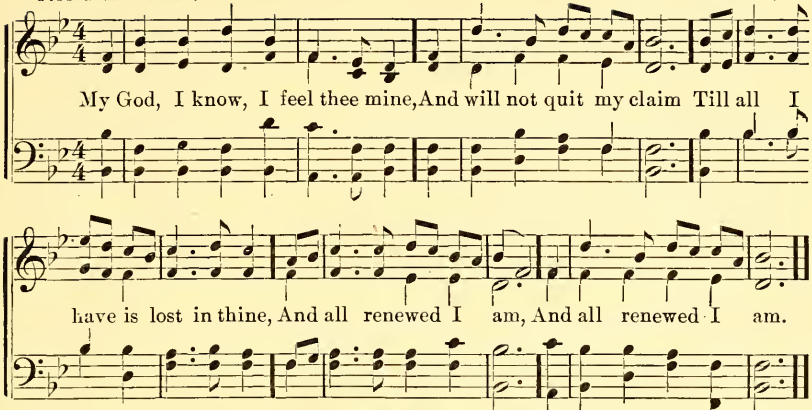
WELCOME, O Savior! to my heart;
Possess thine humble throne;
Bid every rival hence depart,
And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake,—
To thee I all resign;
My longing heart, O Jesus! take,
And make it all divine.

3 Oh! may I never turn aside,
Nor from thy bosom flee;
Let nothing here my heart divide—
I give it all to thee.

HUGH BOURNE, 1825.

RHINE. C. M. GERMAN MELODY.



260 (652)

Prayer for Entire Sanctification.

My God, I know, I feel thee mine,
And will not quit my claim
Till all I have is lost in thine,
And all renewed I am.

2 I hold thee with a trembling hand,
And will not let thee go,
Till steadfastly by faith I stand
And all thy goodness know.

3 Jesus, thine all-victorious love
Shed in my heart abroad:
Then shall my feet no longer rove,
Rooted and fixed in God.

4 Refining fire, go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul;
Scatter thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

CHARLES WESLEY.

261 (646)

Self-Consecration.

My God! accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine,
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

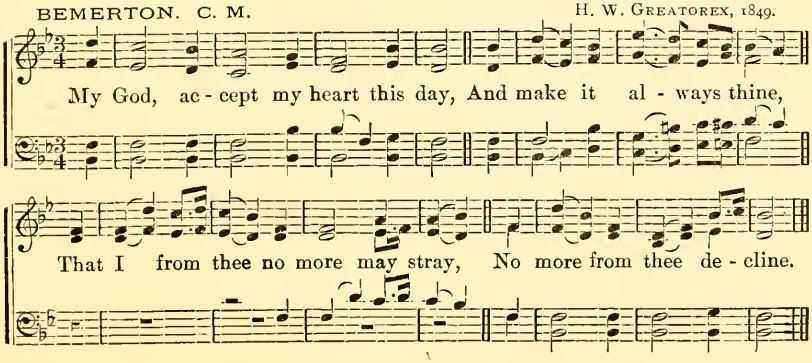
2 Before the cross of him who died,
Behold I prostrate fall;
Let every sin be crucified;
Let Christ be All in All.

3 May the dear blood, once shed for me,
My blest atonement prove,
That I, from first to last, may be
The purchase of thy love.
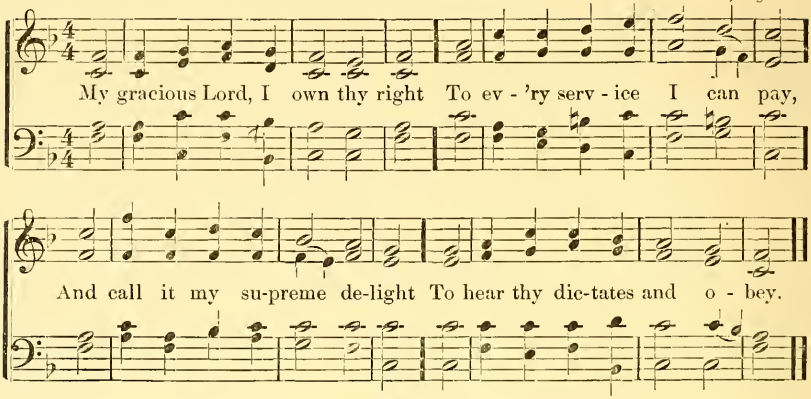
4 Let every thought, and work, and word,
To thee be ever given;
Then life shall be thy service, Lord!
And death the gate of heaven.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1848.

BEMERTON. C. M. H. W. GREATOREX, 1849.



UXBRIDGE. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



262 (815)

Living to Christ Alone.

My gracious Lord! I own thy right
To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight,
To hear thy dictates and obey.

2 What is my being, but for thee,
Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thine ever-smiling face to see,
And serve the cause of such a Friend.

3 I would not breathe for worldly joy,
Or to increase my worldly good;
Nor future days or powers employ,
To spread a sounding name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Savior I would live,
To him, who for my ransom died;
Nor could all worldly honor give
Such bliss as crowns me at his side.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

263 (679)

God Wills our Holiness.

He wills that I should holy be;
That holiness I long to feel;
That full divine conformity
To all my Savior's righteous will.

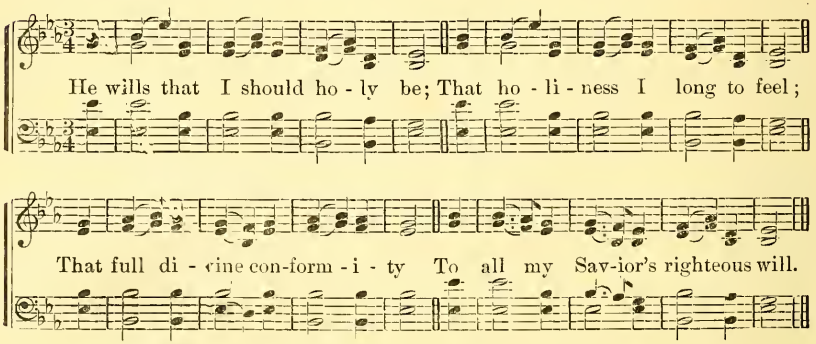
2 See, Lord, the travail of thy soul
Accomplished in the change of mine;
And plunge me, every whit made whole,
In all the depths of love divine.

3 On thee, O God, my soul is stayed,
And waits to prove thine utmost will;
The promise by thy mercy made,
Thou canst, thou wilt in me fulfill.
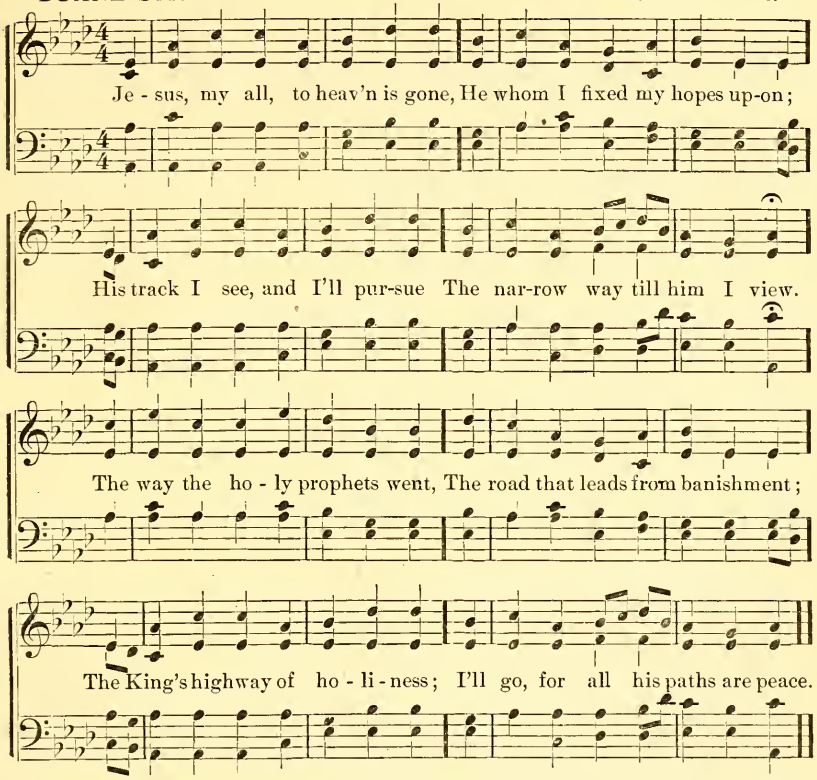
4 No more I stagger at thy power,
Or doubt thy truth, which can not move;
Hasten the long-expected hour,
And bless me with thy perfect love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

GRATITUDE. L. M. A. BOST.



DUANE STREET. L. M. D. REV. GEORGE COLES.



264 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

The Way to God.

2 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.
The more I strove against its power,
I felt its weight and guilt the more;
Till late I heard my Savior say,
"Come hither, soul, I am the way."

3 Lo! glad I come; and thou, blest Lamb,
Shalt take me to thee, as I am;
Nothing but sin have I to give;
Nothing but love shall I receive.
Then will I tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I have found;
I'll point to thy redeeming blood,
And say, "Behold the way to God."

JOHN CENNICK, 1743.

265

Bought with a Price.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
Purchased and saved by blood divine,
With full consent thine I would be,
And own thy sovereign right in me.

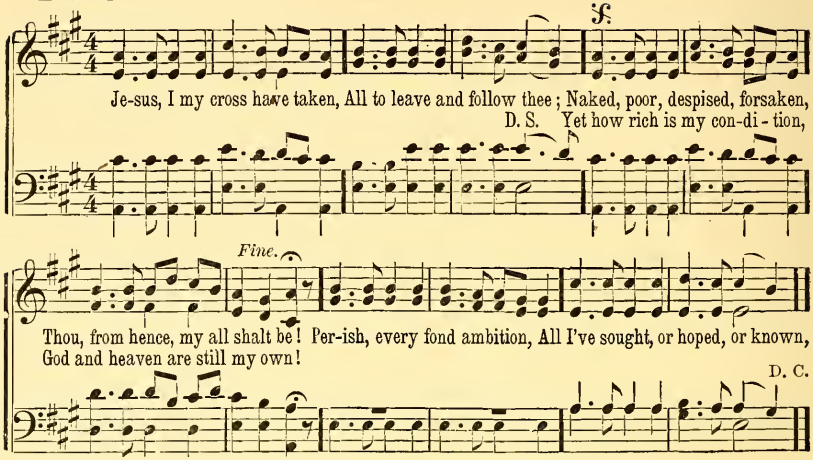
2 Grant one poor sinner more a place
Among the children of thy grace;
A wretched sinner, lost to God,
But ransomed by Immanuel's blood.

3 Thine would I live, thine would I die,
Be thine through all eternity;
The vow is past beyond repeal;
And now I set the solemn seal.

4 Here at that cross where flows the blood
That bought my guilty soul for God,
Thee, my new Master now I call,
And consecrate to thee my all.

REV. SAMUEL DAVIES, 1769. *Alt.*

ELLESDIE. 8s & 7s. D. W. A. Mozart.



266 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Leaving All to Follow Christ.* (704)

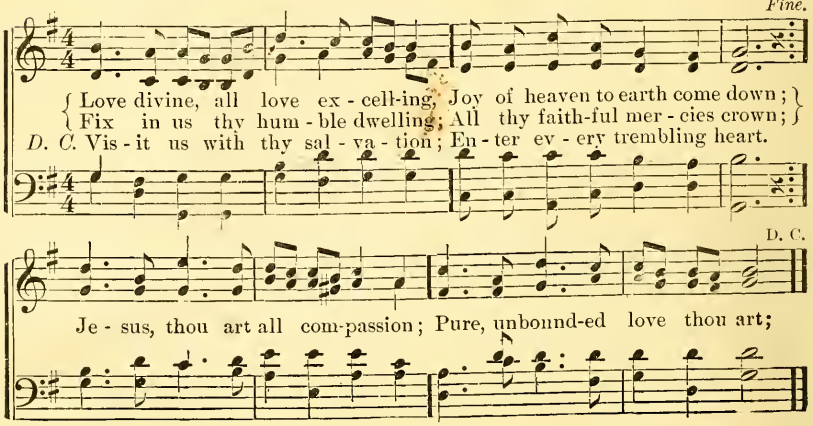
2 Let the world despise and leave me—
They have left my Savior too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me—
Thou art not, like them, untrue.
And while thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate and friends disown me,
Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Go, then, earthly fame and treasure;
Come, disaster, scorn, and pain!
In thy service pain is pleasure,
With thy favor, loss is gain.
I have called thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather—
All must work for good to thee.

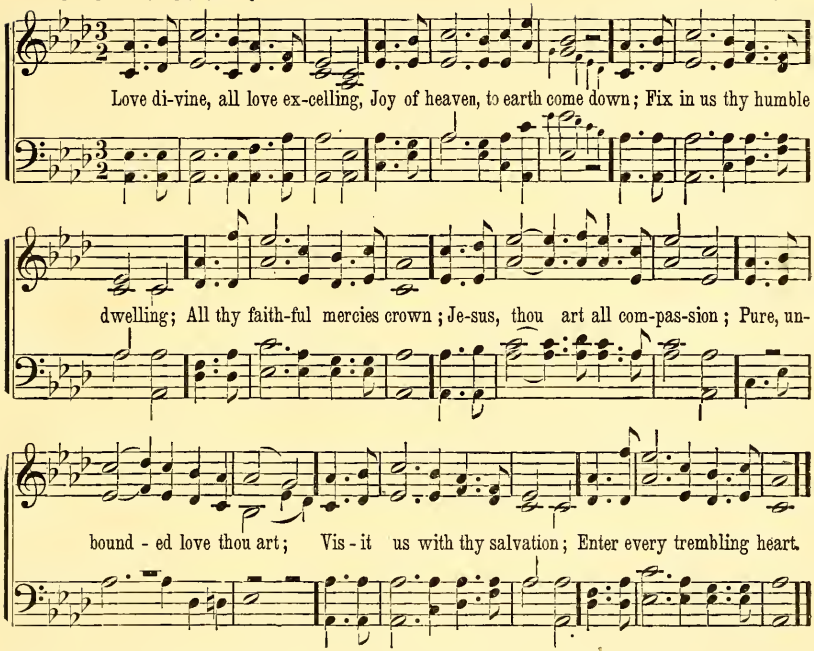
4 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith, and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE, 1829.

GEINSHEIM. 8s & 7s. D. Volkslied. Arr. by E. S. Lorenz.



AUTUMN. 8s & 7s. Double. SPANISH MELODY.



267 (701)

Desiring Sanctification.

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down;
Fix in us thy humble dwelling;
All thy faithful mercies crown;
Jesus, thou art all compassion;
Pure, unbounded love thou art;
Visit us with thy salvation;
Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy Holy Spirit
Into every troubled breast,
Let us all thy grace inherit;
Let us find thy promised rest:
Take away the love of sinning;
Take our load of guilt away;
End the work of thy beginning;
Bring us to eternal day.

3 Carry on thy new creation;
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by thee:
Change from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1747.

268 (700)

Union with Jesus.
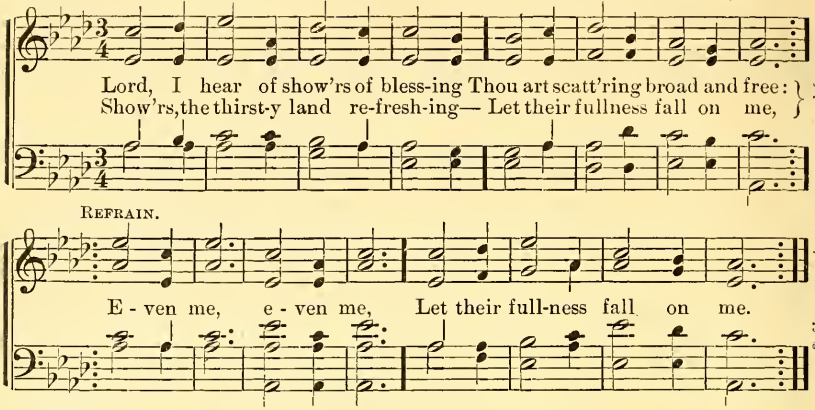
IN thy service will I ever,
Jesus, my Redeemer, stay;
Nothing me from thee shall sever.
Gladly would I go thy way.
Yes, Lord Jesus, I am ever
Thine in sorrow and in joy;
Death the union shall not sever,
Nor eternity destroy.

2 Let thy light on me be shining
When the day is almost gone,
When the evening is declining,
And the night is drawing on:
Bless me, oh, my Savior! laying
Thy hands on my weary head;
"Here thy day is ended," saying,
"Yonder live the faithful dead."

3 Stay beside me, when the stillness
And the icy touch of death
Fill my trembling soul with chillness,
Like the morning's frosty breath;
As my failing eyes grow dimmer,
Let my spirit grow more bright,
As I see the first faint glimmer
Of the everlasting light.

P. SPITTA, 1833.

EVEN ME. 8s & 7s. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1862.



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269

Pass Me Not. (523)

LORD! I hear of showers of blessing,
Thou art scattering, broad and free;
Showers, the thirsty land refreshing;
Let their fullness fall on me.

2 Pass me not, oh, gracious Father!
Sinful, though my heart may be;
Thou might'st curse me, but the rather
Let thy mercy fall on me.

3 Pass me not, oh, tender Savior!
Let me love and cling to thee;
I am longing for thy favor;
When thou comest, call for me.

4 Pass me not, oh, mighty Spirit!
Thou canst make the blind to see;
Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
Speak the word of power to me.

5 Have I long in sin been sleeping,
Long been slighting, grieving thee?
Has the world my heart been keeping?
Oh! forgive and rescue me.

6 Love of God, so pure and changeless,—
Blood of God, so rich and free,—
Grace of God, so strong and boundless,—
Magnify them all in me.

ELIZABETH CODNER, 1860.

270

Self-Consecration. (524)

TAKE me, oh, my Father! take me,
Take me, save me, through thy Son;
That which thou would'st have me, make me,
Let thy will in me be done.

2 Long from thee my footsteps straying,
Thorny proved the way I trod;
Weary come I now, and praying—
Take me to thy love, my God!

3 Fruitless years with grief recalling,
Humbly I confess my sin;
At thy feet, O Father! falling,
To thy household take me in.

4 Freely now to thee I proffer
This relenting heart of mine;
Freely, life and soul I offer—
Gift unworthy love like thine.

5 Once the world's Redeemer dying,
Bore our sins upon the tree;
On that sacrifice relying,
Now I look in hope to thee;

6 Father! take me; all forgiving,
Fold me to thy loving breast;
In thy hope forever living,
I must be forever blest!

RAY PALMER, 1865.

271

Restore my Peace. (637)

O JESUS! full of grace,
To thee I make my moan:
Let me again behold thy face—
Call home thy banished one.

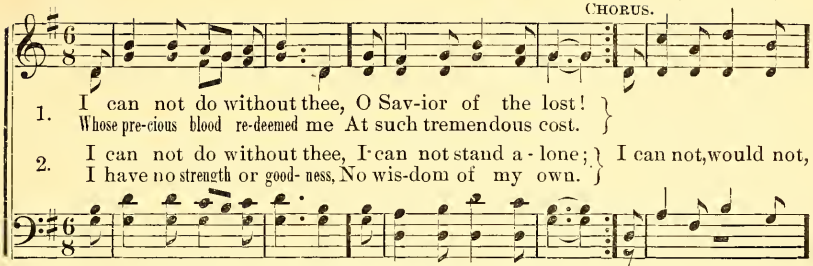
2 Again my pardon seal,
Again my soul restore,
And freely my backslidings heal,
And bid me sin no more.

3 Thine utmost mercy show;
Say to my drooping soul—
In peace and full assurance go;
Thy faith hath made thee whole.

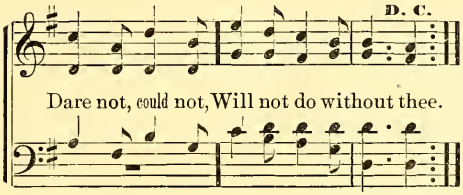
CHARLES WESLEY, 1756.

272 I CAN NOT DO WITHOUT THEE. 7s & 6s.

E. S. LORENZ.



D. C. *I have no strength or goodness, No wis-dom of my own.*



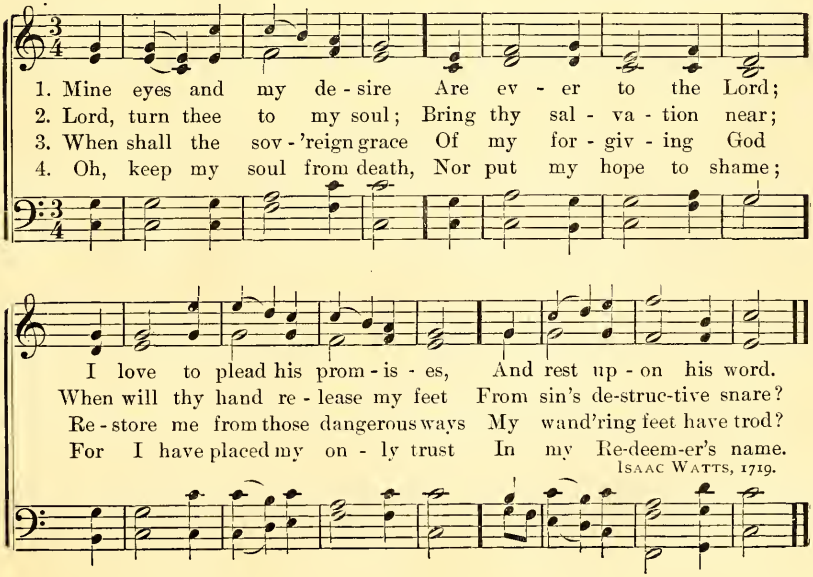
3 I can not do without thee,
I do not know the way;
Thou knowest, and thou leadest,
And wilt not let me stray.

4 I can not do without thee,
For years are fleeting fast,
And soon, in solemn loneliness,
The river must be passed.

FRANCES R. HAVERGAL, Alt.

273 (635) FERGUSON. S. M.

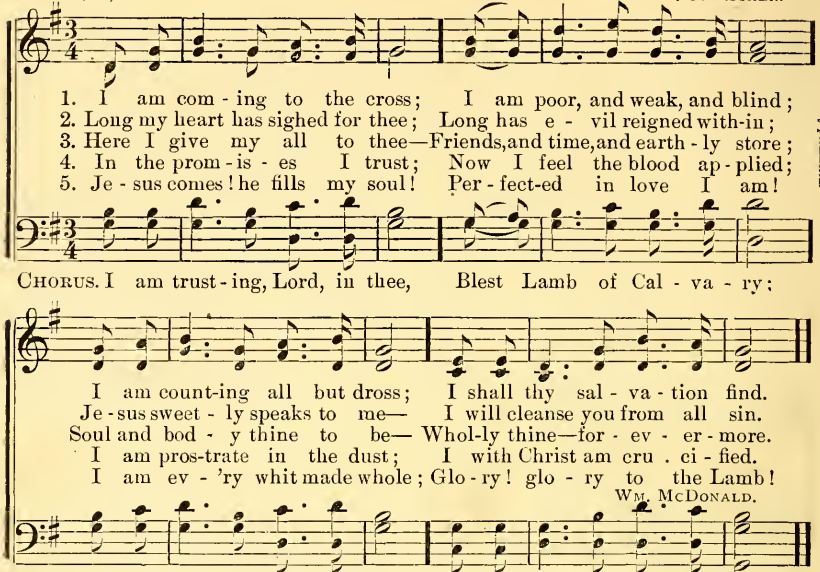
GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1843.



ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

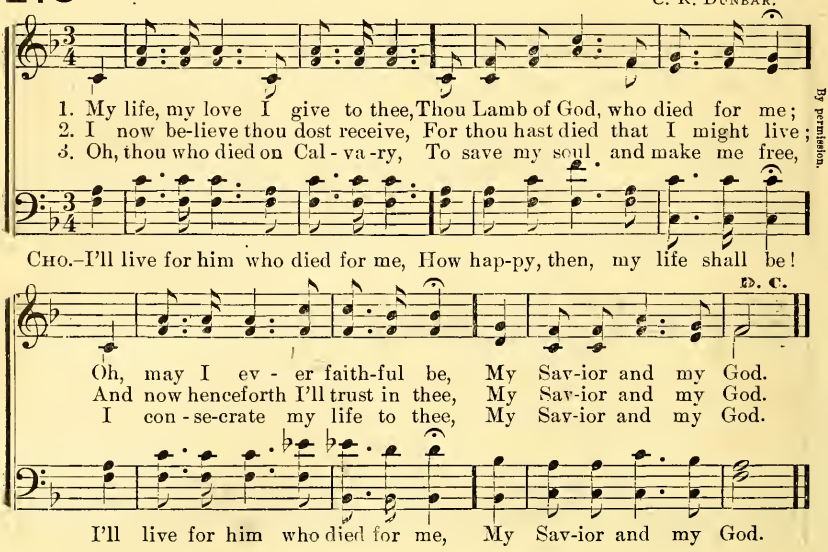
274 (694) TRUSTING. 7s.

W. G. FISCHER.
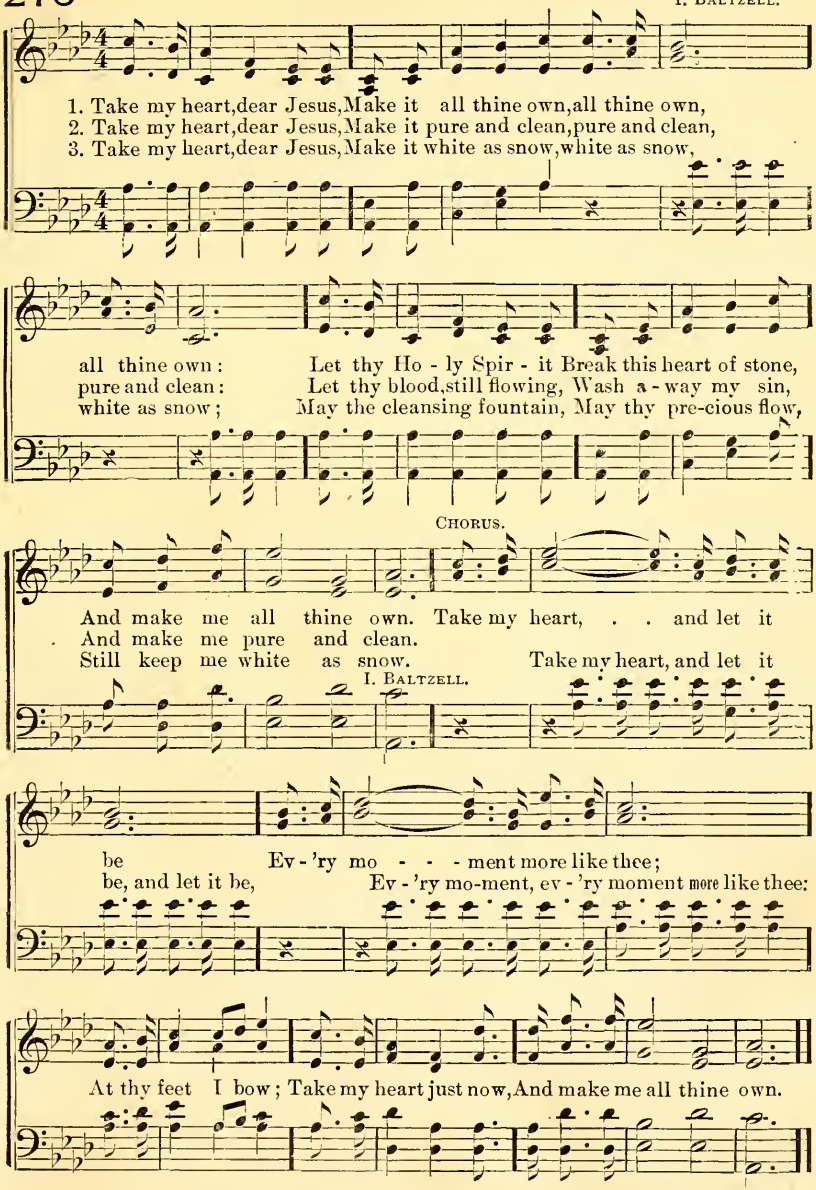


275 I'LL LIVE FOR HIM. P. M.

C. R. DUNBAR.



276 TAKE MY HEART, DEAR JESUS. P. M.
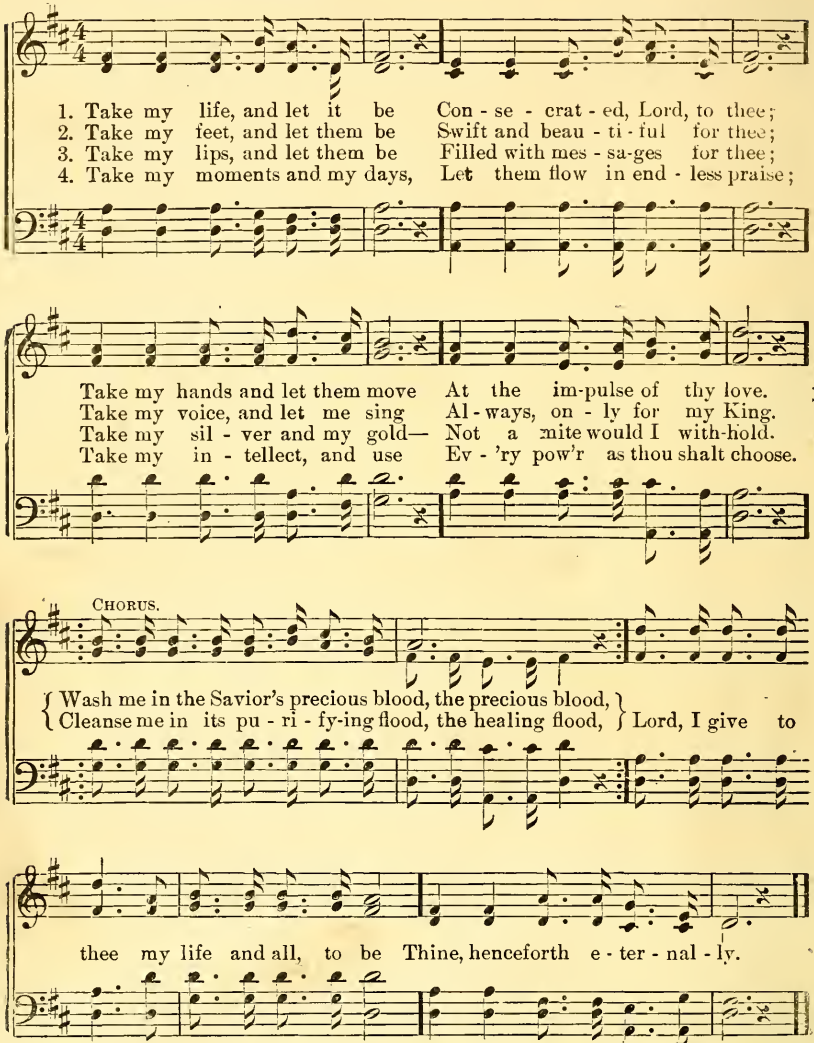
I. BALTZELL.



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277 ENTIRE CONSECRATION. 7s.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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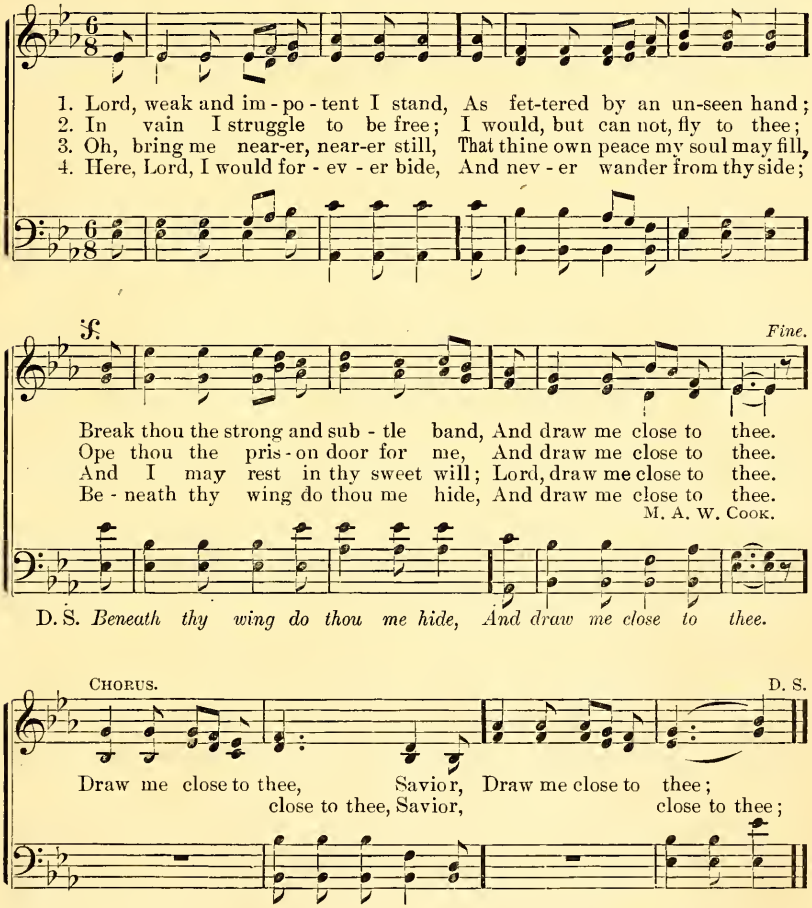
5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

Frances Ridley Havergal.

278 DRAW ME TO THEE. 8s & 6s.

E. S. LORENZ.



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279 (668)

Clinging to Christ.

O HOLY Savior! Friend unseen,
Since on thine arm thou bid'st me lean,
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

CHO.—Help me cling to thee, Savior,
Help me cling to thee!
Help me, throughout life's changing scene,
By faith to cling to thee!

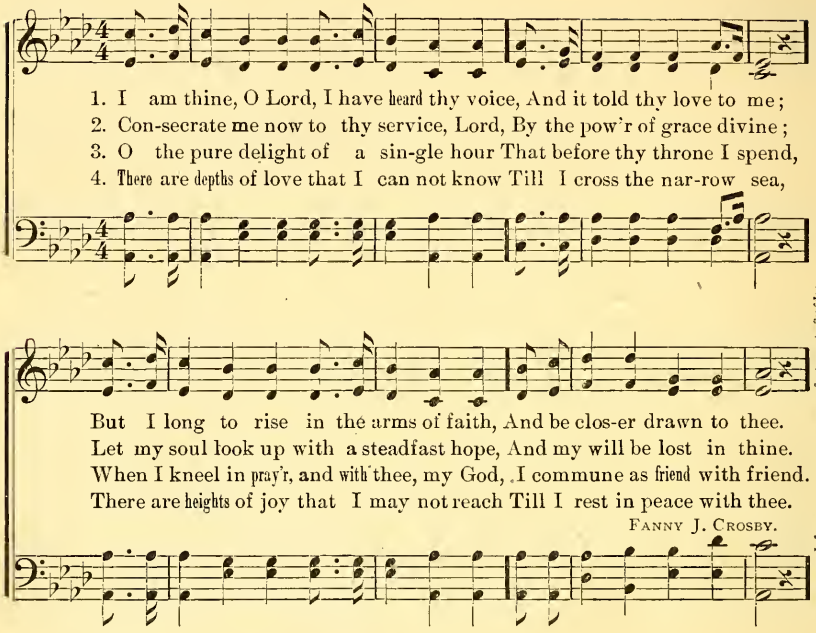
2 Without a murmur I dismiss
My former dreams of earthly bliss;
My joy, my recompense be this,
Each hour to cling to thee!

3 Though faith and hope are often tried,
I ask not, need not, aught beside;
So safe, so calm, so satisfied,
The soul that clings to thee!

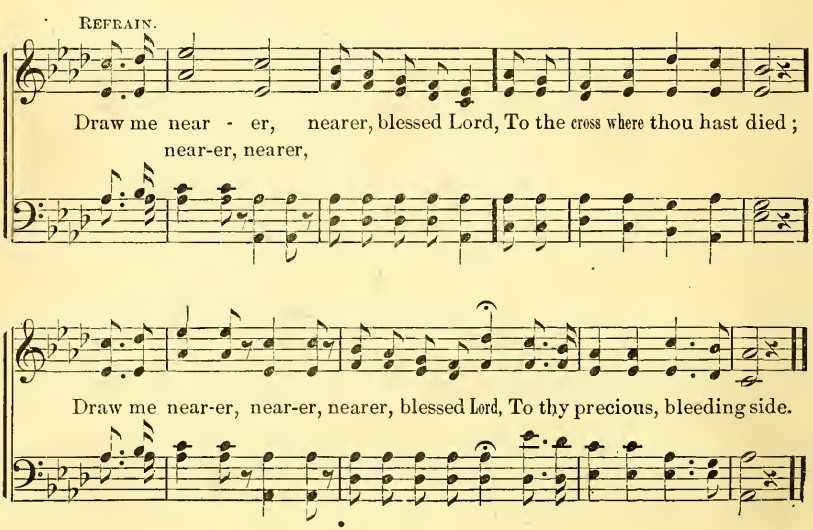
CHARLOTTE ELLIOT

280 DRAW ME NEARER. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.
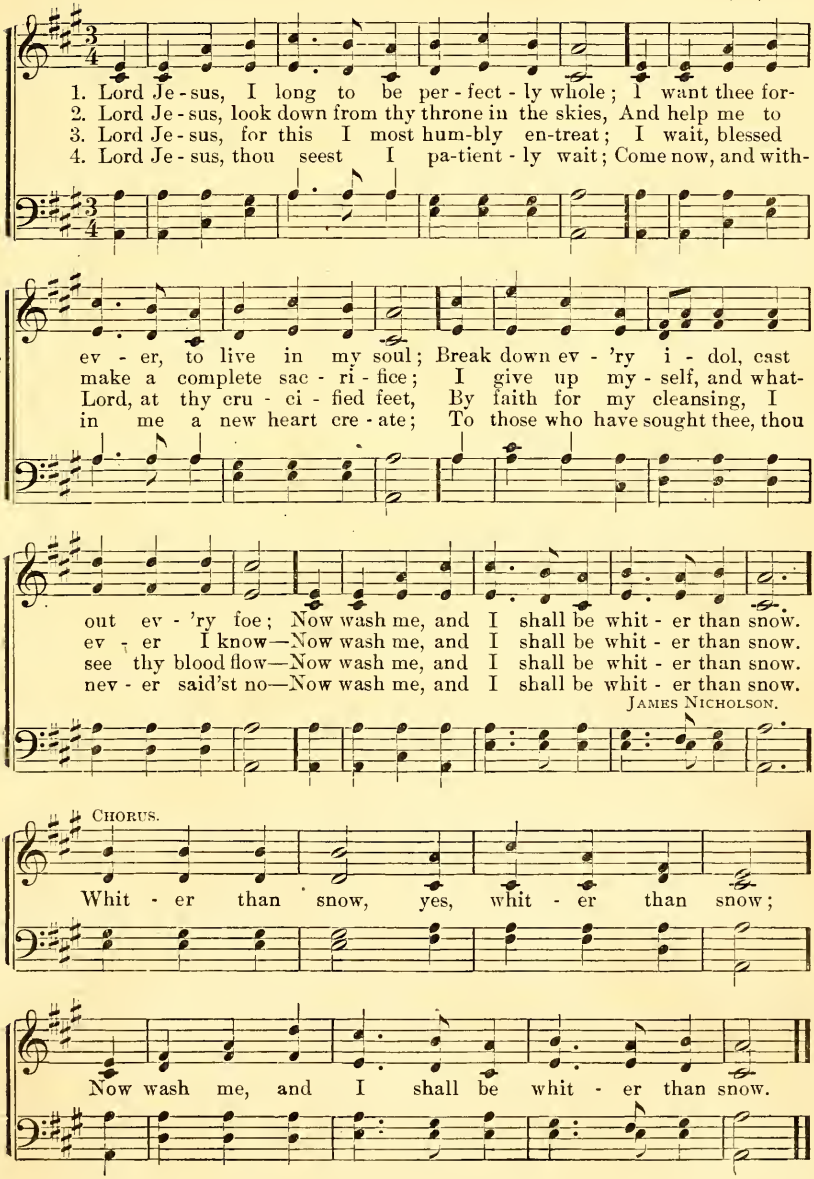


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281 WHITER THAN SNOW. 11s.

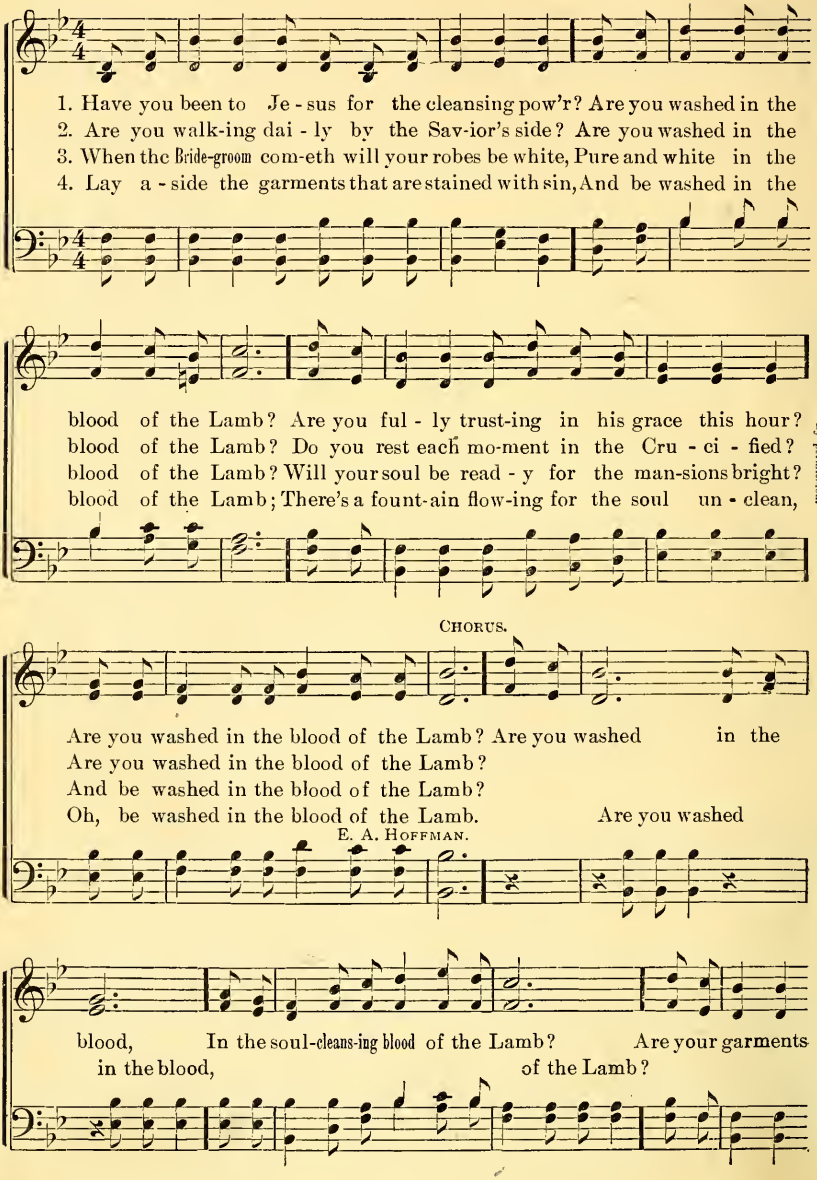
WM. G. FISHER, 1872.



By permission.

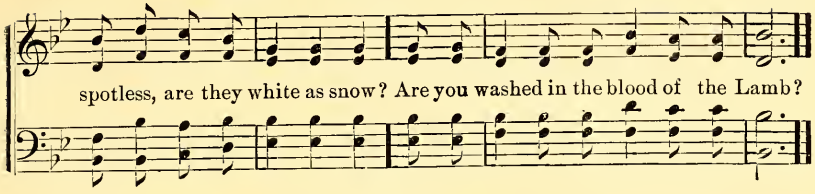
282 ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? P. M.

REV. E. A. HOFFMAN.



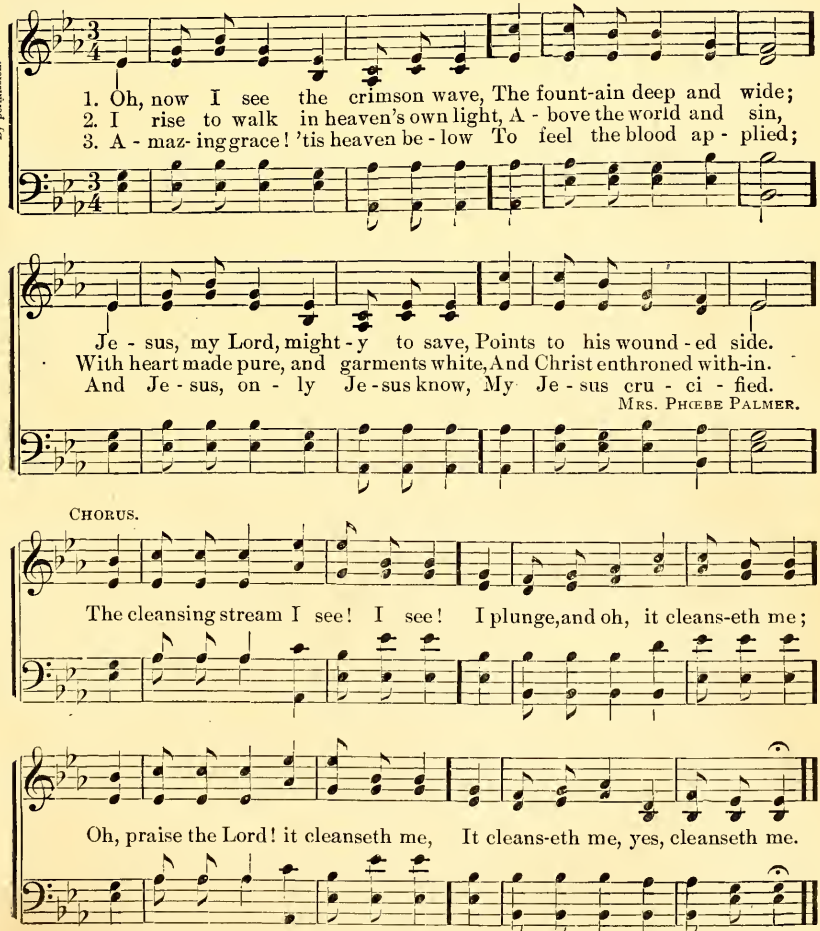
By permission.

ARE YOU WASHED IN THE BLOOD? Concluded.



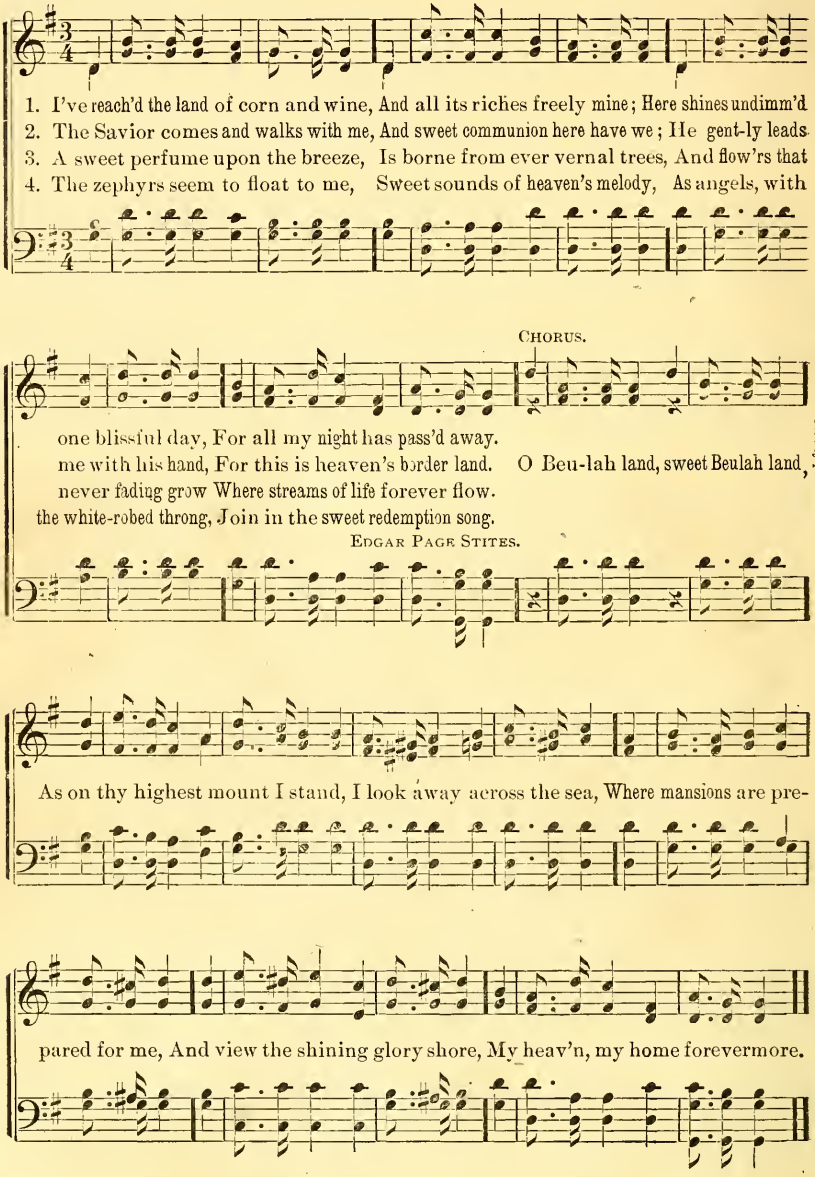
283 THE CLEANSING WAVE. C. M.

MRS. JOS. F. KNAPP.



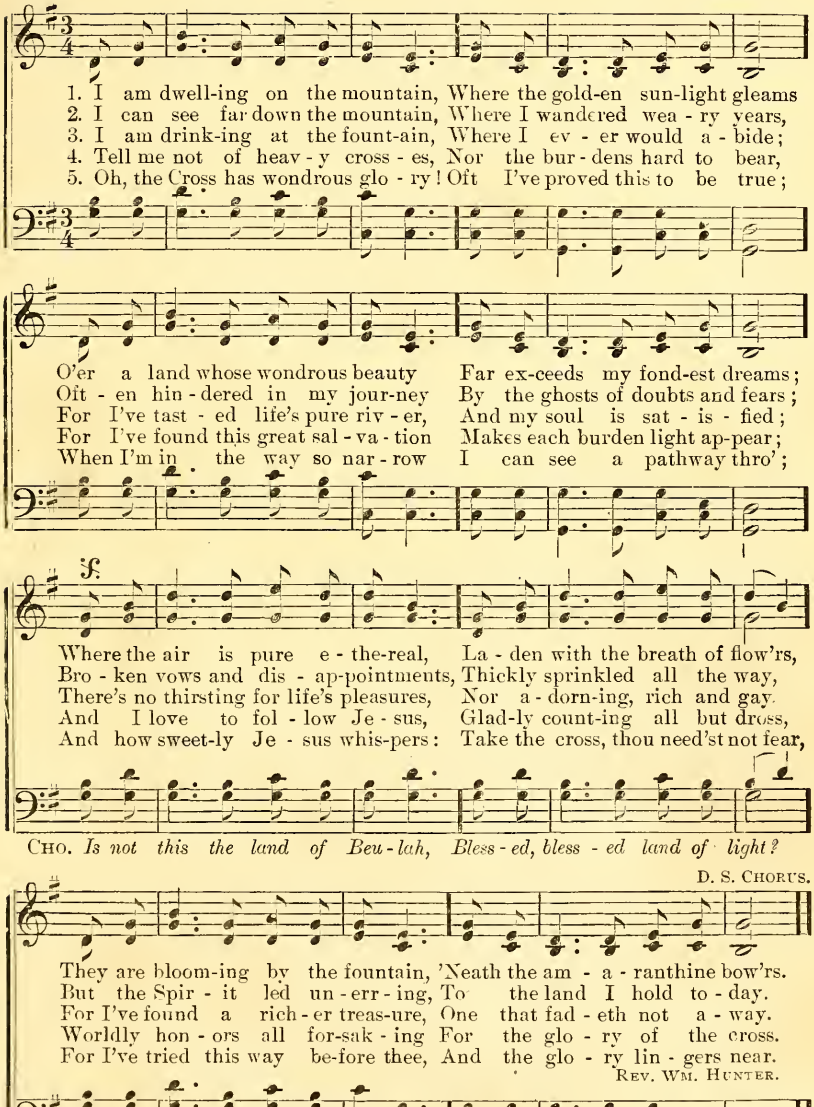
284 BEULAH LAND. L. M.

JNO. R. SWENEY.

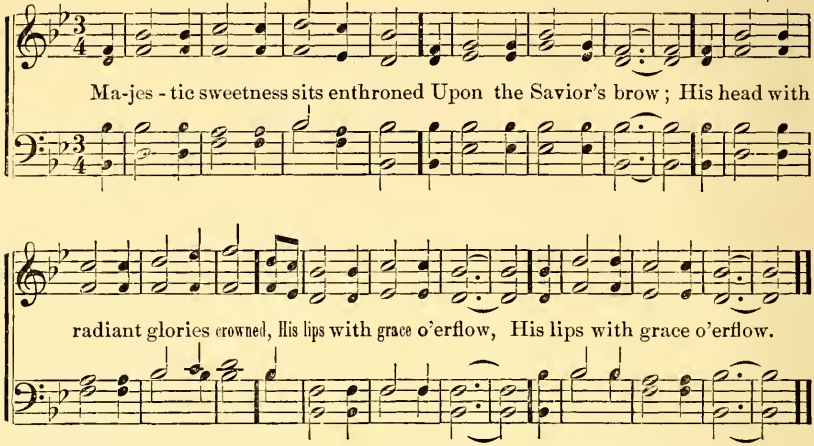


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285 THE LAND OF BEULAH. 8s & 7s. D. AMERICAN MELODY.



ORTONVILLE. C. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.



286 (590)

Christ Incomparable.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
Upon the Savior's brow;
His head with radiant glories crowned,
His lips with grace o'erflow.

2 No mortal can with him compare
Among the sons of men;
Fairer is he, than all the fair
Who fill the heavenly train.

3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
And flew to my relief;
For me he bore the shameful cross,
And carried all my grief.

4 To heaven, the place of his abode,
He brings my weary feet;
Shows me the glories of my God,
And makes my joys complete.

SAMUEL STENNETT, 1787.

287 (591)

Christ Jesus, All in All.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price!
My heart doth sing for joy;
And sing I must, for Christ is mine!
Christ shall my song employ.

2 Christ is my Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Prophet full of light,
My great High Priest before the throne,
My King of heavenly might.

3 Christ is my peace; he died for me,
For me he gave his blood;
And, as my wondrous Sacrifice,
Offered himself to God.

4 Christ Jesus is my All in All,—
My Comfort, and my Love;
My Life below, and he shall be
My Joy and Crown above.

JOHN MASON, 1683, *a.*

288 (588)

Invitation to Praise the Redeemer.

OH, for a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.

2 My gracious Master, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim—
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honors of thy name.

3 Jesus! the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
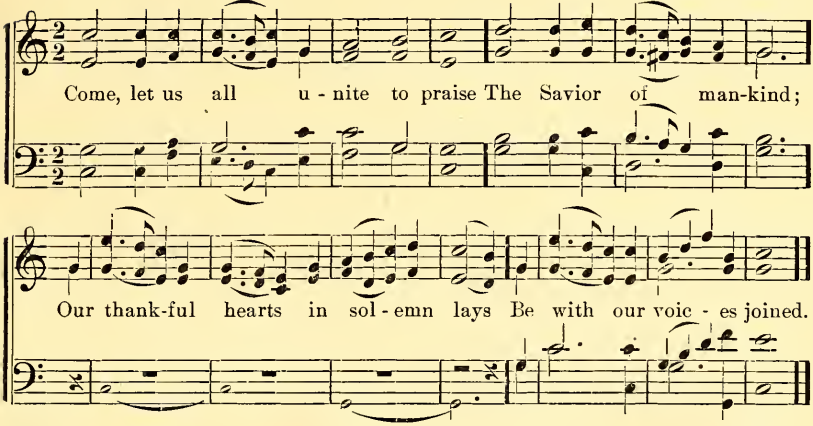
4 He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the pris'ner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean—
His blood availed for me.

5 He speaks—and, list'ning to his voice,
New life the dead receive;
The mournful, broken hearts rejoice,
The humble poor believe.

6 Hear him, ye deaf; his praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Savior come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

HENRY. C. M. SYLVANUS B. POND, 1835.



289

(596)

Praise to Christ.

COME, let us all unite to praise
The Savior of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord! we can not silent be;
By love we are constrained
To offer our best thanks to thee,
Our Savior, and our Friend.

3 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
And spread abroad thy fame;
Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless thy sacred name.

4 Worship and honor, thanks and love,
Be to our Jesus given,
By men below, by hosts above,
By all in earth and heaven.

MARTIN MADAN (?) 1760.

290

(205)

The Incarnation.

AWAKE, awake, the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' eternal Word.

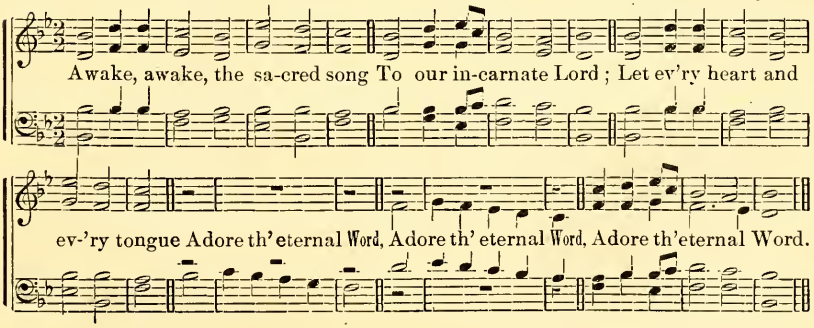
2 That awful Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made;
Oh, happy morn—illustrious hour—
Was once in flesh arrayed.

3 To dwell with misery here below,
The Savior left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That worthless man might rise.

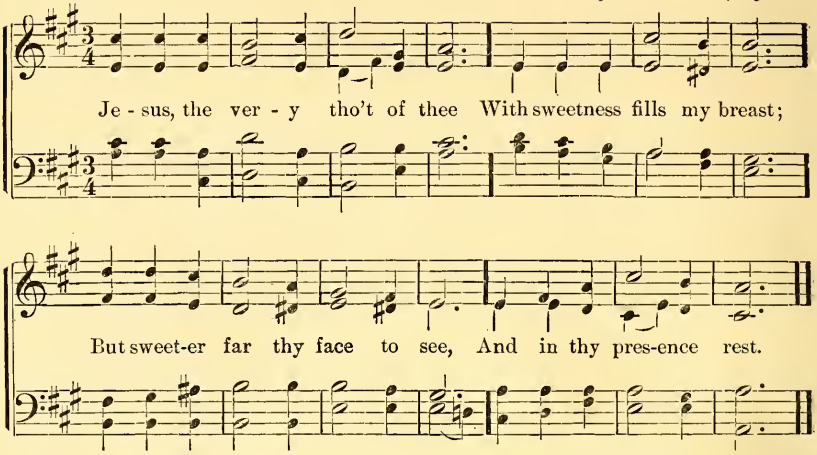
4 Adoring angels tuned their songs,
To hail the joyful day;
With rapture, then, let human tongues
Their grateful worship pay.

ANNE STEELE, 1760.

CAMBRIDGE. C. M. JOHN RANDALL, 1790.



ST. AGNES. C. M. JOHN B. DYKES, 1858.



291

Jesus our Joy. (548)

JESUS, the very tho't of thee
With sweetness fills my breast;
But sweeter far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the mem'ry find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Savior of mankind!

3 Oh, hope of ev'ry contrite heart!
Oh, joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art!
How good to those who seek.

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but his loved ones know.

5 Jesus! our only joy be thou,
As thou our prize wilt be;
Jesus! be thou our glory now,
And through eternity.

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr. E. CASWALL, 1848.

292

All-Absorbing Love. (551)

O JESUS, Jesus, dearest Lord!
Forgive me, if I say,
For very love, thy sacred name
A thousand times a day.

2 I love thee so, I know not how
My transports to control;
Thy love is like a burning fire
Within my very soul.

3 Oh! wonderful! that thou should'st let
So vile a heart as mine
Love thee with such a love as this,
And make so free with thine!

4 O Light in darkness, Joy in grief!
O Heaven begun on earth!
Jesus my Love, my Treasure! who
Can tell what thou art worth?

5 O Jesus, Jesus, sweetest Lord!
What art thou not to me?
Each hour brings joys before unknown,
Each day new liberty.

FREDERICK WM. FABER, 1848.

293

Supreme Love to Christ. (545)

Do not I love thee, oh, my Lord?
Behold my heart, and see;
And turn each worthless idol out,
That dares to rival thee.

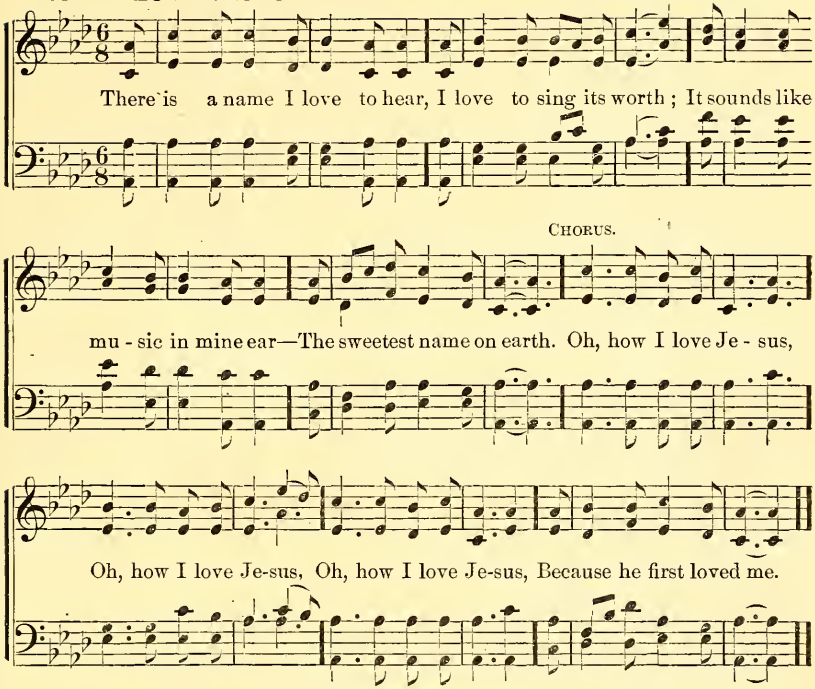
2 Do not I love thee, from my soul?
Then let me nothing love;
Dead be my heart to every joy,
Which thou dost not approve.

3 Is not thy name melodious still,
To mine attentive ear?
Doth not each pulse with pleasure thrill,
My Savior's voice to hear?

4 Thou know'st I love thee, dearest Lord
But, oh! I long to soar
Far from the sphere of mortal joys,
And learn to love thee more.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1745.

HOW I LOVE JESUS. C. M. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



294 *The Dearest Name.* (537)

THERE is a name I love to hear,
I love to sing its worth;
It sounds like music in mine ear,
The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Savior's love,
Who died to set me free;
It tells me of his precious blood,
The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And, though I tread a darksome path,
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One, whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

FREDERICK WHITFIELD, 1859.

295 *The Precious Name.* (538)

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear;
It soothes his sorrow, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary, rest.

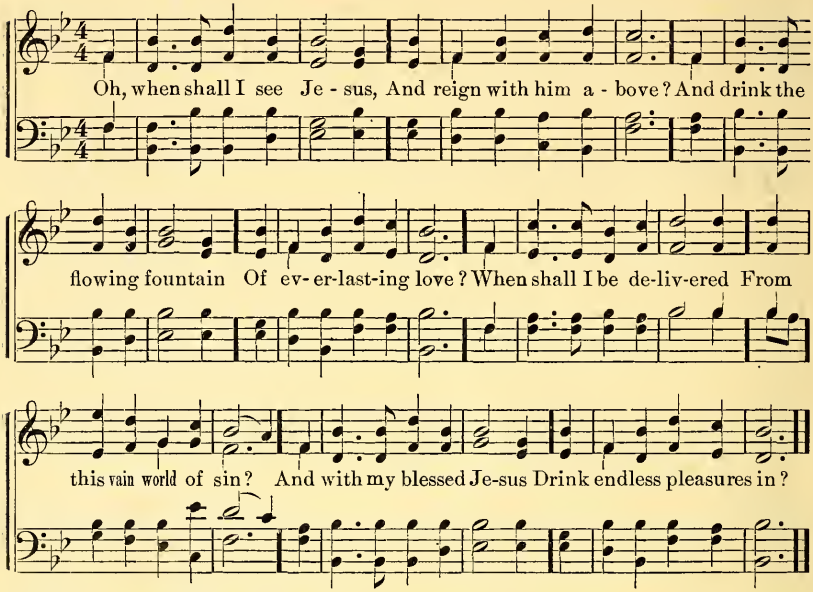
3 Dear Name, the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasure, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus, my Shepherd, Savior, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 I would thy boundless love proclaim
With every fleeting breath,
So shall the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

WEBB. 7s & 6s, D. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1837.



296

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

The Joyful Prospect.

2 But now I am a soldier,
My Captain's gone before;
He's given me my orders,
And tells me not to fear;
And if I hold out faithful,
A crown of life he'll give,
And all his valiant soldiers
Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determined
To conquer, though I die,
And then away to Jesus
On wings of love I'll fly!
Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them all adieu;
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

4 Oh! do not be discouraged,
For Jesus is your friend;
And if you lack for knowledge,
He'll not forget to lend:
Neither will he upbraid you,
Though often you request;
He'll give you grace to conquer,
And take you home to rest.

ANON.

297

Praise to the Savior. (622)

To thee, my God and Savior!
My heart exulting sings,
Rejoicing in thy favor,
Almighty King of kings!
I'll celebrate thy glory,
With all thy saints above,
And tell the joyful story
Of thy redeeming love.
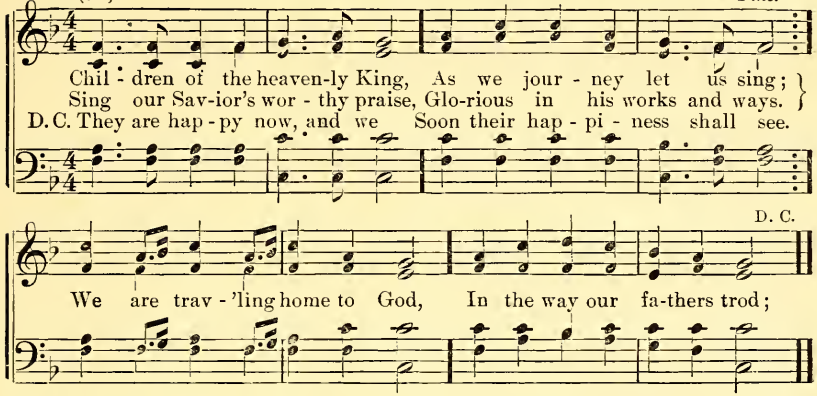
2 Soon as the morn, with roses,
Bedecks the dewy east,
And when the sun reposes
Upon the ocean's breast;
My voice, in supplication,
Well-pleased thou shalt hear:
Oh! grant me thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

3 By thee, through life supported,
I pass the dangerous road,
With heavenly hosts escorted,
Up to their bright abode;
There, cast my crown before thee,—
Now, all my conflicts o'er,—
And day and night adore thee:—
What can an angel more?

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.

298 (612) HEAVENLY KING. 7s. D.

AMERICAN MELODY.
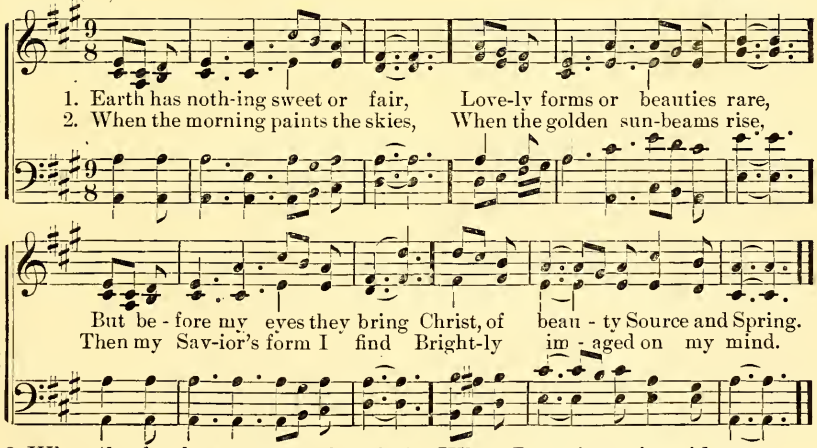


2 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand
On the borders of our land;
Jesus Christ, our Father's Son,
Bids us undismayed go on.
Lord! obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

JOHN CENNICK, 1742.

299 (575) ATONING LAMB. 7s.

L. O. EMERSON.



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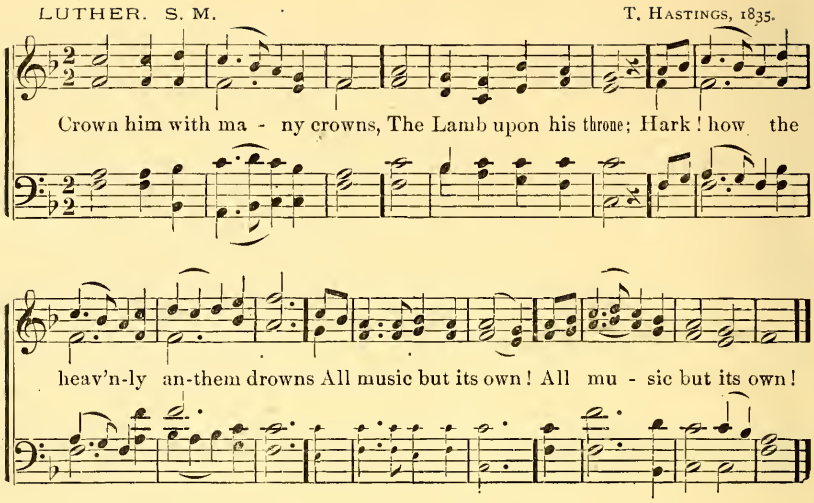
3 When the day-beams pierce the night,
Oft I think on Jesus' light,—
Think,—how bright that light will be,
Shining through eternity.

4 When, as moonlight softly steals,
Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
Then I think;—who made their light
Is a thousand times more bright.

5 When I see, in spring-tide gay,
Fields their varied tints display,
Wakes the thrilling thought in me,—
What must their Creator be?

6 Lord of all that's fair to see!
Come, reveal thyself to me;
Let me, 'mid thy radiant light,
See thine unveiled glories bright.

Ger. JOHANN SCHEFFLER, 1657.
Tr. FRANCES ELIZABETH COX, 1841.



300 *The Song of the Seraphs.* (349)

CROWN him with many crowns,
The Lamb upon his throne;
Hark! how the heavenly anthem drowns
All music but its own!

2 Awake, my soul! and sing
Of him who died for thee;
And hail him as thy matchless King,
Through all eternity.

3 Crown him, the Lord of love!
Behold his hands and side,
Rich wounds, yet visible above
In beauty glorified:

4 Crown him, the Lord of peace!
Whose power a scepter sways,
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,
Absorbed in prayer and praise:

5 Crown him, the Lord of years!
The Potentate of time;
Creator of the rolling spheres,
Ineffably sublime!

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1852.

301 *The Song of Moses and the Lamb.* (350)

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake, every heart, and every tongue!
To praise the Savior's name.

2 Sing of his dying love;
Sing of his rising power;
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.

3 Sing on your heavenly way,
Ye ransomed sinners! sing;
Sing on, rejoicing, every day,
In Christ, th' eternal King.

4 Soon shall ye hear him say,
"Ye blessed children! come;"
Soon will he call you hence away,
And take his wanderers home.

WILLIAM HAMMOND, 1745.
Altered by MARTIN MADAN, 1760.

302 *Living to God.* (562)

BLESS'D be thy love, dear Lord!
That taught us this sweet way,
Only to love thee for thyself,
And for that love obey.

2 Oh, thou, our soul's chief Hope!
We to thy mercy fly;
Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
Whate'er we need, supply.
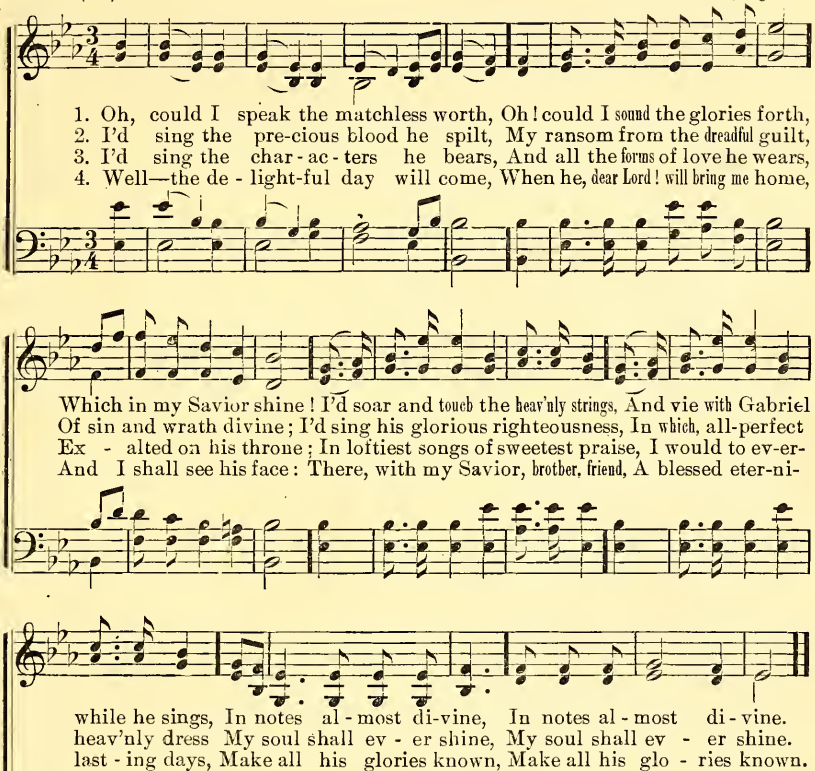
3 Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

4 Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

JOHN AUSTIN, 1668.

303 (623) ARIEL. C. P. M.

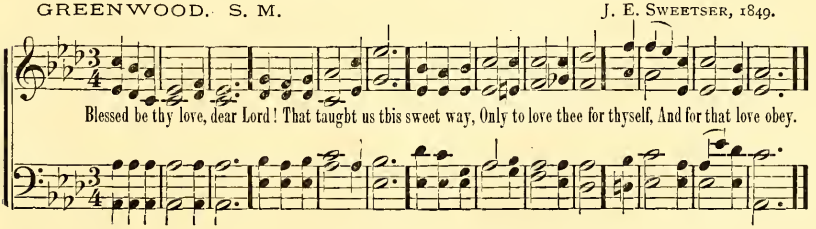
LOWELL MASON, 1836.



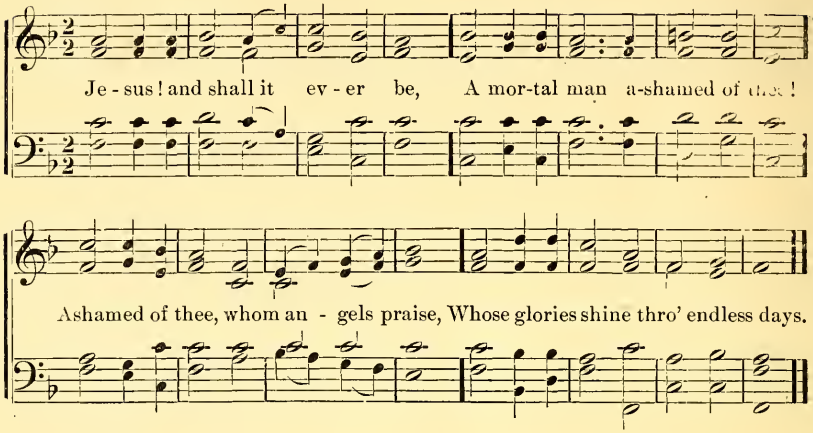
SAMUEL MEDLEY, 1789.

GREENWOOD. S. M.

J. E. SWEETSER, 1849.



FEDERAL STREET. L. M. H. K. Oliver, 1832.



304 *Ashamed of Me.*

Jesus! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of thee!
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine thro' endless days.

2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own a star;
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No; when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away;
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Savior slain!
And, oh, may this my glory be
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

Joseph Grigg, 1765. *Ab. and alt.*

305 *All-Engrossing Love.* (509)

Jesus! my heart within me burns,
To tell thee all its conscious love;
And from earth's low delight it turns,
To taste a joy like that above.

2 When thou to me dost condescend,
In love divine, thou blessed One,
The moments that with thee I spend,
Seem e'en as Heaven itself begun.

3 Though oft these lips my love have told,
They still the story would repeat;
To me the rapture ne'er grows old,
That thrills me, bending at thy feet.

4 I breathe my words into thine ear;
I seem to fix mine eyes on thine;
And, sure that thou dost wait to hear,
I dare in faith to call thee mine.

5 Reign thou sole Sovereign of my heart;
My all I yield to thy control;
Oh! let me never from thee part,
Thou best Beloved of my soul!

Ray Palmer, 1869.

306 *The Song of Songs.* (603)

Come, let us sing the song of songs,
With hearts and voices swell the strain;
The homage which to Christ belongs;—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

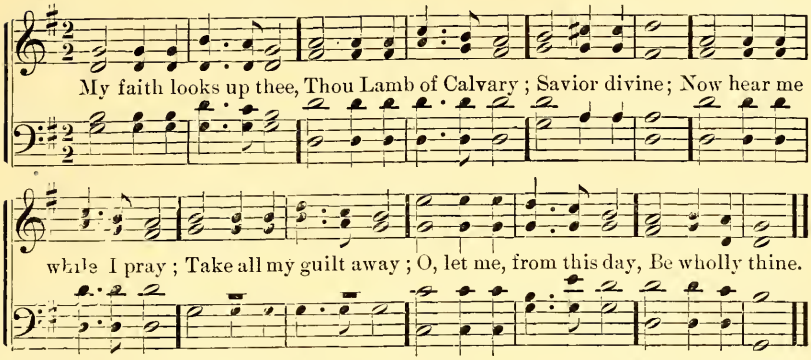
2 Slain to redeem us by his blood,
To cleanse from every sinful stain,
And make us kings and priests to God:
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

3 To him who suffered on the tree,
Our souls, at his soul's price, to gain,
Blessing, and praise, and glory be!—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

4 Come, Holy Spirit! from on high,
Our faith, our hope, our love sustain,
Living to sing, and dying cry,—
"Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain!"

James Montgomery, 1853.

NEW HAVEN. 6s & 4s. THOS. HASTINGS, 1833.



307 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] (587)

Looking to Jesus.

2 May thy rich grace impart
Strength to my fainting heart ;
My zeal inspire ;
As thou hast died for me,
Oh ! may my love to thee
Pure, warm, and changeless be,
A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
And griefs around me spread,
Be thou my Guide;
Bid darkness turn to day,
Wipe sorrow's tears away,
Nor let me ever stray
From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
When death's cold, sullen stream
Shall o'er me roll,
Blest Savior ! then, in love,
Fear and distrust remove ;
Oh ! bear me safe above,
A ransomed soul !

RAY PALMER, 1830.

308 (586)

Jesus, my Lord.
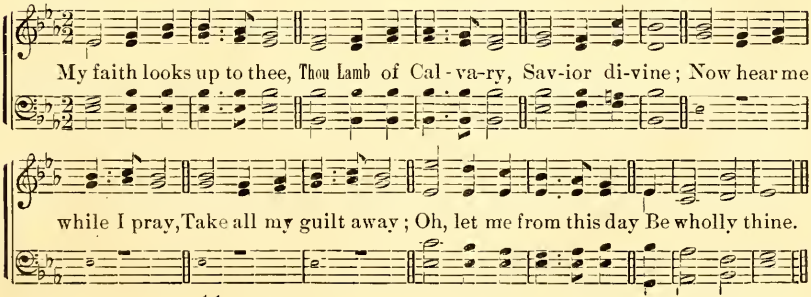
JESUS, thy name I love,
All other names above,
Jesus, my Lord !
Oh, thou art all to me !
Nothing to please I see,
Nothing apart from thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

2 When unto thee I flee,
Thou wilt my refuge be,
Jesus, my Lord !
What need I now to fear ?
What earthly grief or care,
Since thou art ever near,
Jesus, my Lord !
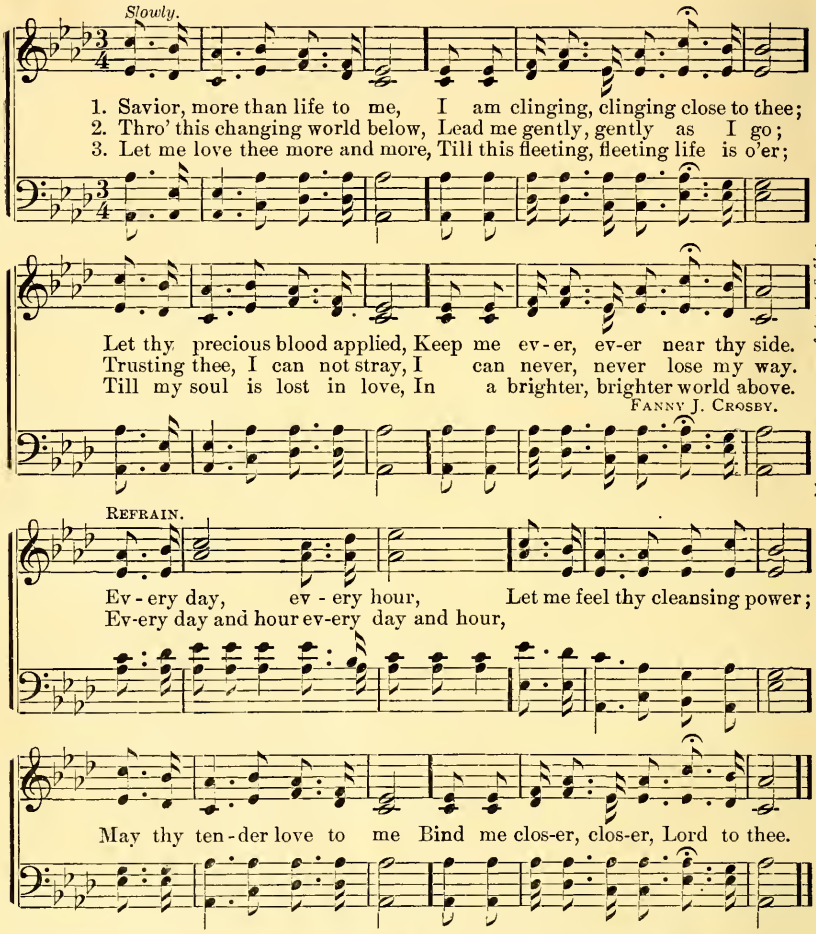
3 Soon thou wilt come again !
I shall be happy then,
Jesus, my Lord !
Then thine own face I'll see,
Then I shall like thee be,
Then evermore with thee,
Jesus, my Lord !

J. G. DECK, 1837.

OLIVET. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON, 1831.



309 EVERY DAY AND HOUR. P. M. W. H. DOANE.



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310 (584)

Love to Christ Desired.

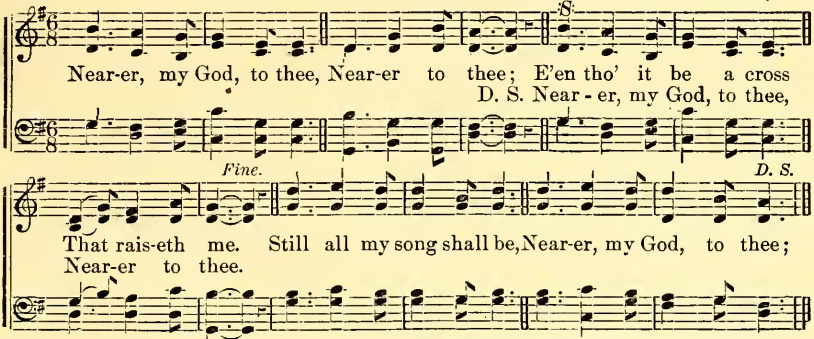
MORE love to thee, O Christ,
More love to thee!
Hear thou the prayer I make
On bended knee:
This is my earnest plea—
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee!

2 Once earthly joy I craved—
Sought peace and rest;
Now thee alone I seek:
Give what is best.
This all my prayer shall be—
More love, O Christ, to thee;
More love to thee!

3 Then shall my latest breath
Whisper thy praise;
This be the parting cry
My heart shall raise—
This still its prayer shall be,
More love, O Christ, to thee!
More love to thee!

MRS. E. P. PRENTISS, 1869.

BETHANY. 6s & 4s. LOWELL MASON, 1859.



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311 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *Nearer to God.* (709)

2 Though like the wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone,
Yet, in my dreams, I'd be
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

3 There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou send'st to me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God! to thee,—
Nearer to thee.

MRS. SARAH FLOWER ADAMS, 1841.

312 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC BELOW.] *Parting with the World.* (582)

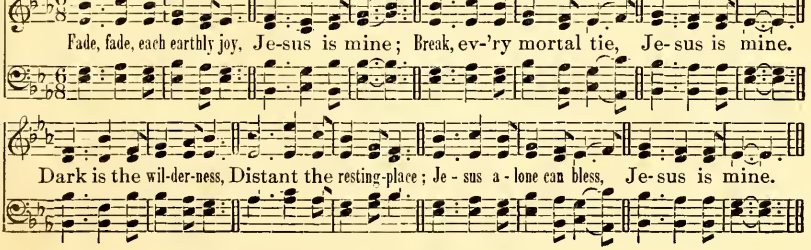
2 Tempt not my soul away:
Jesus is mine:
Here would I ever stay;
Jesus is mine:
Perishing things of clay,
Born but for one brief day!
Pass from my heart away,
Jesus is mine.

3 Farewell, ye dreams of night!
Jesus is mine:
Mine is a dawning bright,
Jesus is mine:
All that my soul has tried,
Left but a dismal void;
Jesus has satisfied;
Jesus is mine.

4 Farewell, mortality!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, eternity!
Jesus is mine:
Welcome, ye scenes of rest!
Welcome, ye mansions blest!
Welcome, a Savior's breast;
Jesus is mine.

MRS. HORATIUS BONAR, 1845.

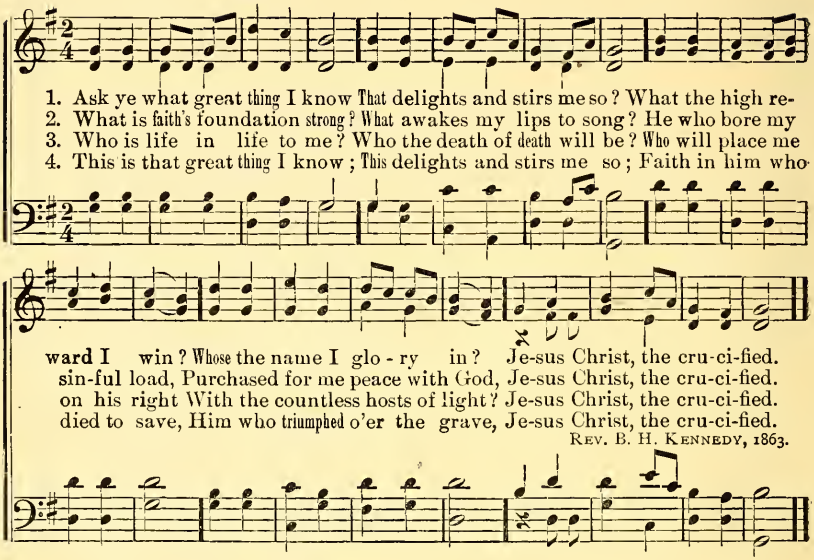
HOPE. 6s & 4s. THEODORE E. PERKINS, 1858.



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313 HENDON. 7s.
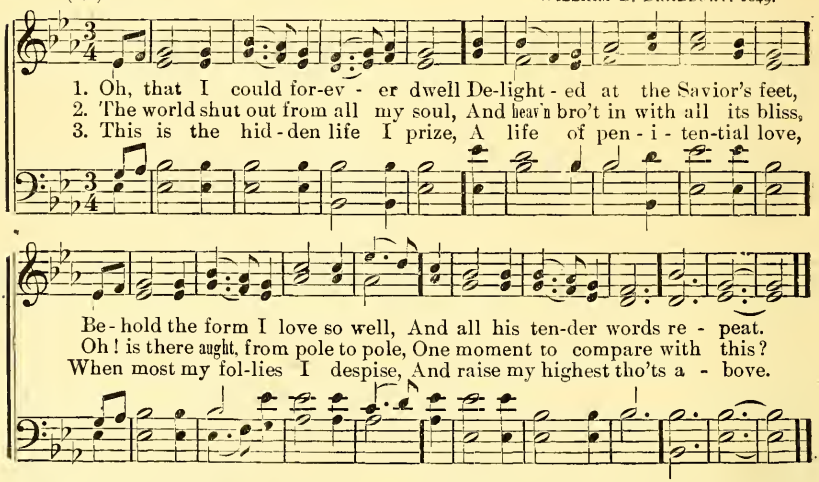
C. H. A. MALAN.



REV. B. H. KENNEDY, 1863.

314 WOODWORTH. L. M. (554)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY. 1849.



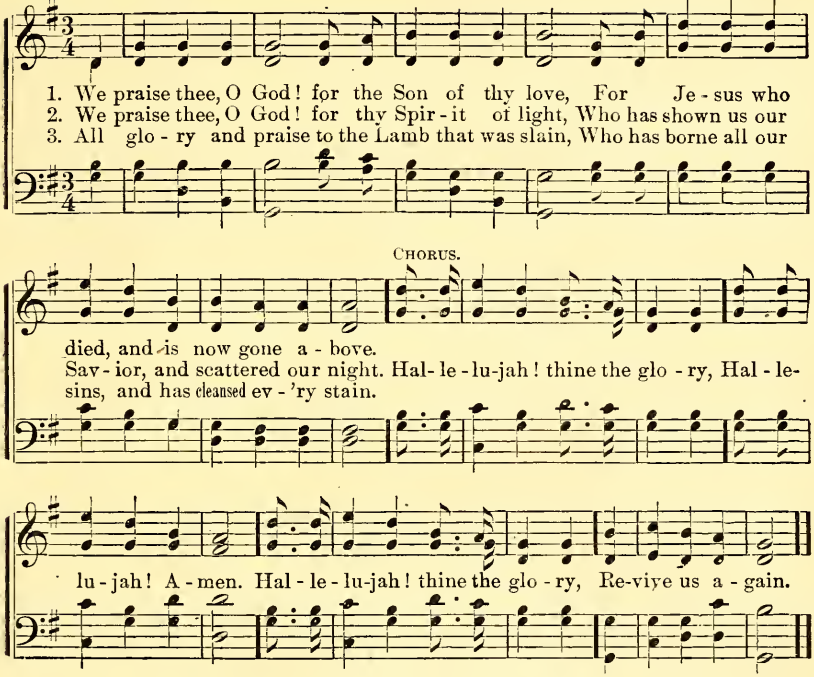
4 When all I am I clearly see,
And freely own with deepest shame;
When the Redeemer's love to me
Kindles within a deathless flame.

5 Thus would I live till nature fail
And all my former sins forsake;
Then rise to God within the veil,
And of eternal joys partake.

ANDREW REED, 1841.

315 (529) REVIVE US AGAIN. 10s & 11s.

J. J. HUSBAND.



4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace,
Who has bought us, and sought us, and guided our ways.

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love;
May each soul be rekindled with fire from above.

WM. P. MACKAY, 1866.

316

Rejoicing in Christ.

REJOICE and be glad: the Redeemer has come!
Go look on his cradle, his cross and his tomb.

CHORUS.—Sound his praises, tell the story,
Of him who was slain,
Sound his praises, tell with gladness,
He liveth again.

2 Rejoice and be glad: for the blood has been shed;
Redemption is finished, the price has been paid.

3 Rejoice and be glad: for the Lamb that was slain,
O'er death is triumphant, and liveth again.
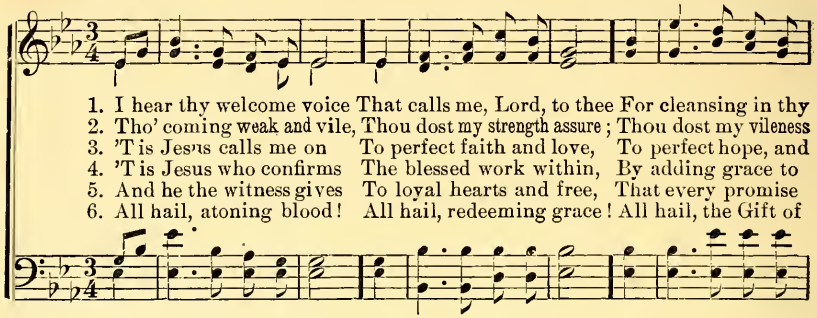
4 Rejoice and be glad: for our King is on high;
He pleadeth for us on his throne in the sky.

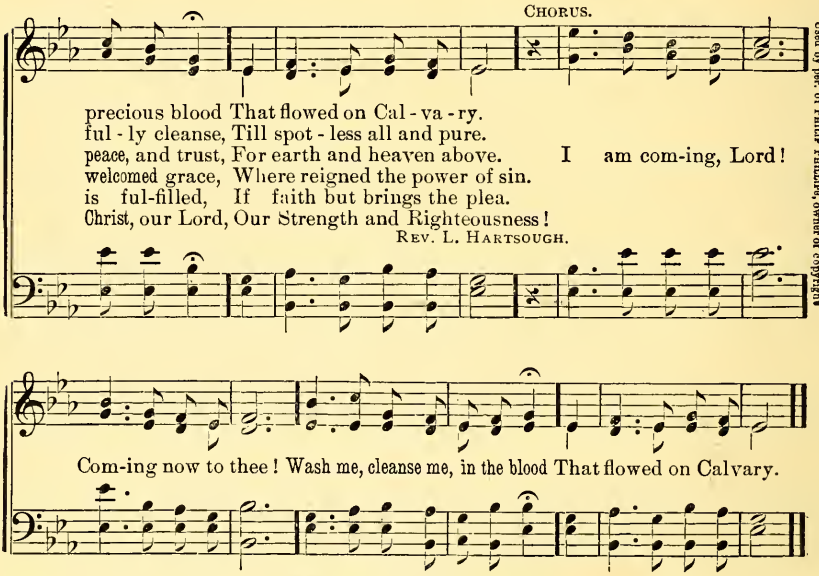
5 Rejoice and be glad: for he cometh again—
He cometh in glory, the Lamb that was slain.

H. BONAR, 1874.

317 WELCOME VOICE. S. M.

REV. L. HARTSOUGH.





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318 *Christ the Guide and Counselor.* (688)

JESUS, my truth, my way,
My sure, unerring light,
On thee my feeble steps I stay,
Which thou wilt guide aright.
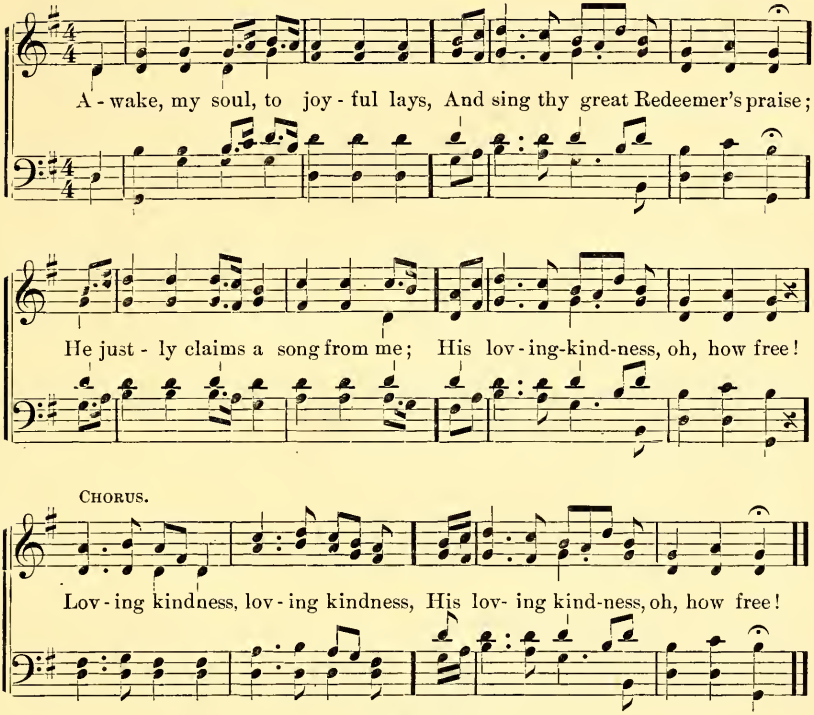
2 My wisdom and my guide,
My counselor thou art;
Oh, never let me leave thy side,
Or from thy paths depart.

3 Never will I remove
Out of thy hands my cause;
But rest in thy redeeming love,
And hang upon thy cross.

4 Oh, make me all like thee,
Before I hence remove;
Settle, confirm, and 'stablish me,
And build me up in love.

CHARLES WESLEY.

LOVING-KINDNESS. L. M. WESTERN MELODY.



319 *Loving Kindness.* (599)

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, oh, how free!

2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all;
He saved me from my lost estate—
His loving kindness, oh, how great!

3 Though num'rous hosts of mighty foes—
Though earth and hell my way oppose;
He safely leads my soul along—
His loving kindness, oh, how strong!

4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood—
His loving kindness, oh, how good!

S. MEDLEY, 1787.

320 *Love Which Passeth Knowledge.*

OF him who did salvation bring,
I could forever think and sing;
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve;
Arise, ye guilty, he'll forgive.

2 Ask but his grace, and lo, 'tis given!
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven;
Though sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesus, thy balm will make me whole.

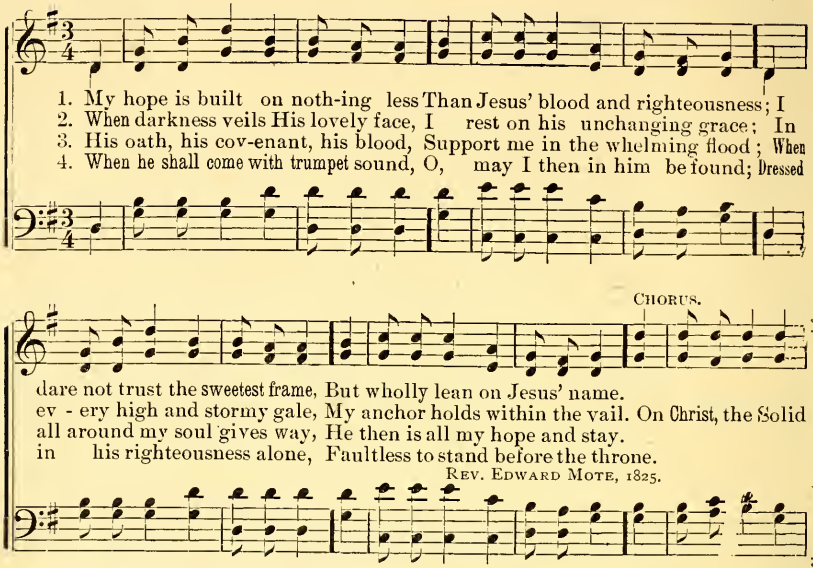
3 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone,
I shed my tears, and make my moan!
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.

4 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry;
Ah! who against thy charms is proof?
Ah, who that loves can love enough?

BERNARD OF CLAIRVAUX,
tr. by A. W. BOEHM, 1712.

321 THE SOLID ROCK. L. M.

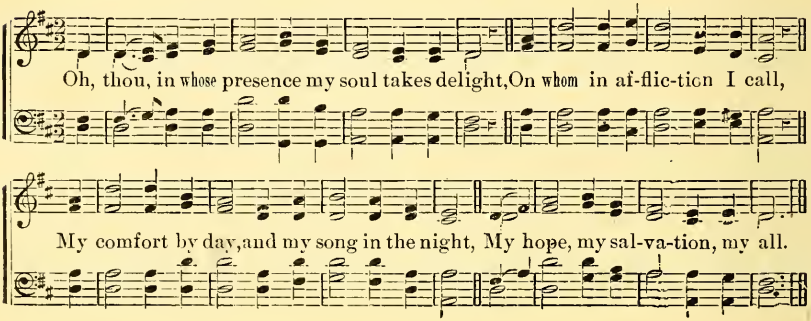
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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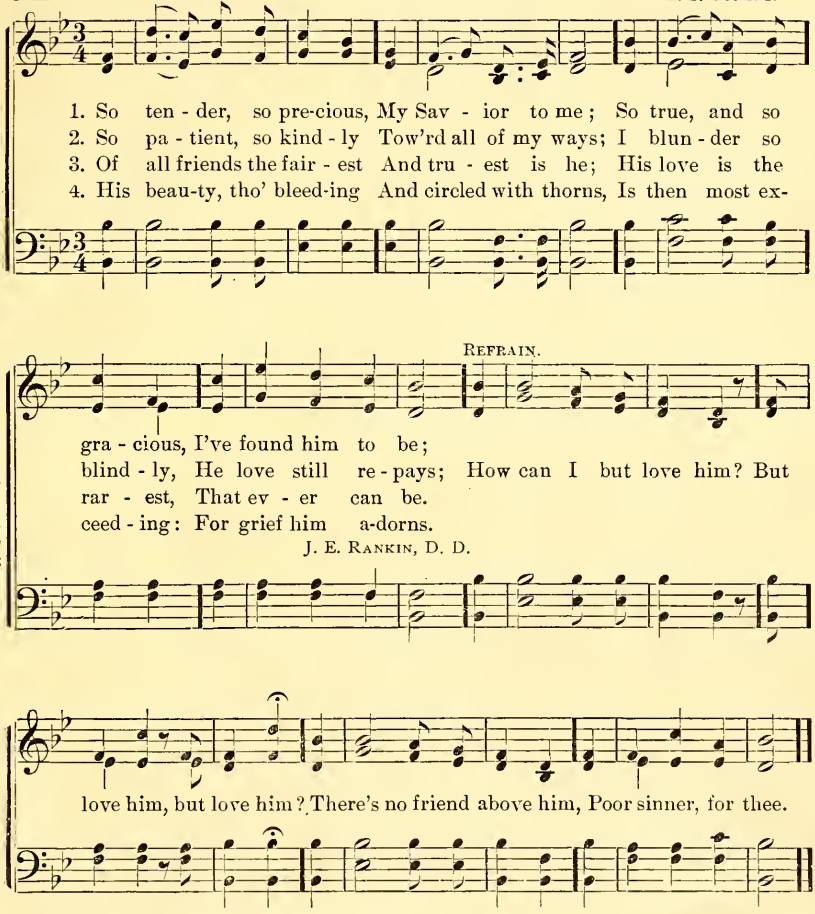
MY BELOVED. 11s & 8s.

FREEMAN LEWIS, 1813.



322 HOW CAN I BUT LOVE HIM. 6s & 5s.

E. S. Lorenz.



Copyright, 1878, by E. L. Lorenz.

323 *My Beloved.*

O thou, in whose presence my soul takes delight,
On whom in affliction I call;
My comfort by day, and my song in the night,
My hope, my salvation, my all.

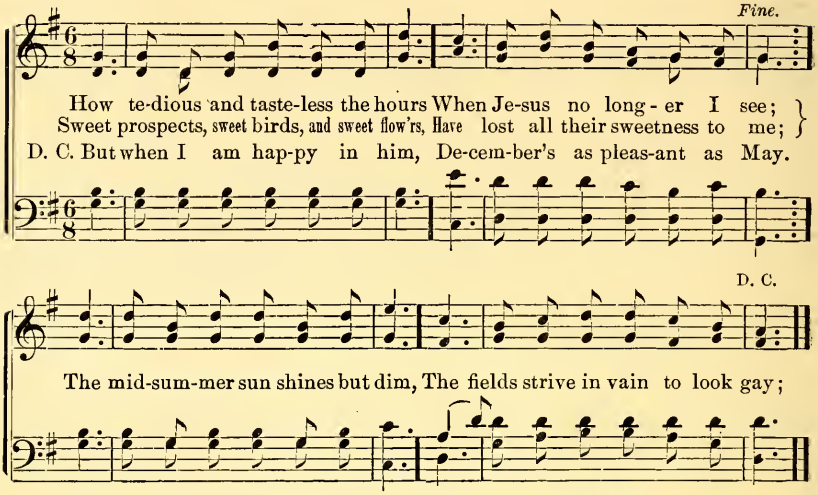
2 Where dost thou at noon-tide resort with thy sheep,
To feed in the pastures of love?
And why in the valley of death should I weep,
Or alone in the wilderness rove?

3 O, why should I wander an alien from thee,
Or cry in the desert for bread?
Thy foes will rejoice when my sorrows they see,
And smile at the tears I have shed.

4 He looks, and ten thousands of angels rejoice,
And myriads wait for his word;
He speaks, and eternity, fill'd with his voice,
Re-echoes the praise of the Lord.

Jos. Swain, 1792.

DE FLEURY. 8s. D. LEWIS EDSON.



324 *The Presence of Christ Desired.*

How tedious and tasteless the hours
When Jesus no longer I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flowers
Have lost all their sweetness to me:
The midsummer sun shines but dim;
The fields strive in vain to look gay;
But when I am happy in him,
December's as pleasant as May.

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music his voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice:
I should, were he always so nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding his face,
My all to his pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of his love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there.

4 Dear Lord, if indeed I am thine,
If thou art my sun and my song,
Say, why do I languish and pine?
And why are my winters so long?
O, drive these dark clouds from my sky;
Thy soul-cheering presence restore;
Or take me unto thee on high,
Where winter and clouds are no more.

JOHN NEWTON.

325 *Phil.* 1 : 23. (571)

My Savior, whom absent I love,
Whom, not having seen, I adore,
Whose name is exalted above
All glory, dominion, and power,—
Dissolve thou these bands that detain
My soul from her portion in thee;
Ah! strike off this adamant chain,
And make me eternally free!

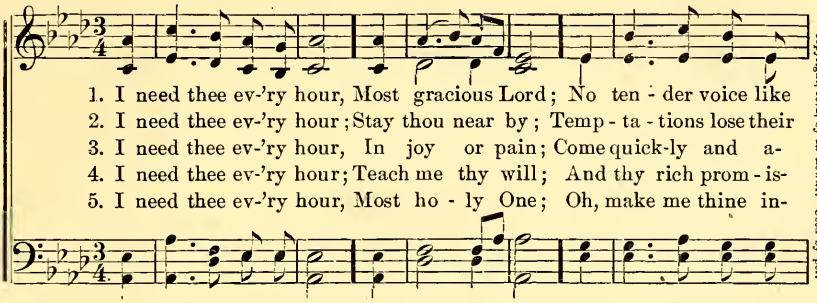
2 When that happy era begins,
When arrayed in thy glories I shine,
Nor grieve any more, by my sins,
The bosom on which I recline,
Oh! then shall the veil be removed,
And round me thy brightness be poured!
I shall meet him, whom absent I loved,
I shall see, whom unseen I adored.

3 And then, nevermore shall the fears,
The trials, temptations, and woes,
Which darken this valley of tears,
Intrude on my blissful repose:
To Jesus, the crown of my hope,
My soul is in haste to be gone;
Oh! bear me, ye cherubim, up,
And waft me away to his throne!

W. COWPER.
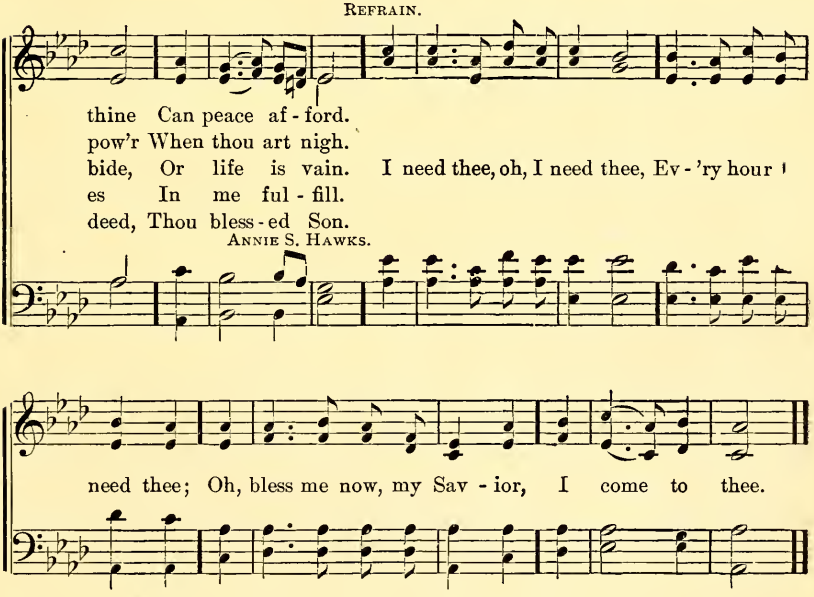
326 I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR. P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.



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REFRAIN.



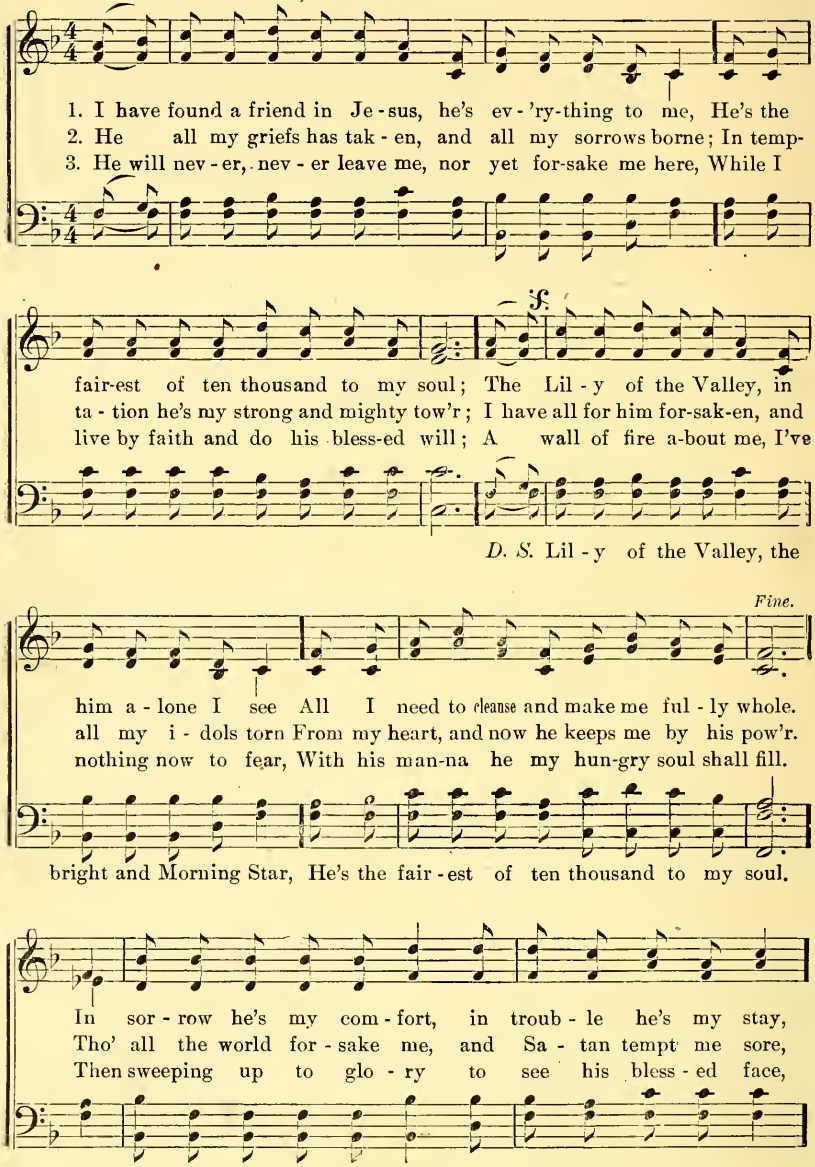
327 *Altogether Lovely.* (572)

My gracious Redeemer I love,
His praises aloud I'll proclaim:
And join with the armies above,
To shout his adorable name.
To gaze on his glories divine
Shall be my eternal employ;
To see them incessantly shine,
My boundless, ineffable joy.

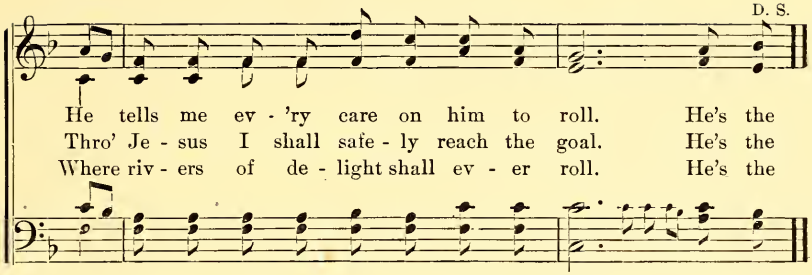
2 He freely redeemed with his blood
My soul from the confines of hell,
To live on the smiles of my God,
And in his sweet presence to dwell:—
To shine with the angels in light,
With saints and with seraphs to sing,
To view, with eternal delight,
My Jesus, my Savior, my King!

B. FRANCIS.

328 THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. P. M. English Melody.

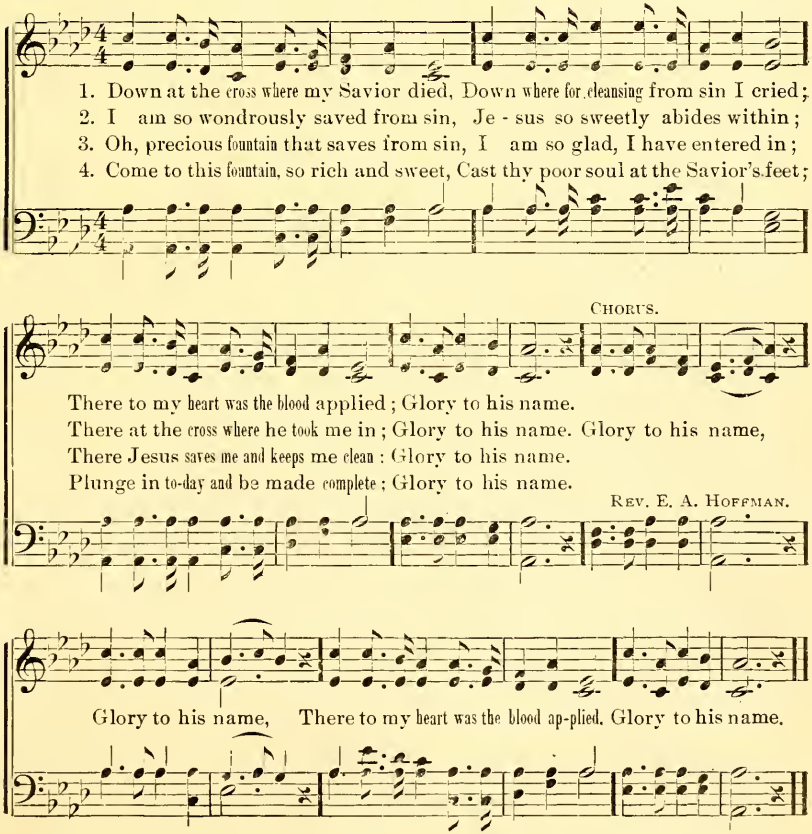


THE LILY OF THE VALLEY. Concluded.
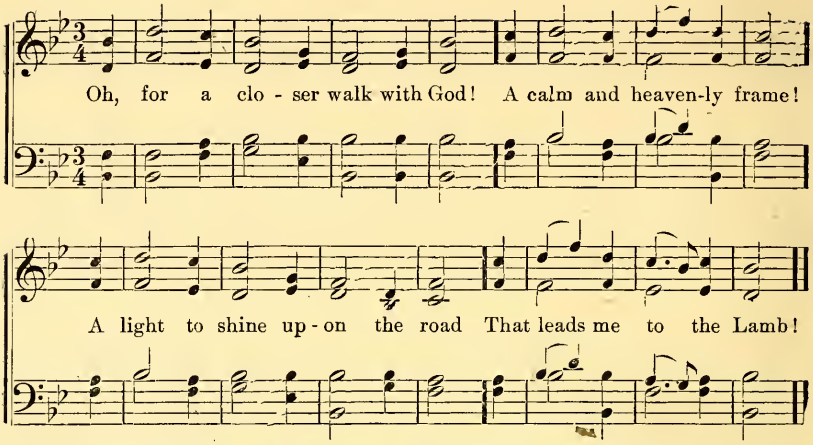


329 GLORY TO HIS NAME. P. M.

REV. J. H. STOCKTON.



By permission of Mrs. J. H. Stockton.

BALERMA. C. M. Adapted by R. Simpson.



330 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC.] (625)
Lamenting the Absence of the Spirit.

2 Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word?

3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

4 Return, oh, holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest;
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.

5 The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from thy throne,
And worship only thee.

6 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

W. Cowper, 1772.

331 *A Perfect Heart.* (645)

Oh, for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free—
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me;—

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 Oh, for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within;—

4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart—
Thy new, best name of Love.

Charles Wesley, 1742.

332 *Triumphant Grace.* (847)

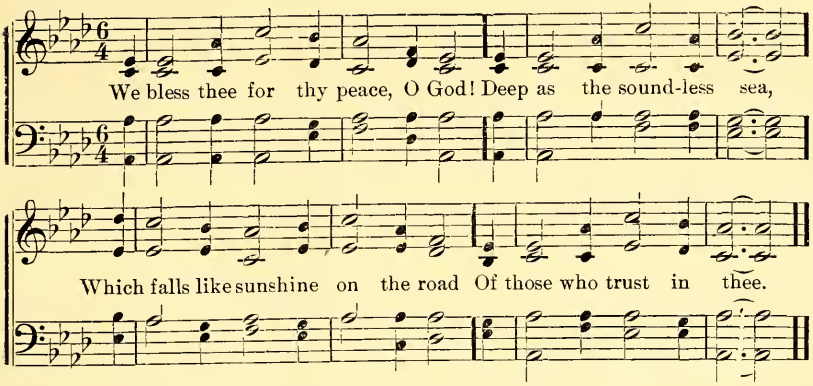
Amazing grace! how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me!
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
And grace my fears relieved:
How precious did that grace appear:
The hour I first believed!

3 Through many dangers, toils, and snares,
I have already come:
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
His word my hope secures;
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

EVAN. C. M. Arr., WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1846.



333 [FIRST VERSE IN MUSIC ABOVE.] *The Peace of God.* (725)

2 That peace which suffers and is strong,
Trusts where it can not see,
Deems not the trial way too long,
But leaves the end with thee;—

3 That peace which flows serene and deep,
A river in the soul,
Whose banks a living verdure keep;
God's sunshine o'er the whole.

4 Such, Father! give our hearts such peace,
Whate'er the outward be,
Till all life's discipline shall cease,
And we go home to thee.

ANON. 1862.

334 [FIRST TWO VERSES IN MUSIC BELOW.] *The Voice of Jesus.* (666)

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say
"Behold! I freely give
The living water; thirsty one!
Stoop down, and drink, and live."
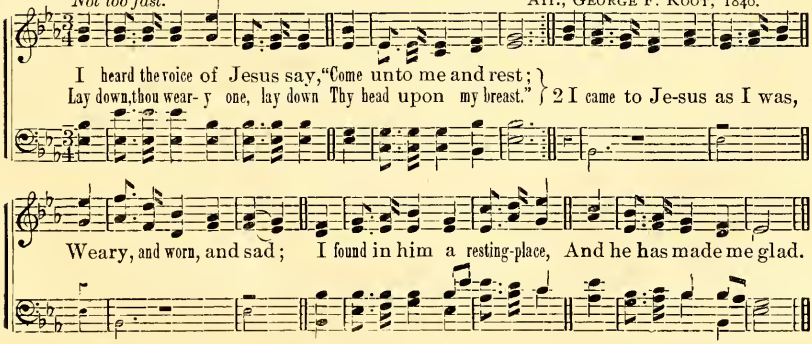
4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
Of that life-giving stream;
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in him.

5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's Light;
Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
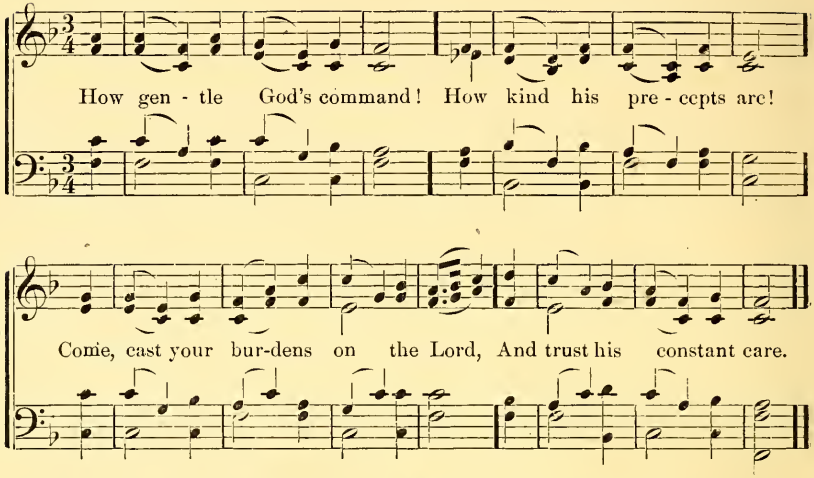
6 I looked to Jesus, and I found,
In him my Star, my Sun;
And, in that light of life, I'll walk
Till traveling days are done.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

VARINA. C. M. D. From CHRISTIAN HEINRICH RINK, 1770–1840.
Not too fast. Arr., GEORGE F. ROOT, 1846.



DENNIS. S. M. HANS GEORGE NAGELI.



335 *The Lord's Guardianship.* (855)

How gentle God's commands!
How kind his precepts are!
Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
And trust his constant care.

2 His bounty will provide;
His saints securely dwell;
That hand which bears creation up,
Shall guard his children well.

3 Why should this anxious load
Press down your weary mind?
Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
And peace and comfort find.

4 His goodness stands approved,
Unchanged from day to day;
I'll drop my burden at his feet,
And bear a song away.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

336 *Grace.—Eph.* 2: 8. (744)

GRACE! 'tis a charming sound
Harmonious to the ear!
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown,
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1755.

337 *Adoption.—1 John* 3: 1-3. (742)

BEHOLD what wondrous grace
The Father has bestowed
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

2 Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Savior there,
We shall be like our Head.
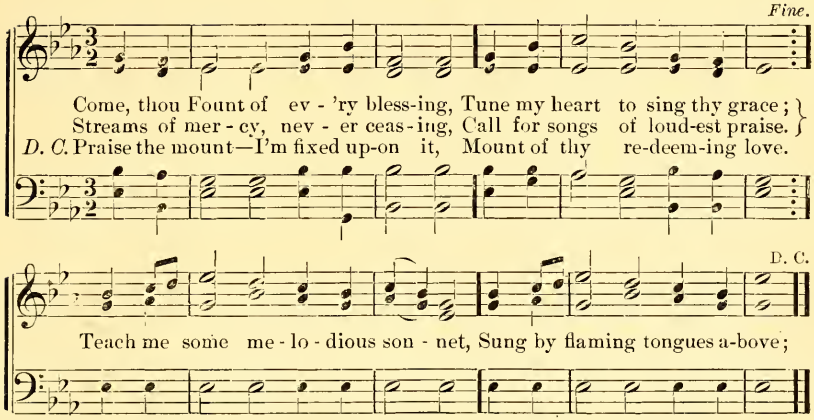
3 A hope so much divine
May trials well endure,
May purge our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba, Father! cry,
And thou the kindred own.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

NETTLETON. 8s & 7s. 6 or 8 lines. ASAHEL NETTLETON, 1825.



338 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Memorial of Praise.* (617)
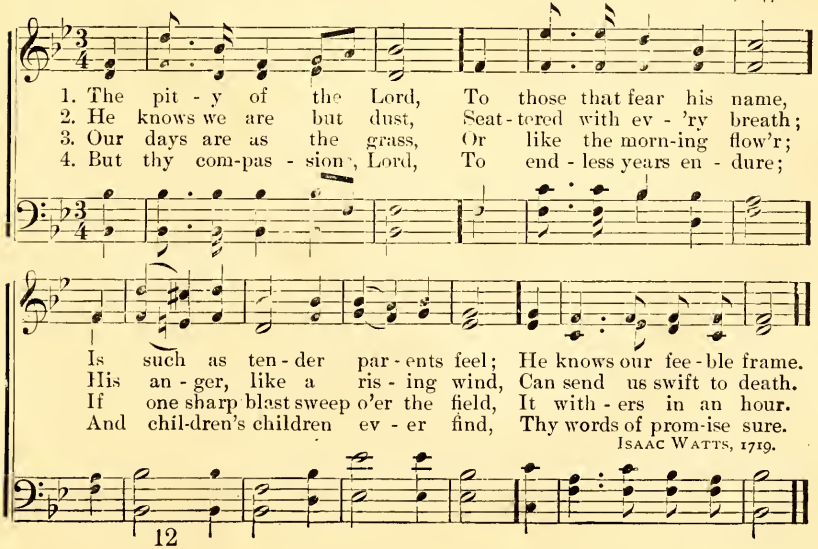
2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer,
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God,
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh! to grace how great a debtor,
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee.
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
Prone to leave the God I love.—
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it;
Seal it for thy courts above.

ROBERT ROBINSON, 1758.

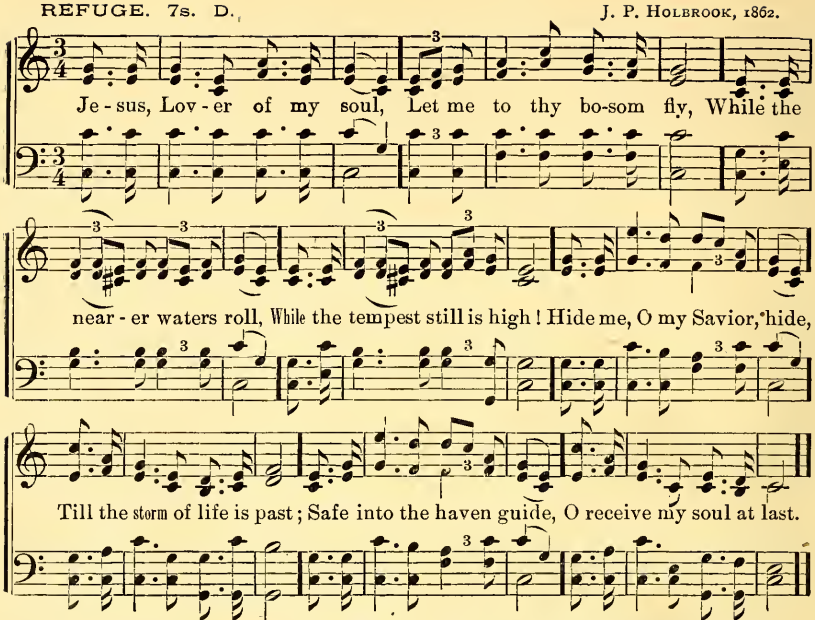
339 (188) BRADEN. S. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1844.



ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

REFUGE. 7s. D. J. P. HOLBROOK, 1862.



By permission.

340 *The Only Refuge.* (532)

JESUS, Lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the nearer waters roll,
While the tempest still is high!
Hide me, O my Savior, hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!
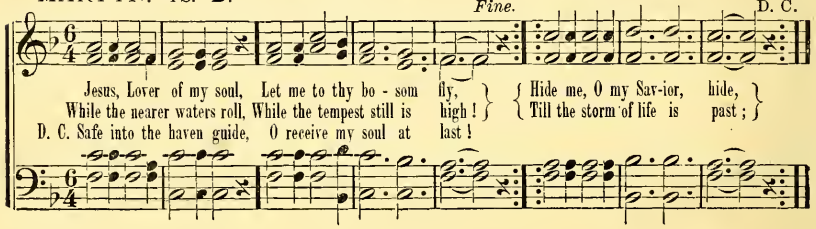
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on thee:
Leave, O leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stayed,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing!

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is thy name,
I am all unrighteousness:
False and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin:
Let the healing streams abound:
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee:
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

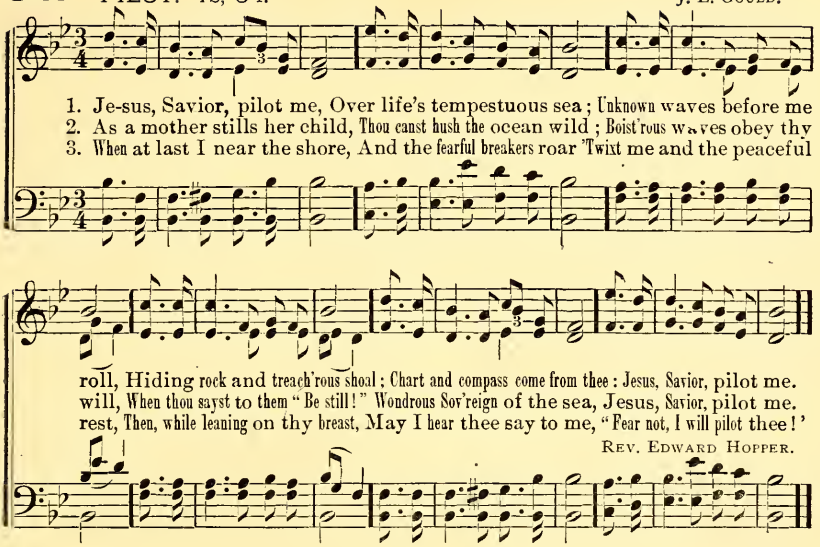
CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

MARTYN. 7s. D. SIMEON BUTLER MARSH, 1834.



341 PILOT. 7s, 6 l.
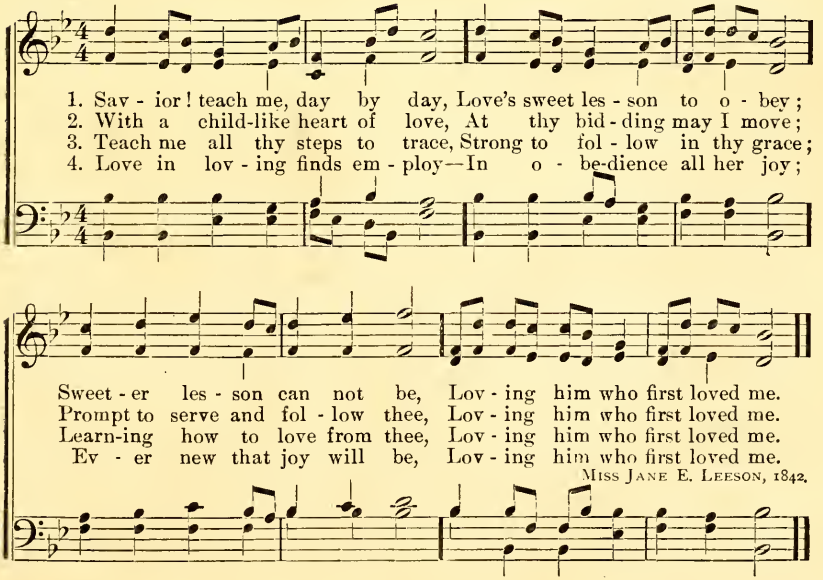
J. E. Gould.



Rev. Edward Hopper.

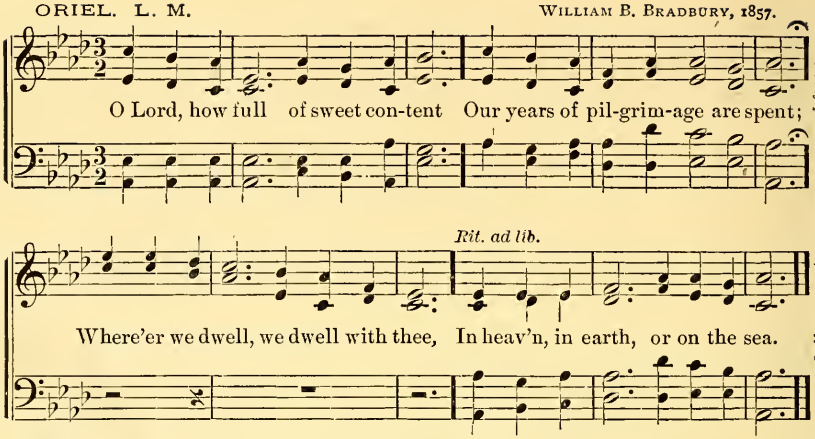
342 (577) FULTON. 7s.

W. B. Bradbury.



Miss Jane E. Leeson, 1842.

ORIEL. L. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1857.



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343 (730)

Contentment.—Phil. 4: 11.

O LORD, how full of sweet content
Our years of pilgrimage are spent!
Where'er we dwell, we dwell with thee,
In heaven, in earth, or on the sea.

2 To us remains nor place nor time;
Our country is in every clime:
We can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.

3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none;
But with our God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.

4 Could we be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot;
But regions none remote we call,
Secure of finding God in all.

MAD GUYON.

344 (730)

Completeness.—Col. 2: 10.

COMPLETE in thee! no work of mine
May take, dear Lord, the place of thine;
Thy blood has pardon bought for me,
And I am now complete in thee.

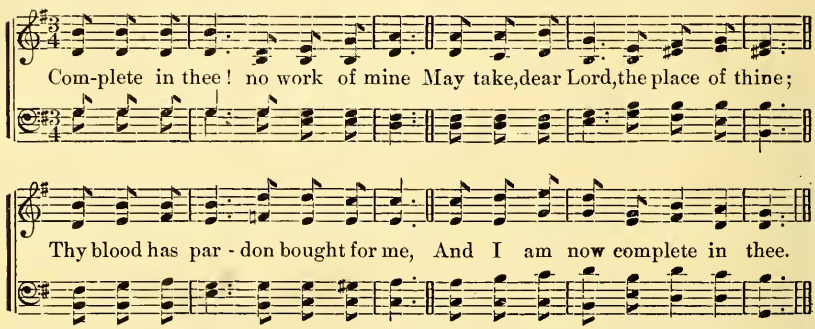
2 Complete in thee—no more shall sin
Thy grace has conquered, reign within;
Thy voice will bid the tempter flee,
And I shall stand complete in thee.

3 Complete in thee—each want supplied,
And no good thing to me denied,
Since thou my portion, Lord, wilt be,
I ask no more—complete in thee.

4 Dear Savior! when, before thy bar
All tribes and tongues assembled are,
Among thy chosen may I be
At thy right hand—complete in thee.
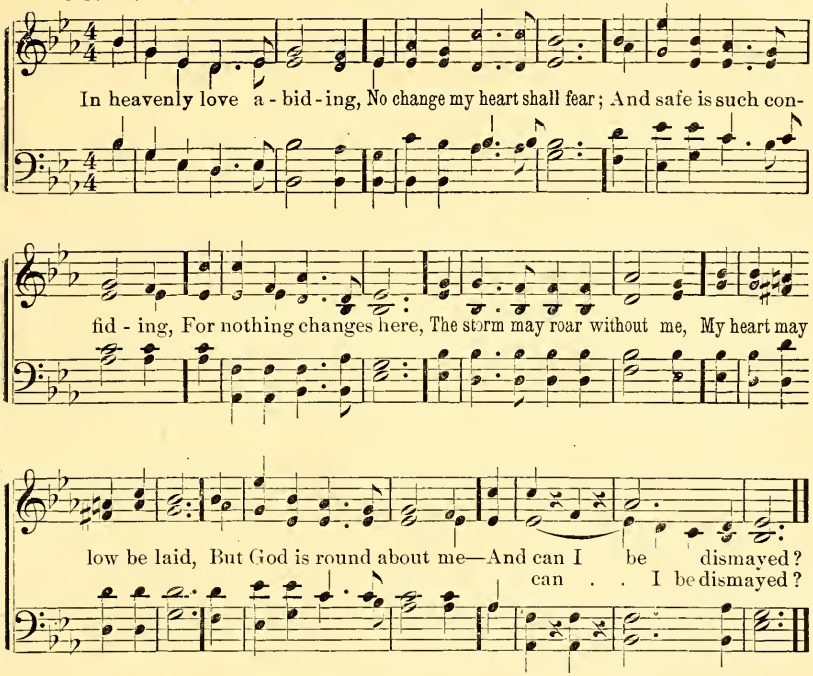
A. R. W.

NEWCOMER. L. M. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1890, by E. S. Lorenz.

WARING. 7s & 6s. D. FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.



345 (696)

Safe in Jesus.

In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear,
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here;
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,—
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack;
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way he taketh,
And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been;
My hope I can not measure,
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And he will walk with me.

ANNA LETITIA WARING, 1850.

346

Light after Darkness.

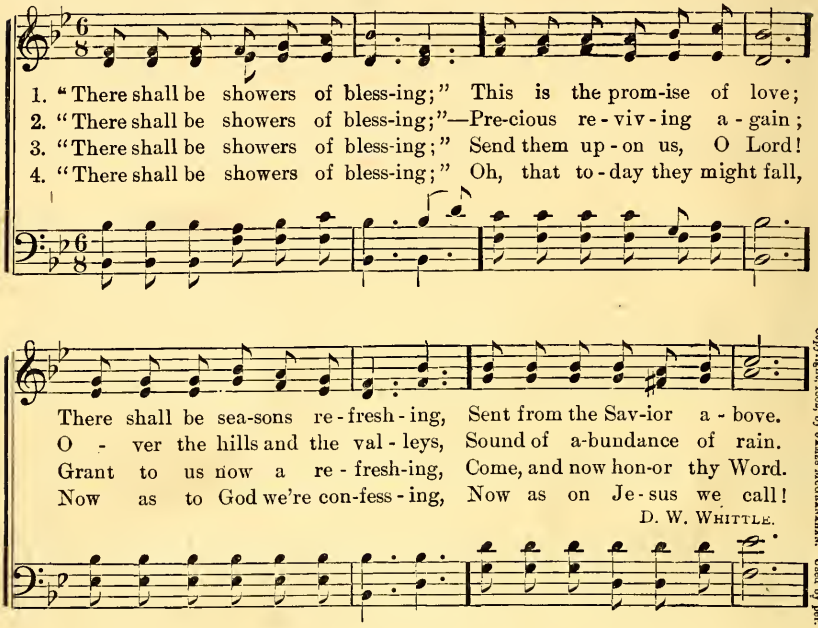
SOMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings:
It is the Lord who rises
With healing on his wings;
When comforts are declining,
He grants the soul again
A season of clear shining,
To cheer it after rain.

2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

WM. COWPER.

347 SHOWERS OF BLESSINGS. P. M.

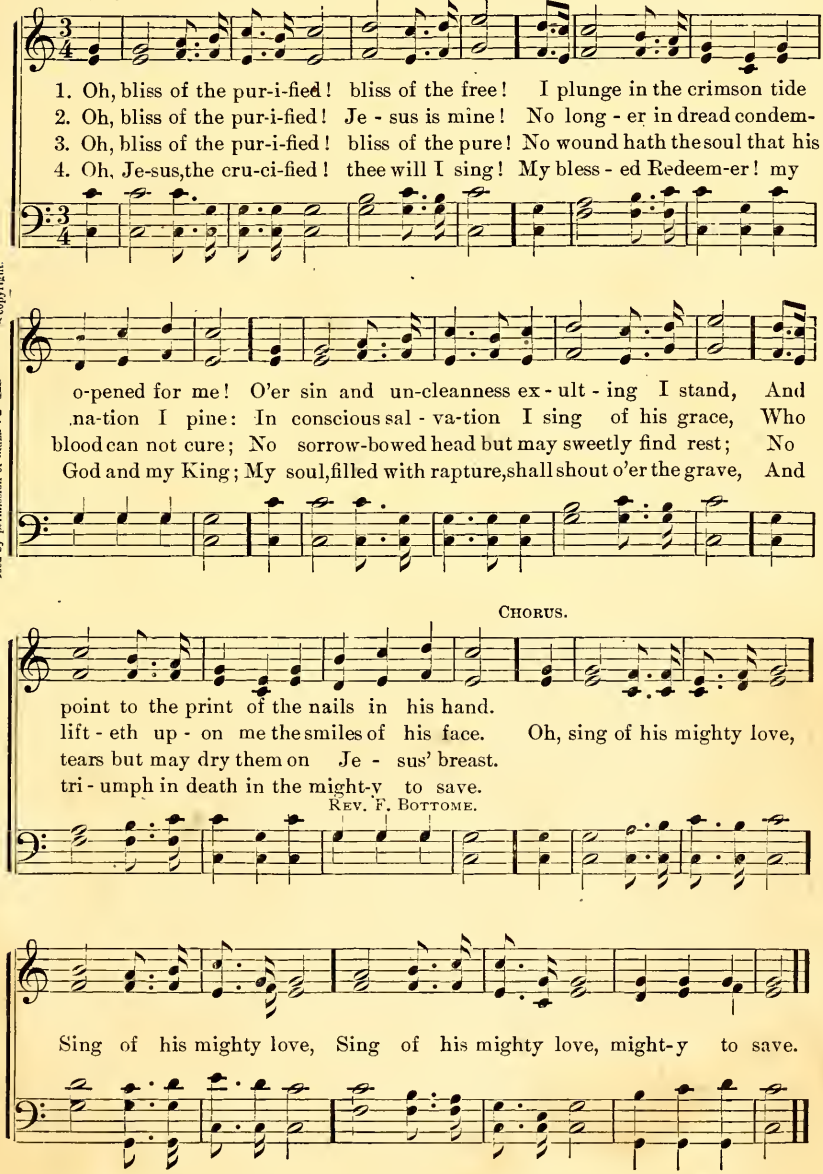
JAMES McGRANAHAN.



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348 (706) OH, SING OF HIS MIGHTY LOVE. 11s.
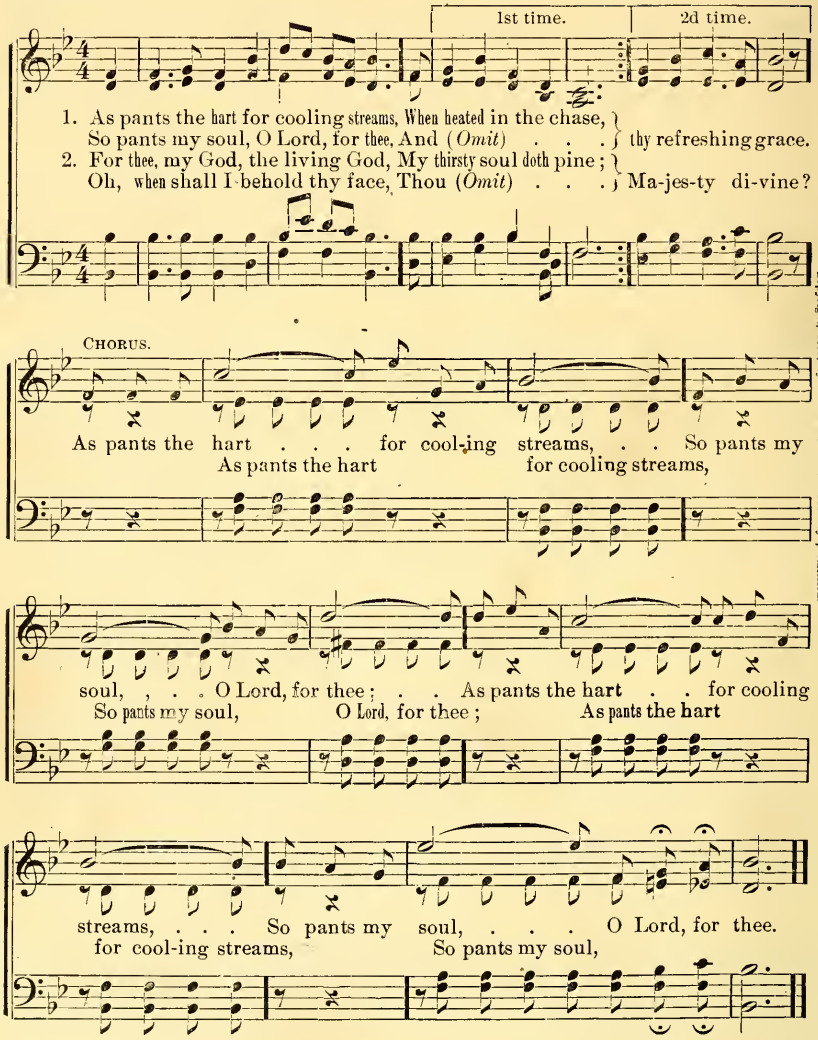
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY.



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349 (660) AS PANTS THE HART. C. M.

J. R. Sweney.



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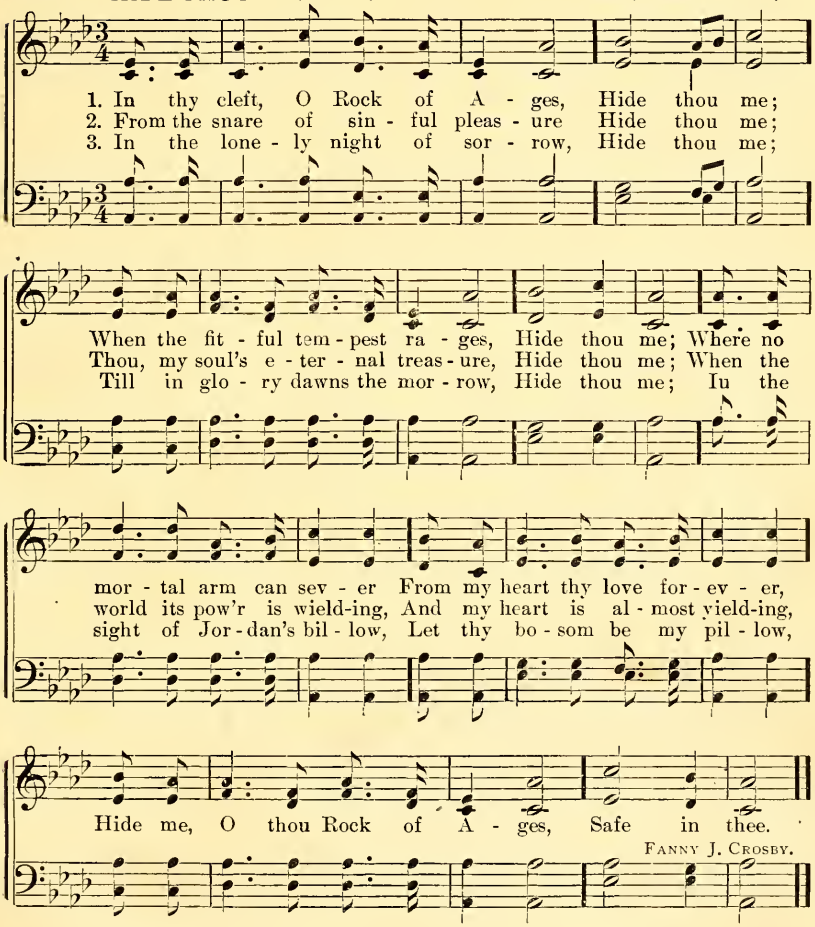
3 I sigh to think of happier days,
When thou, O Lord, wast nigh,
When ev'ry heart was tuned to praise,
And none more blest than I.

4 Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Trust God, and thou shalt sing
His praise again, and find him still
Thy health's eternal spring.

Henry F. Lyte, 1834.

350 HIDE THOU ME. P. M.

REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



FANNY J. CROSBY.

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351 *Godly Sincerity.—Eph.* 5 : 8. (724)

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love,
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

2 Walk in the light! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

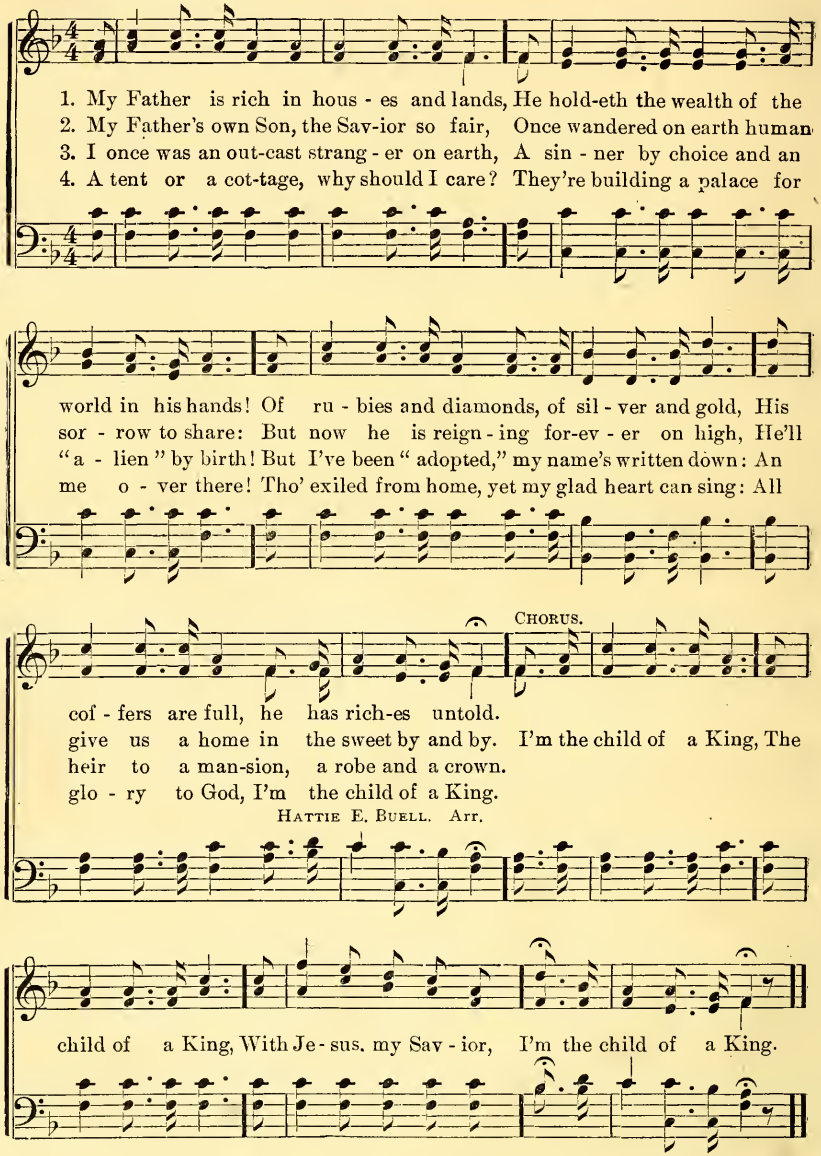
3 Walk in the light! and ev'n the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

4 Walk in the light! and thou shalt see
Thy path, though thorny, bright,
For God by grace shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

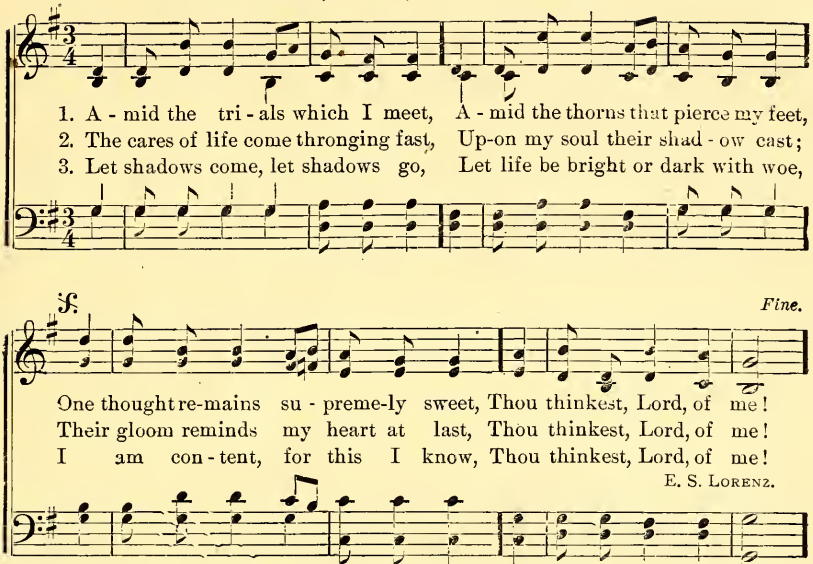
BERNARD BARTON.

352 THE CHILD OF A KING.

JNO. A. SUMNER. Arr.



353 THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME. 8s & 6s. E. S. LORENZ.



Copyright, 1885, by E. S. Lorenz.

354 *Plead For Me.* (633)

O THOU, the contrite sinner's Friend,
Who loving, lov'st them to the end,
On this alone my hopes depend
That thou wilt plead for me.

CHORUS.—‖: O Savior, plead for me (for me),:‖
On this alone my hopes depend
That thou wilt plead for me.

2 When weary in the Christian race,
Far off appears my resting place,
And, fainting, I mistrust thy grace,
Then, Savior, plead for me.
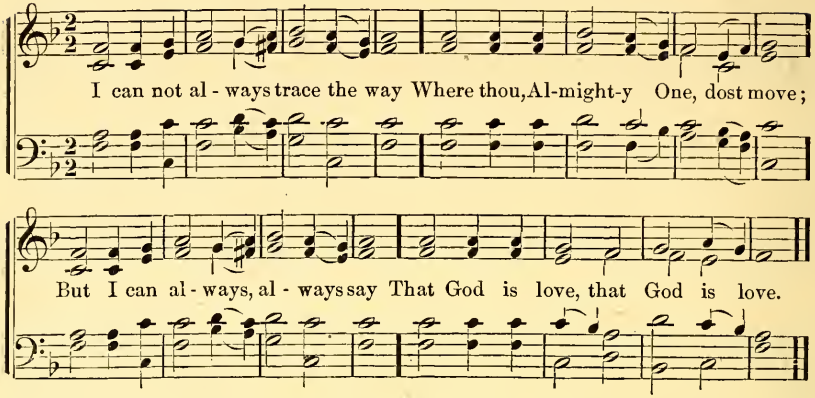
3 When I have erred and gone astray,
Afar from thine and wisdom's way,
And see no glimmering, guiding ray,
Still, Savior, plead for me.

4 When Satan, by my sins made bold,
Strives from thy cross to loose my hold,
Then with thy pitying arms enfold,
And plead, oh, plead for me!

5 And when my dying hour draws near,
Darkened with anguish, guilt and fear,
Then to my fainting sight appear,
Pleading in heaven for me.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT.

HAMBURG. L. M. GREGORIAN, Adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1825.



355

Heb. 12: 6. (852)

I CAN not always trace the way
Where thou, Almighty One, dost move;
But I can always, always say,
That God is love, that God is love.

2 When fear her chilling mantle flings
O'er earth, my soul to heaven above,
As to her native home, upsprings,
For God is love, for God is love.

3 When mystery clouds my darkened path,
I'll check my dread, my doubts reprove;
In this my soul sweet comfort hath,
That God is love, that God is love.

4 Yes, God is love;—a thought like this,
Can every gloomy thought remove,
And turn all tears, all woes, to bliss,
For God is love, for God is love.

ANON.

356

Psalm 46. . (849)

GOD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

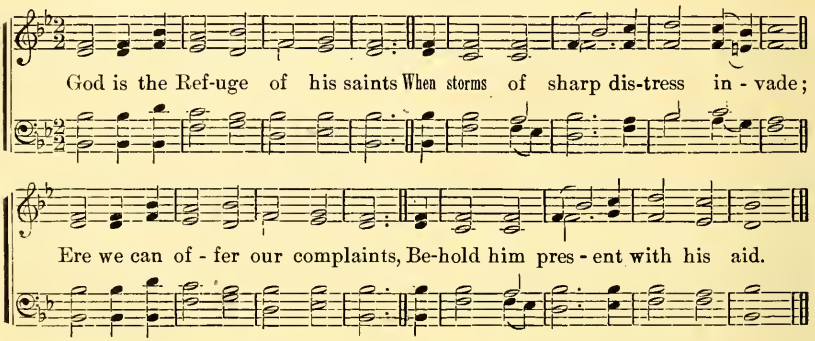
2 Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there;
Convulsions shake the solid world;—
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode:—

4 That sacred stream, thy holy word,—
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.
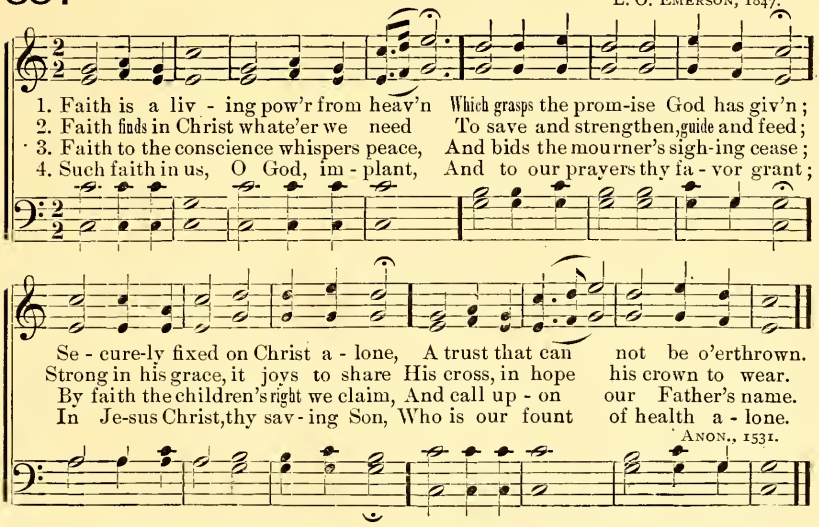
ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

WARD. L. M. SCOTCH, Arr. by LOWELL MASON, 1830.



357 SESSIONS. L. M.

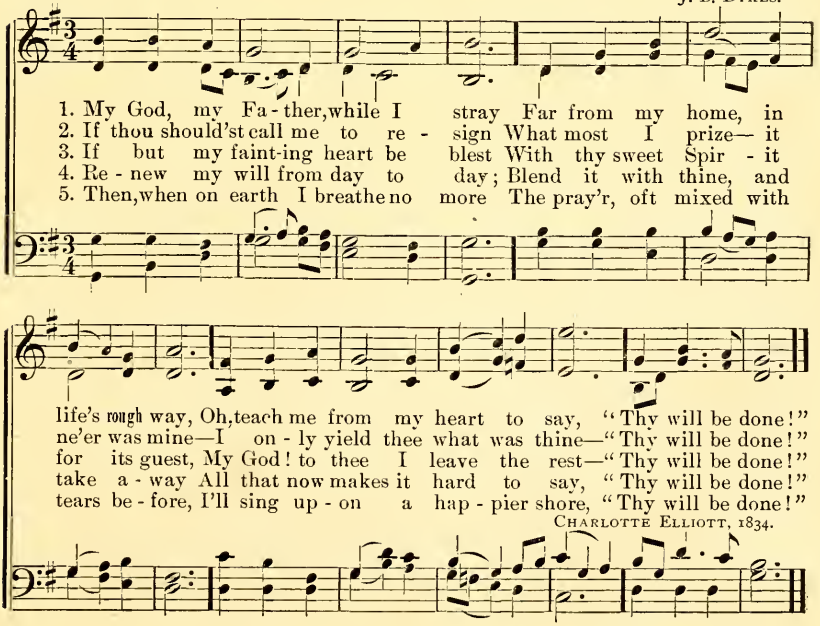
L. O. EMERSON, 1847.



ANON., 1531.

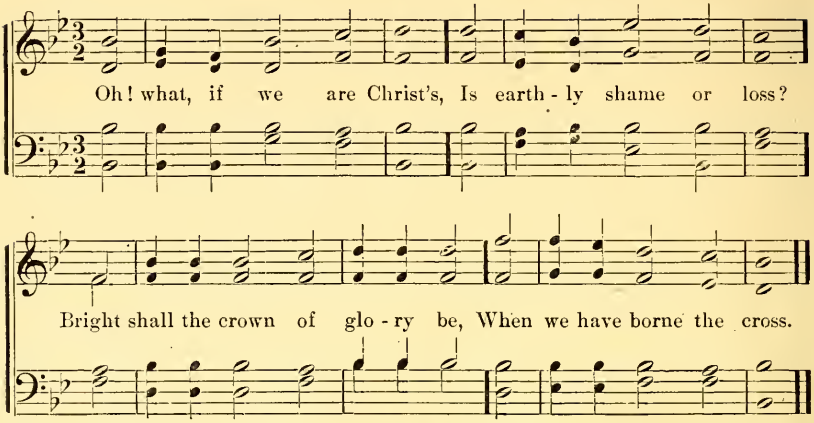
358 ELLIOTT. 8s & 4s.

J. B. DYKES.



CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1834.

LISBON. S. M. DANIEL READ, 1785.



359 (858)

The Cross and Crown.

OH! what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

2 Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

3 Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

4 Lord! may that grace be ours,
Like them, in faith, to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain
May be our portion here.

HENRY W. BAKER, 1852.

360 (859)

God our Shepherd. Ps. 23.

THE Lord my Shepherd is;
I shall be well supplied:
Since he is mine, and I am his,
What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
Where heavenly pasture grows,
Where living waters gently pass,
And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
He doth my soul reclaim,
And guides me, in his own right way,
For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
I can not yield to fear;
Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
My Shepherd 's with me there.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

361 (745)

Psalm 37 : 3-7.

HERE I can firmly rest;
I dare to boast of this,
That God, the highest and the best,
My Friend and Father is.

2 Naught have I of my own,
Naught in the life I lead;
What Christ hath given, that alone
I dare in faith to plead.

3 I rest upon the ground
Of Jesus and his blood;
It is through him that I have found
My soul's eternal good.

4 At cost of all I have,
At cost of life and limb,
I cling to God who yet shall save;
I will not turn from him.

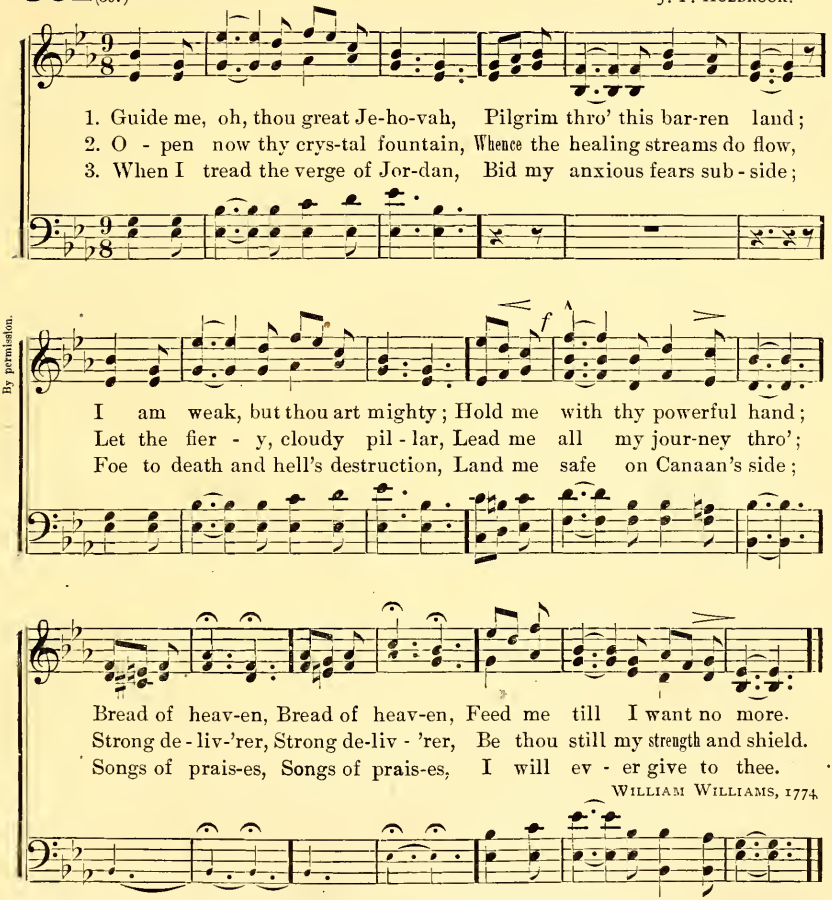
5 His Spirit in me dwells,
O'er all my mind he reigns;
My care and sadness he dispels,
And soothes away my pains.

6 He prospers day by day
His work within my heart,
Till I have strength and faith to say,
Thou, God, my Father art!

PAUL GERHARDT, 1650.
Tr. by MISS C. WINKWORTH, 1855.

362 (807) SEGUR. 8s, 7s & 4s.

J. P. Holbrook.



William Williams, 1774.

By permission.

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363 (860)

Hope Thou in God.

Give to the winds thy fears;
Hope, and be undismayed;
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,
God shall lift up thy head.

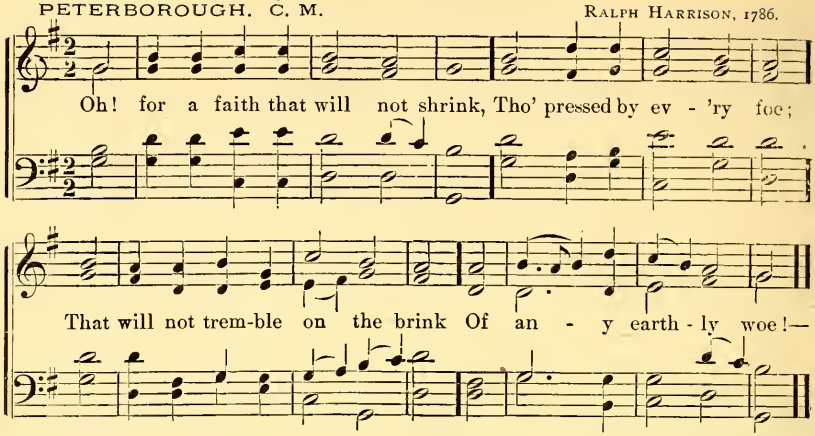
2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,
He gently clears thy way;
Wait thou his time; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

3 What, though thou rulest not?
Yet heaven, and earth, and hell
Proclaim,—God sitteth on the throne,
And ruleth all things well.

4 Leave to his sovereign sway
To choose, and to command;
So shalt thou wondering own, his way
How wise, how strong his hand!

Ger., Paul Gerhardt, 1666.
Tr. John Wesley, 1739.

PETERBOROUGH. C. M. RALPH HARRISON, 1786.



364 (713)

Unwavering Faith.

OH! for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe;
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!—

2 That will not murmur nor complain,
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God;—

3 A faith, that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt;—

4 A faith, that keeps the narrow way
Till life's last hour is fled,
And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
Lights up a dying bed!

5 Lord! give us such a faith as this;
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

WILLIAM H. BATHURST, 1831.

365 (841)

Resignation.

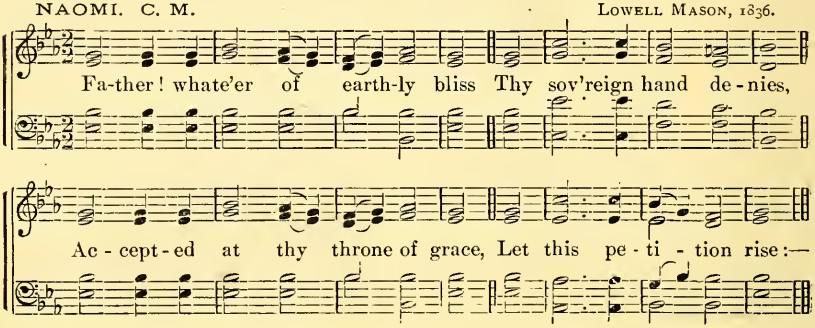
FATHER! whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise:—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that thou art mine
My path of life attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end."
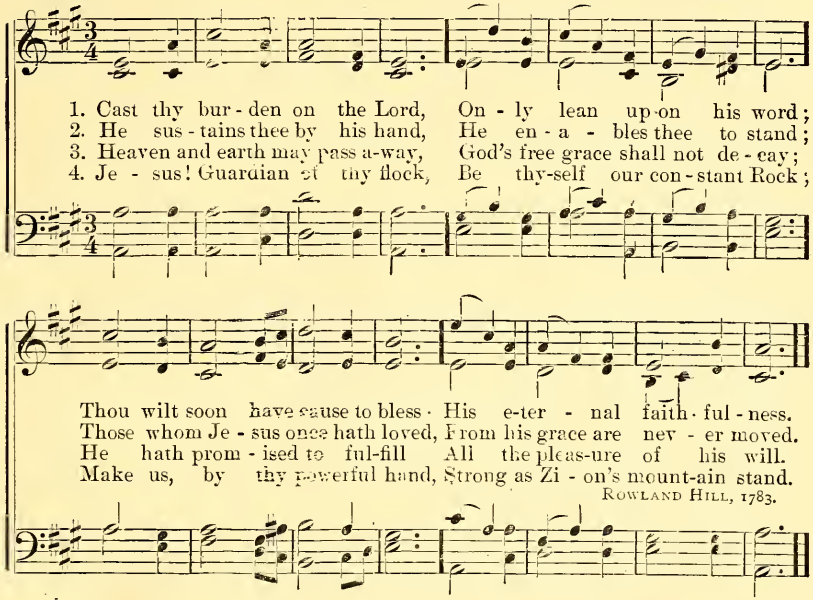
ANNE STEELE, 1760.

NAOMI. C. M. LOWELL MASON, 1836.



366 HORTON. 7s. (861)
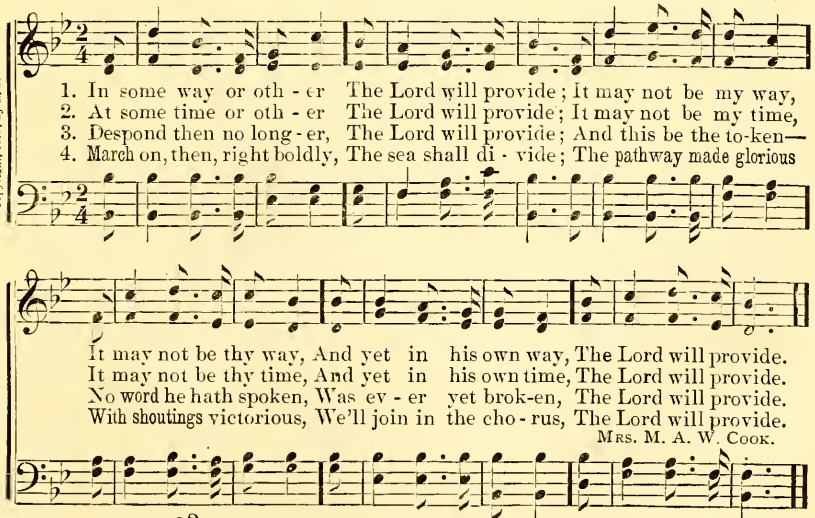
XAVIER SCHNYDER VON WARTENSEE, 1786.



ROWLAND HILL, 1783.

367 THE LORD WILL PROVIDE. P. M.
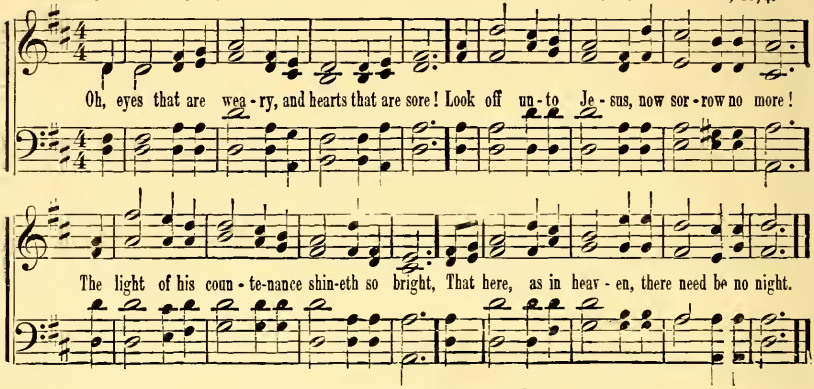
E. S. LORENZ.



MRS. M. A. W. COOK.

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CONSOLATION. 11s. W. H. LANTHURN, 1874.



368

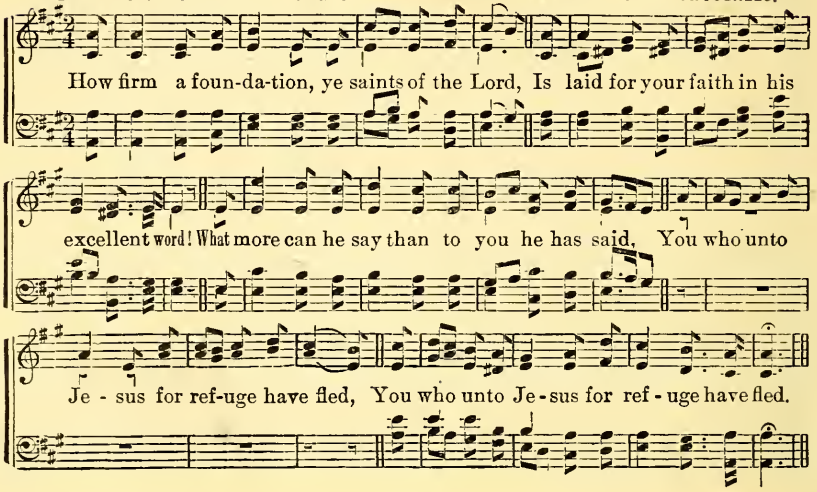
[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Heb. 12 : 2. (866)

2 While looking to Jesus, my heart can not fear;
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near;
I know that his presence my safeguard will be,
For, "Why are you troubled?" he saith unto me.

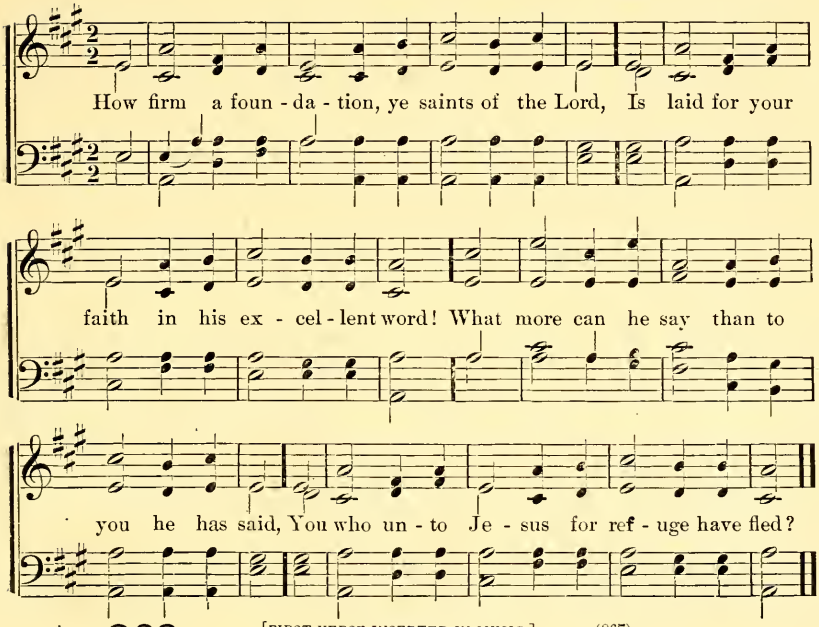
3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round!
They bear me away in his presence to be:
I see him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face;
Shall know how his love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11s. MARC ANTOINE PORTOGALLO.



FOUNDATION. 11s. AMERICAN SPIRITUAL.



369 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] (867)
Precious Promises.

2 In every condition—in sickness, in health,
In poverty's vale, or abounding in wealth,
At home and abroad, on the land, on the sea—
As your days may demand, so your succor shall be.

3 Fear not: I am with you: O be not dismayed:
I, I am your God, and will still give you aid;
I'll strengthen you, help you, and cause you to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

4 When through the deep waters I cause you to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not you o'erflow;
For I will be with you, your troubles to bless,
And sanctify to you your deepest distress.

5 When through fiery trials your pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be your supply;
The flame shall not hurt you; I only design
Your dross to consume, and your gold to refine.

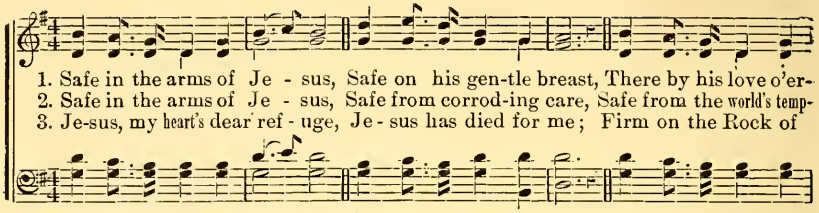
6 E'en down to old age all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

7 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I can not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake.
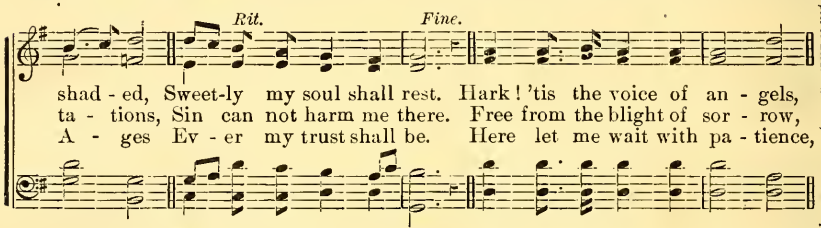
GEO. KEITH, 1787.

370 SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS. P. M.

W. H. DOANE.
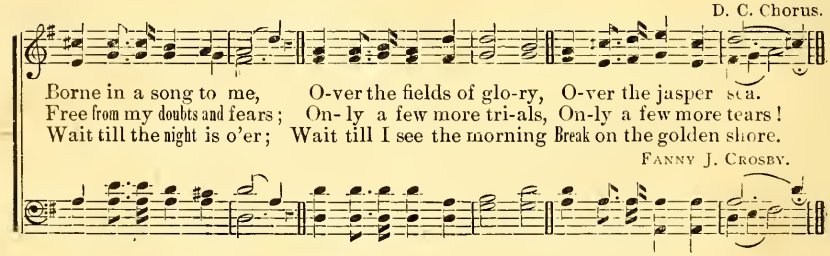


CHO.–*Safe in the arms of Je - sus, Safe on his gen - tle breast, There by his love o'er-*



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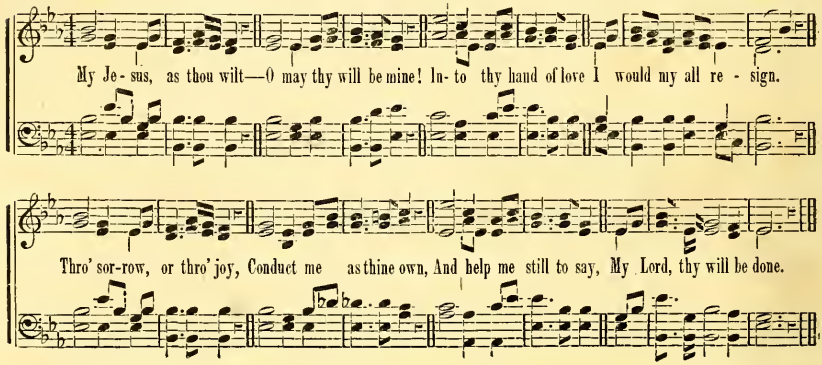
D. C. Chorus.



FANNY J. CROSBY.
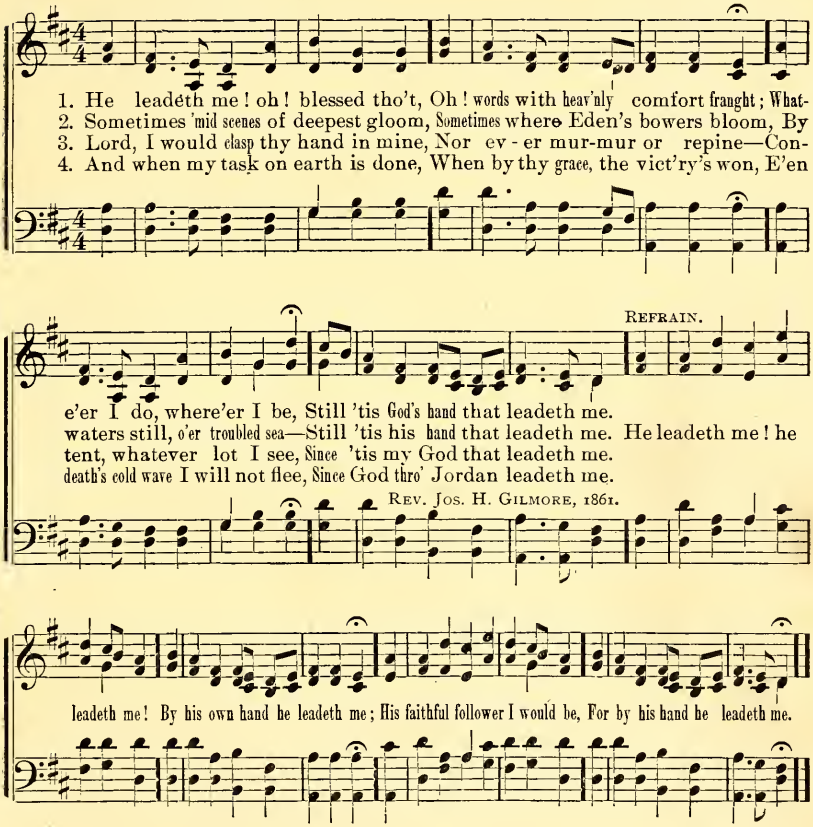
JEWETT. 6s. D.

C. M. VON WEBER, 1820.



371 HE LEADETH ME. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.



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372

Mark 14: 36. (864)

My Jesus, as thou wilt—
O may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
I would my all resign;
Through sorrow, or through joy,
Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
My Lord, thy will be done!

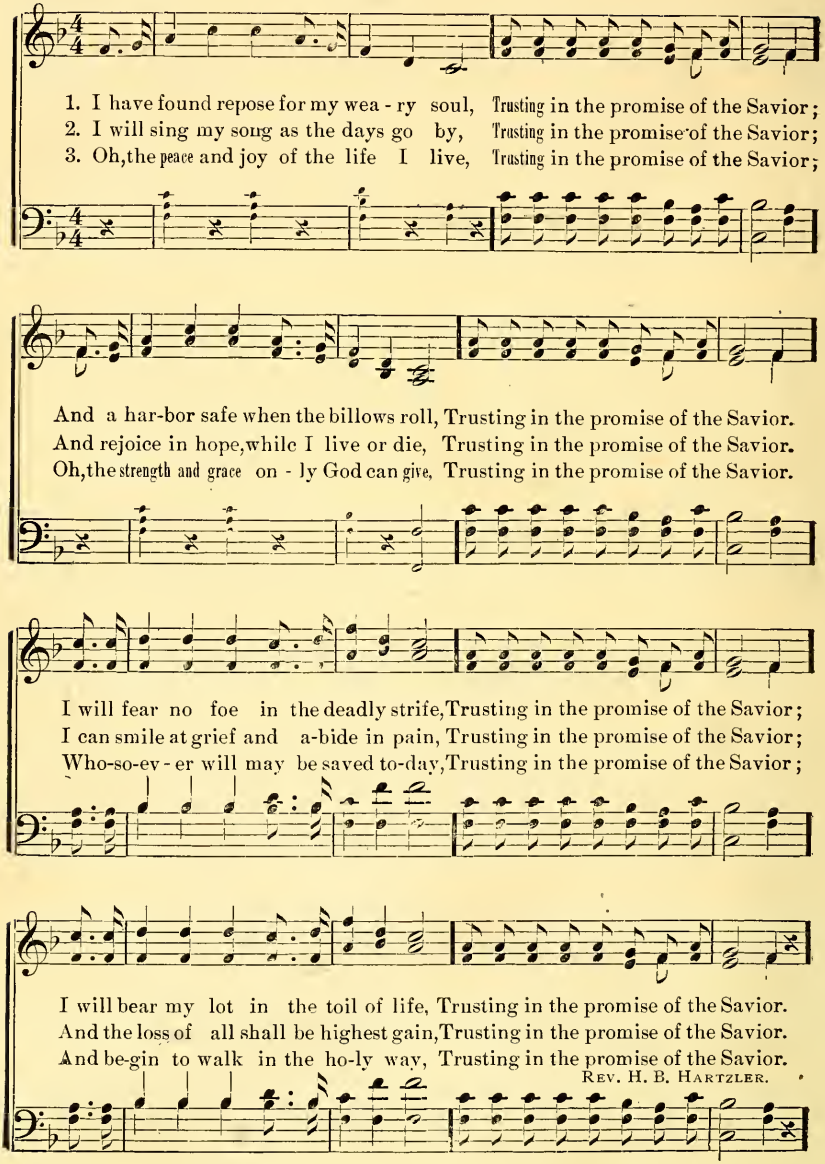
2 My Jesus, as thou wilt—
If needy here and poor,
Give me thy people's bread,
Their portion rich and sure;
The manna of thy word,
Let my soul feed upon,
And, if all else should fail,
My Lord, thy will be done!

3 My Jesus, as thou wilt:
If among thorns I go,
Still sometimes here and there
Let a few roses blow.
But thou, on earth, along
The thorny path hast gone:
Then lead me after thee;
My Lord, thy will be done!

BENJAMIN SCHMOLKE.
Tr. by JANE BORTHWICK, 1853.

373 TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE. P. M.
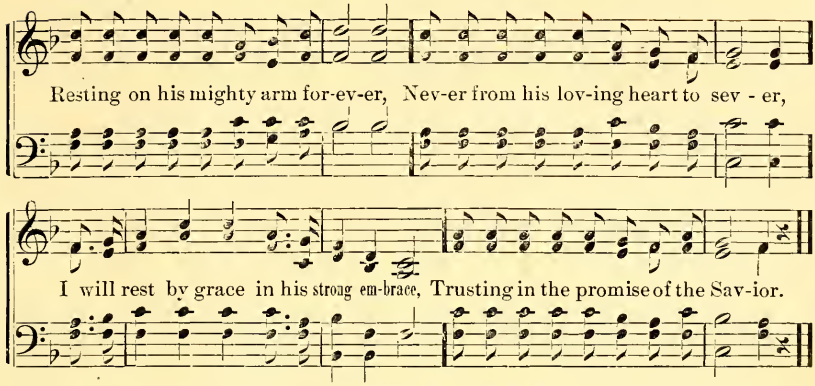
E. S. Lorenz.



Rev. H. B. Hartzler.

TRUSTING IN THE PROMISE. Concluded.

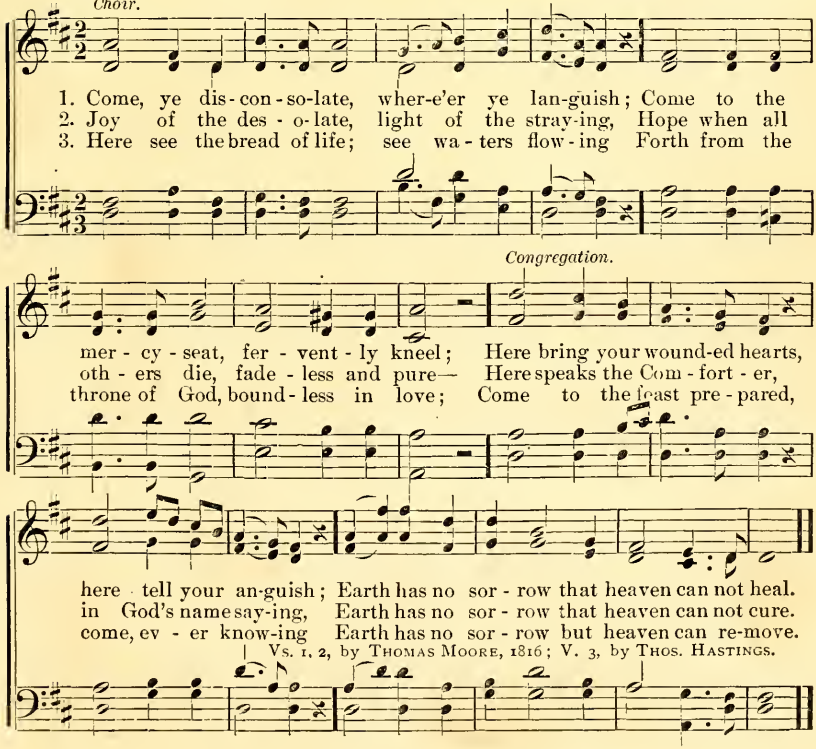
REFRAIN.



374 (868) COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. 11s & 10s.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1800.

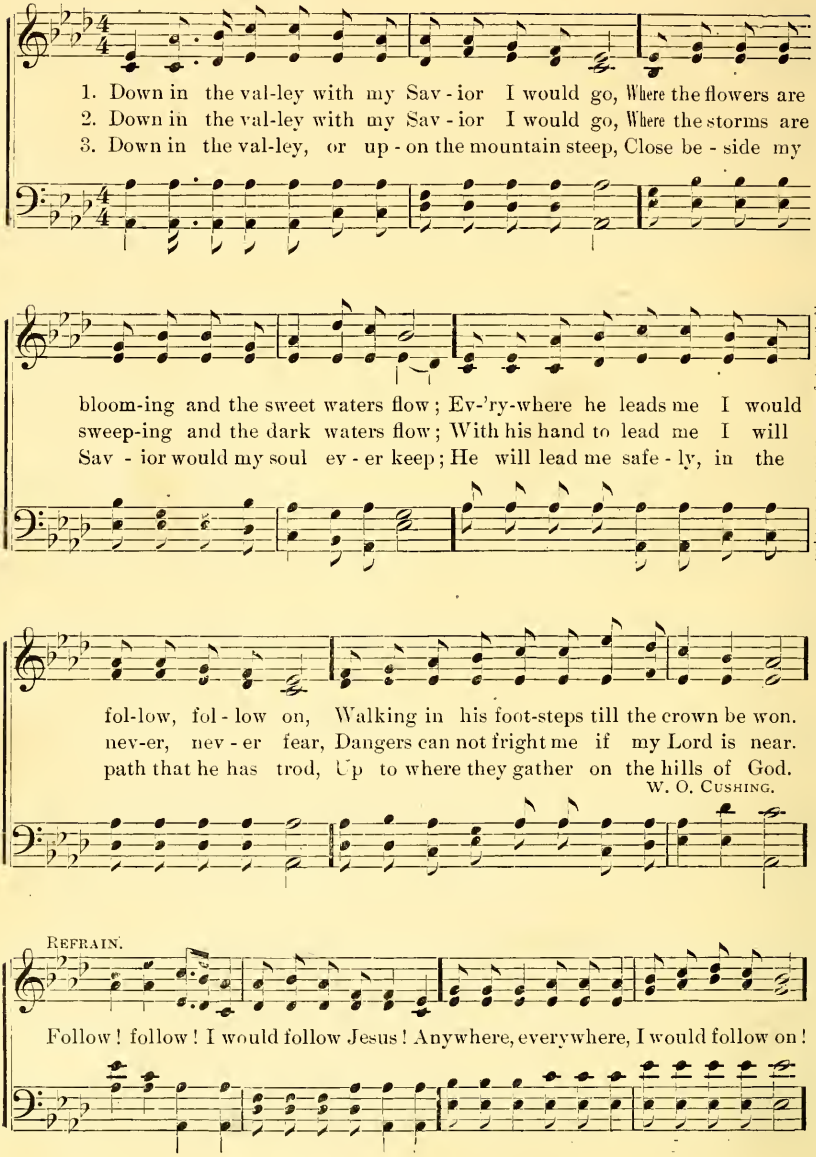
Choir.



Vs. 1, 2, by THOMAS MOORE, 1816; V. 3, by THOS. HASTINGS.

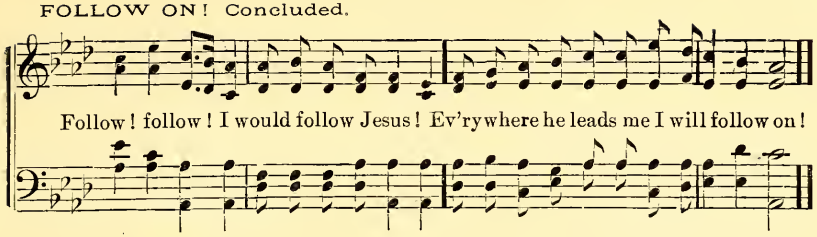
375 FOLLOW ON! P. M.

ROBERT LOWRY.



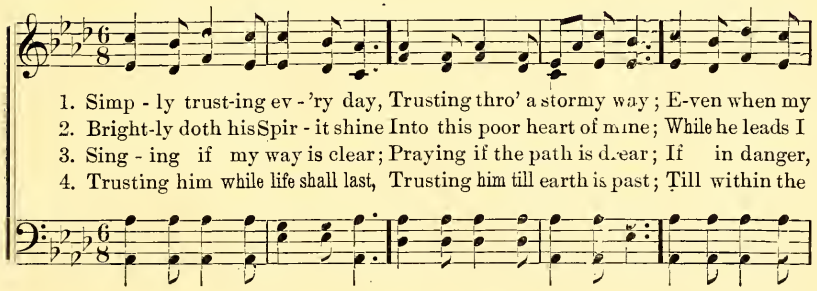
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FOLLOW ON! Concluded.

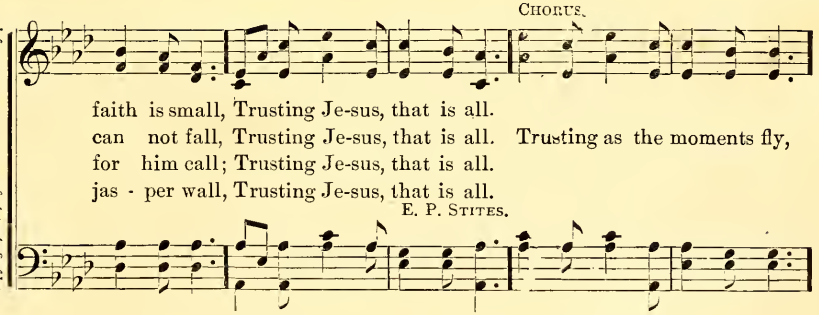


376 TRUSTING JESUS. 7s.

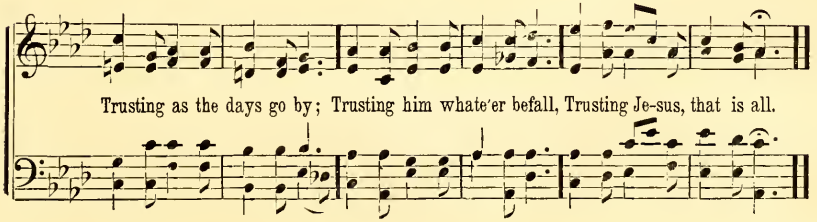
IRA D. SANKEY.



CHORUS.



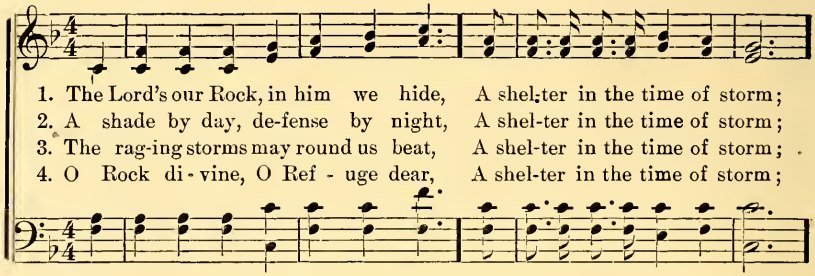
E. P. STITES.

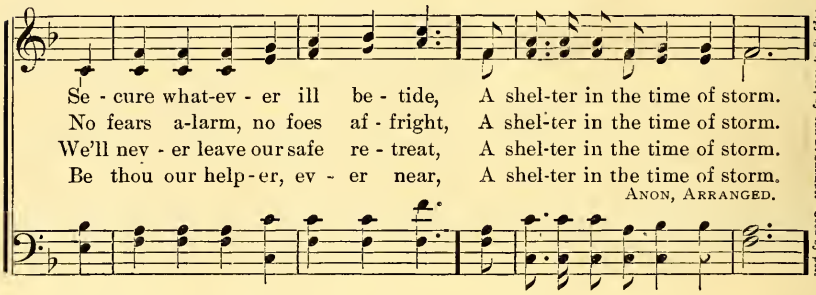


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377 A SHELTER IN THE TIME OF STORM. L. M.

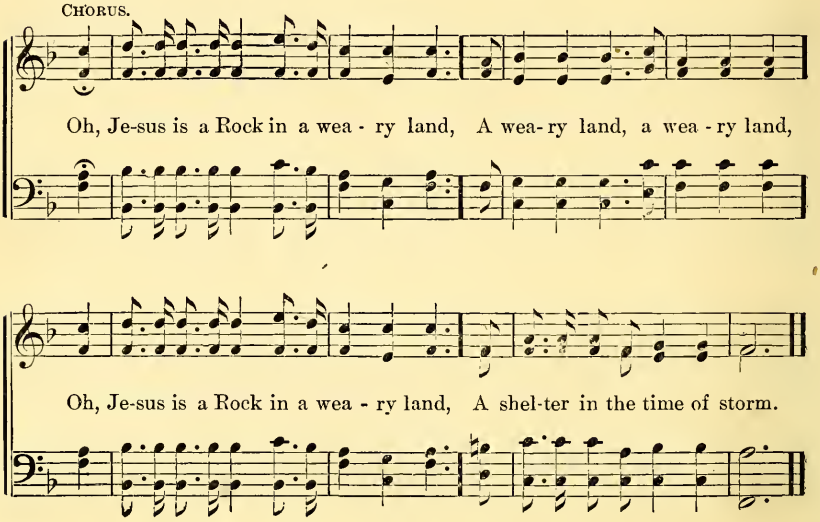
IRA D. SANKEY.





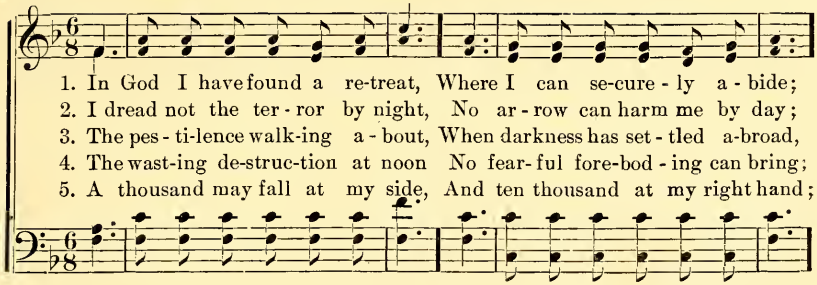
ANON, ARRANGED.

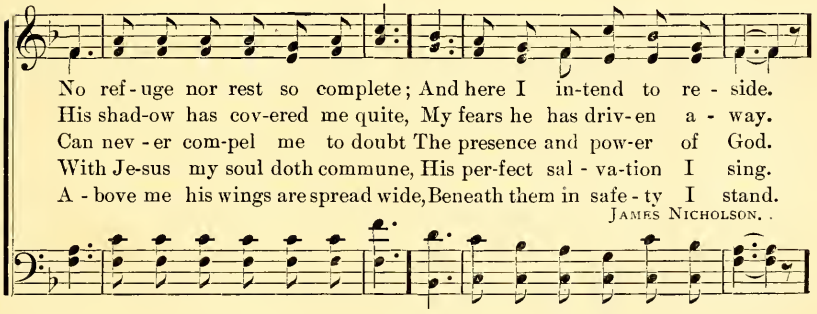
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378 UNDER HIS WINGS. 8s.

ASA HULL, 1872.
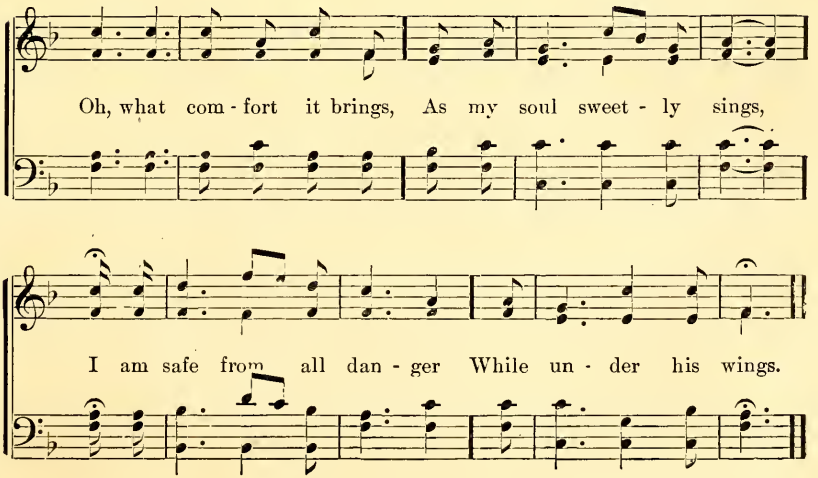




JAMES NICHOLSON.

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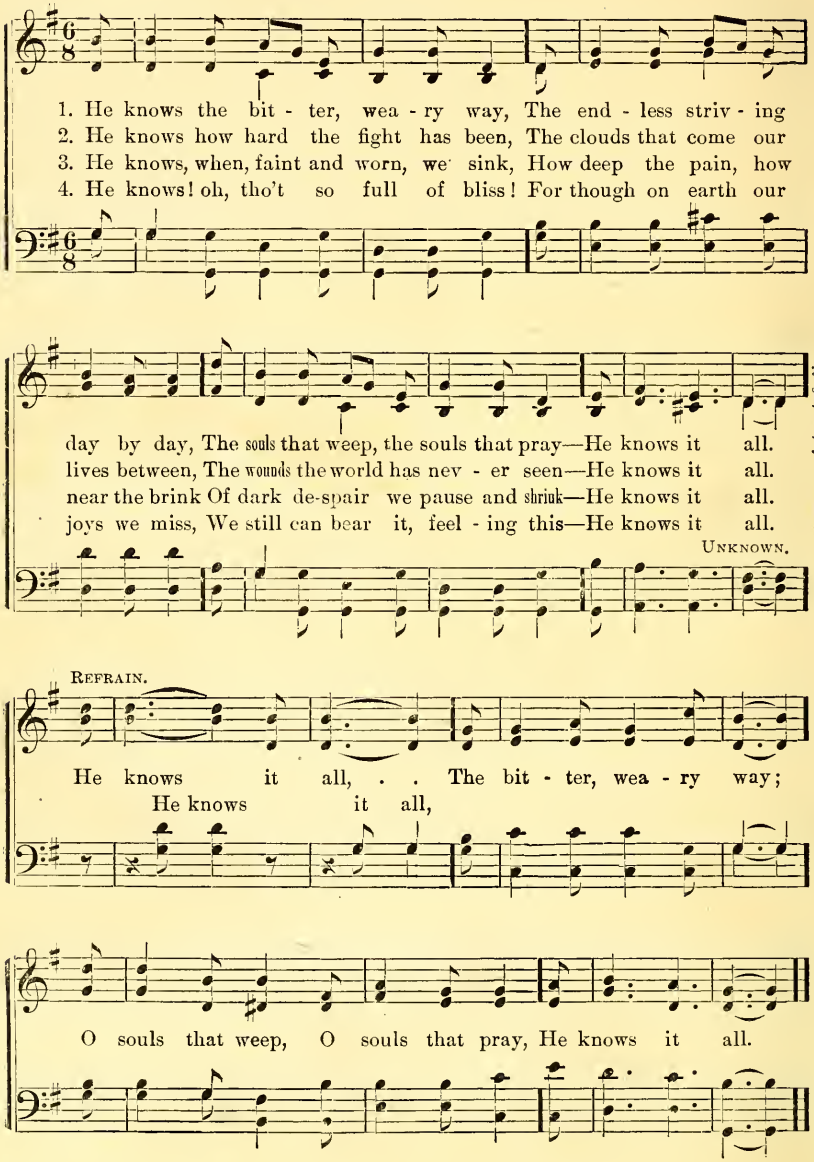
CHORUS.



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379 HE KNOWS IT ALL. 8s & 4s.

E. S. Lorenz.

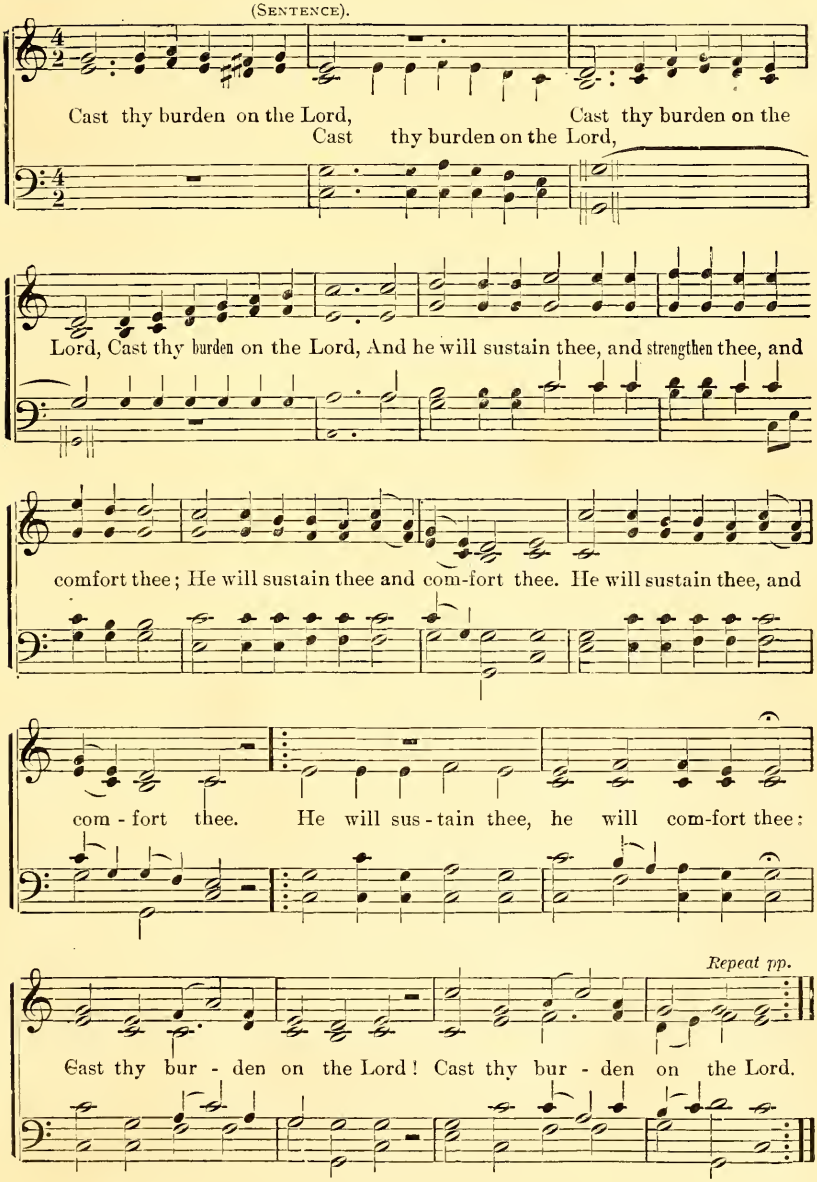


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380 CAST THY BURDEN ON THE LORD.

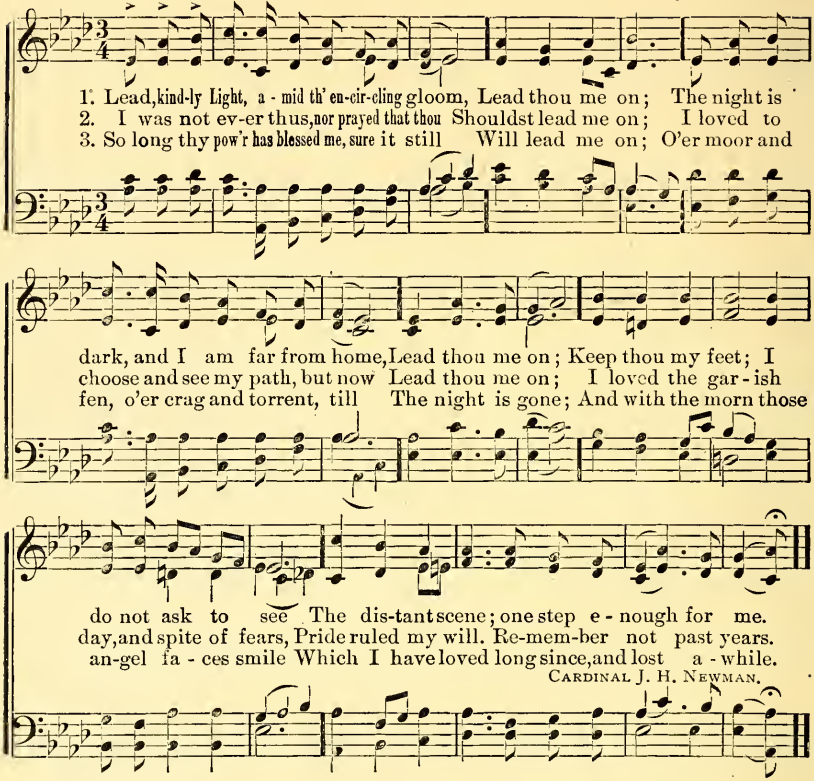
(SENTENCE).

WM. B. BRADBURY.



381 LUX BENIGNA. 10s & 4s.
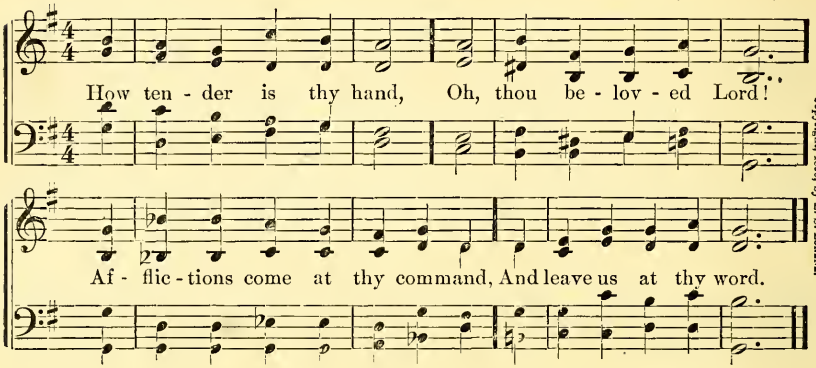
J. B. DYKES.



CARDINAL J. H. NEWMAN.

LANDIS. S. M.
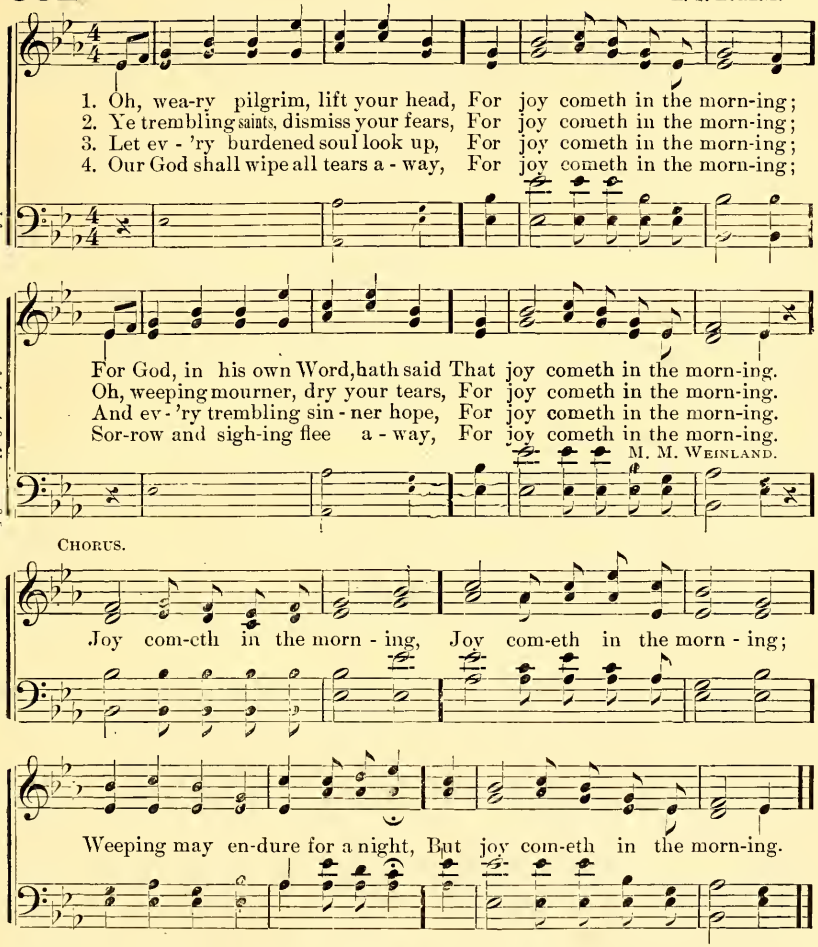
E. S. LORENZ.



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382 JOY COMETH IN THE MORNING. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.



Arrangement Copyright, 1887, by Ira D. Sankey. Used by per.

383 *God's Tenderness in our Grief.* (883)

How tender is thy hand,
Oh, thou beloved Lord!
Afflictions come at thy command,
And leave us at thy word.

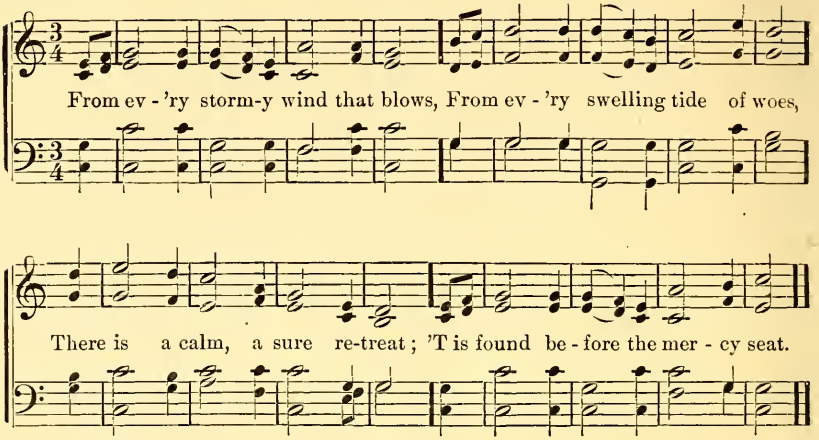
2 How gentle was the rod
That chastened us for sin!
How soon we found a smiling God,
Where deep distress had been!

3 A Father's hand we felt,
A Father's heart we knew;
With tears of penitence we knelt,
And found his word was true.

4 We told him all our grief,
We thought of Jesus' love;
A sense of pardon brought relief,
And bade our pains remove.

Thomas Hastings.

RETREAT. L. M. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1822.



384 *The Mercy-Seat.* (787)

FROM every stormy wind that blows,
From every swelling tide of woes,
There is a calm, a sure retreat;—
'Tis found before the mercy-seat.

2 There is a place, where Jesus sheds
The oil of gladness on our heads,—
A place, than all besides, more sweet;
It is the blood-bought mercy-seat.

3 There is a spot where spirits blend,
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;
Though sundered far, by faith they meet
Around one common mercy-seat.

4 There, there, on eagle's wings we soar,
And time, and sense seem all no more;
And heaven comes down our souls to greet,
And glory crowns the mercy-seat!

5 Oh! may my hand forget her skill,
My tongue be silent, cold, and still,
This bounding heart forget to beat,
If I forget the mercy-seat!

HUGH STOWELL, 1827.

385 *Design of Prayer.* (796)

PRAYER is appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give:
Long as they live should Christians pray;
They learn to pray when first they live.

2 If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress;
If cares distract, or fears dismay;
If guilt deject; if sin distress;
In every case, still watch and pray.

3 'Tis prayer supports the soul that's weak:
Tho' thought be broken, language lame,
Pray, if thou canst or canst not speak;
But pray with faith in Jesus' name.

4 Depend on him; thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not; his merits must prevail:
Ask but in faith, it shall be done.

JOSEPH HART. *L.* 1768.

386 *Psalm* 104 : 34. (794)

MY God, is any hour so sweet,
From blush of morn to evening star,
As that which calls me to thy feet,
The calm and holy hour of prayer?

2 Blest is the tranquil break of morn,
And blest the hush of solemn eve,
When on the wings of prayer up-borne,
This fair, but transient, world I leave.

3 Then is my strength by thee renewed;
Then are my sins by thee forgiven;
Then dost thou cheer my solitude,
With clear and beauteous hopes of heaven.

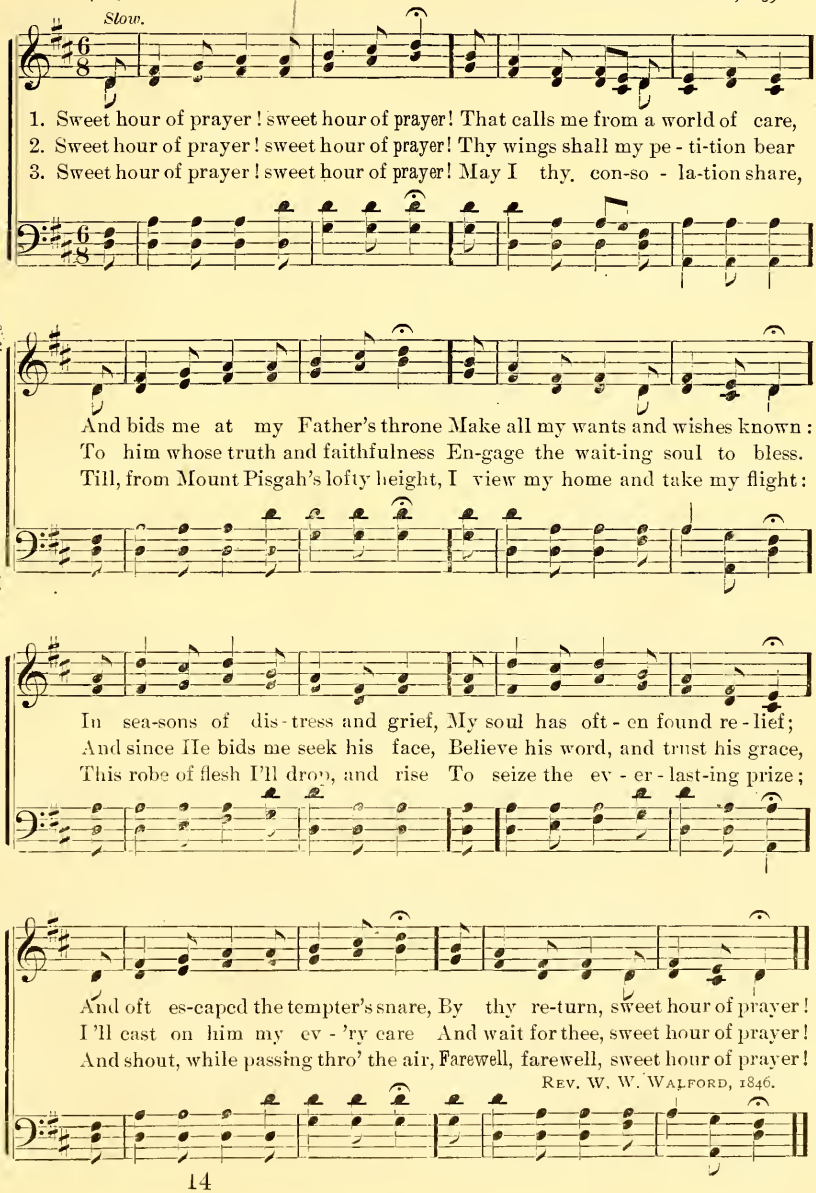
4 No words can tell what sweet relief,
There for my every want I find;
What strength for warfare, balm for grief,
What deep and cheerful peace of mind.

5 Lord, till I reach the blissful shore,
No privilege so dear shall be,
As thus my inmost soul to pour
In faithful filial prayer to thee!

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1854.

387 (790) SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER. L. M. D.

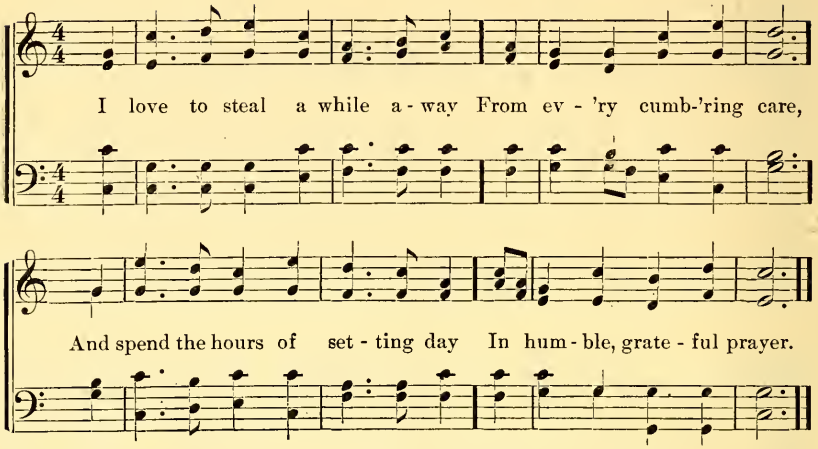
WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1859.



REV. W. W. WALFORD, 1846.

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BROWN. C. M. WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1840.



388 *Secret Prayer.* (775)

I LOVE to steal awhile away
From ev'ry cumb'ring care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.

3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On him whom I adore.

4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven;
The prospect doth my strength renew,
While here by tempests driven.

5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour,
And lead to endless day!

MRS. PHŒBE H. BROWN, 1825.

389 *Graces Sought in Prayer.* (786)

LORD! teach us how to pray aright,
With reverence and with fear;
Though dust and ashes in thy sight,
We may, we must draw near.

2 God of all grace, we come to thee,
With broken, contrite hearts,
Give, what thine eye delights to see,
Truth in the inward parts:

3 Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
Though mercy long delay;
Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
And trust thee though thou slay.

4 Give these, and then—thy will be done—
Thus strengthened with all might,
We by thy Spirit and thy Son,
Shall pray, and pray aright.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

390 *Mark* 13: 33. (784)

THE Savior bids thee watch and pray
Through life's momentous hour;
And grants the Spirit's quickening ray
To those who seek his power.

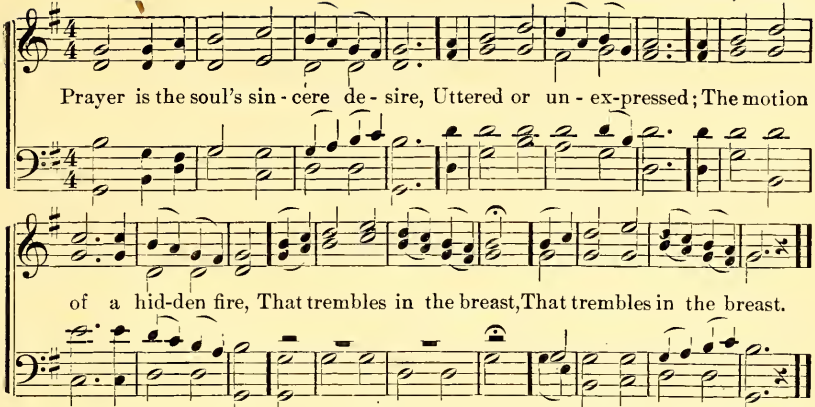
2 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Maintain a warrior's strife;
Oh, Christian! hear his voice to-day:
Obedience is thy life.

3 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
For soon the hour will come
That calls thee from the earth away
To thy eternal home.

4 The Savior bids thee watch and pray,
Oh, hearken to his voice,
And follow where he leads the way,
To heaven's eternal joys.

T. HASTINGS.

DEVIZES. C. M. ISRAEL TUCKER, 1800.



391 (781)

Prayer.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire,
That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye,
When none but God is near.

3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech,
That infant lips can try;
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach
The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air:
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven with prayer.

5 Oh, Thou, by whom we come to God,—
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer thyself hast trod;
Lord! teach us how to pray.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1819.

392 *A Throne of Grace.* (778)

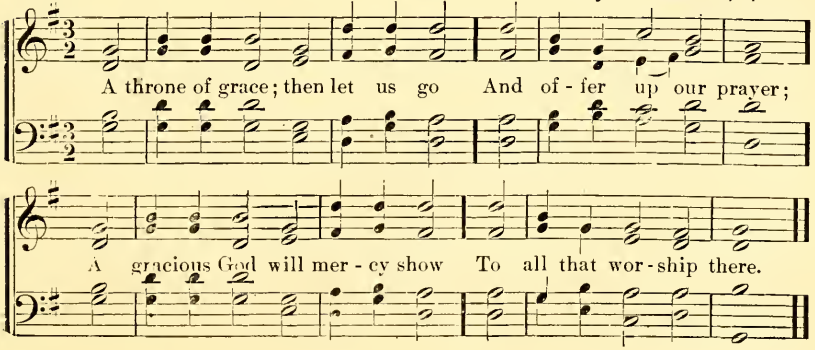
A THRONE of grace! then let us go
And offer up our prayer;
A gracious God will mercy show
To all that worship there.

2 A throne of grace! oh, at that throne
Our knees have often bent,
And God has showered his blessings down
As often as we went.

3 A throne of grace! rejoice, ye saints!
That throne is open still;
To God unbosom your complaints,
And then inquire his will.
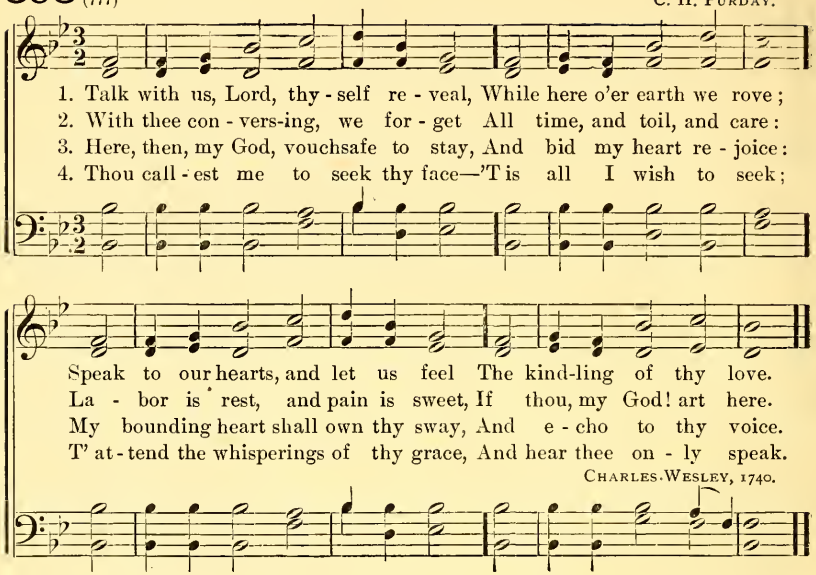
CORBIN.

MARLOW. C. M. JOHN CHETHAM, 1718.



393 NOTTING HILL. C. M. (777)

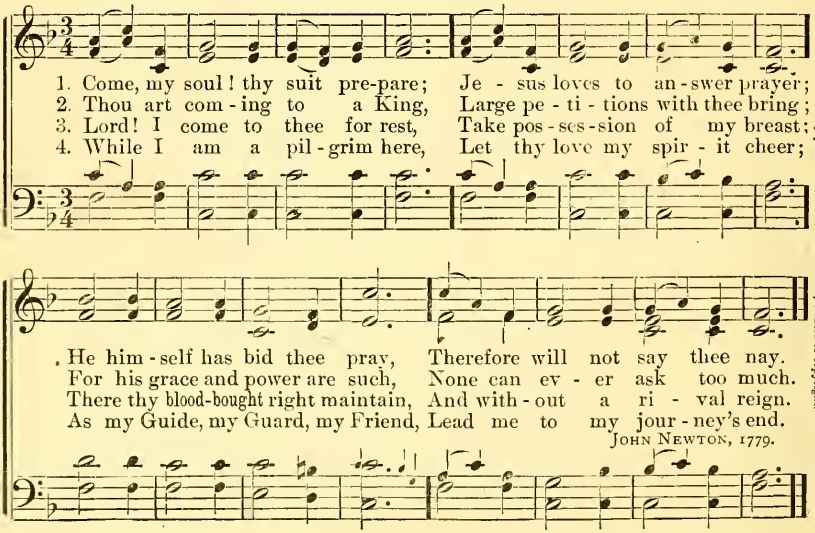
C. H. PURDAY.



CHARLES WESLEY, 1740.

394 ALETTA. 7s. (804)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1856.
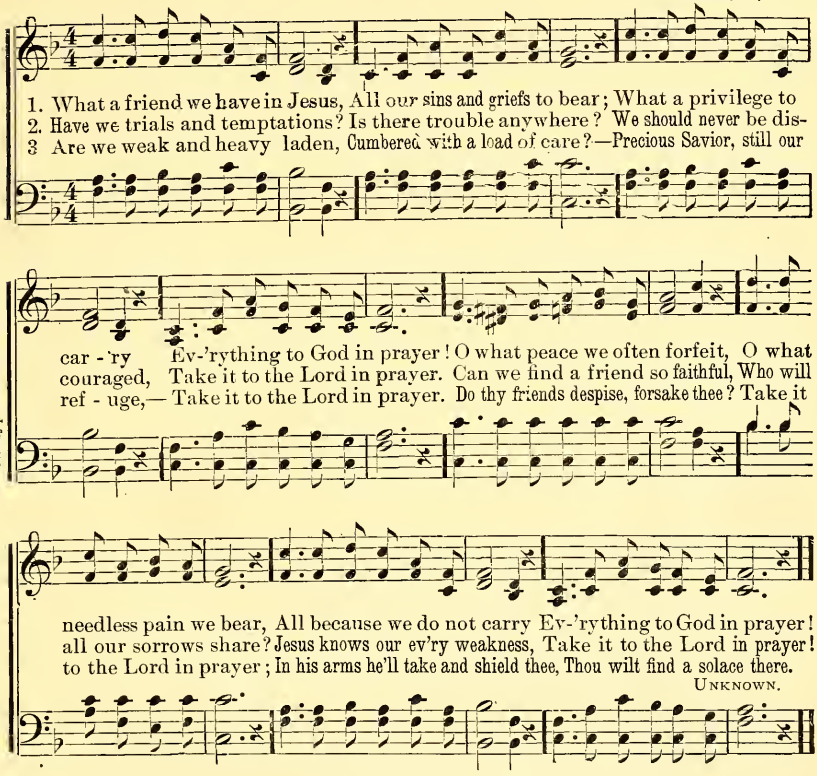


JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

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395 WHAT A FRIEND WE HAVE IN JESUS. 8s & 7s. D.

C. C. CONVERSE, 1871.
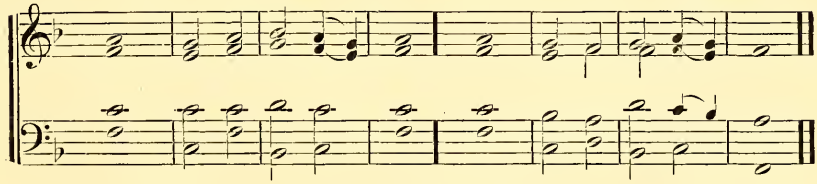


UNKNOWN.

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396 THE LORD'S PRAYER.

GREGORIAN.

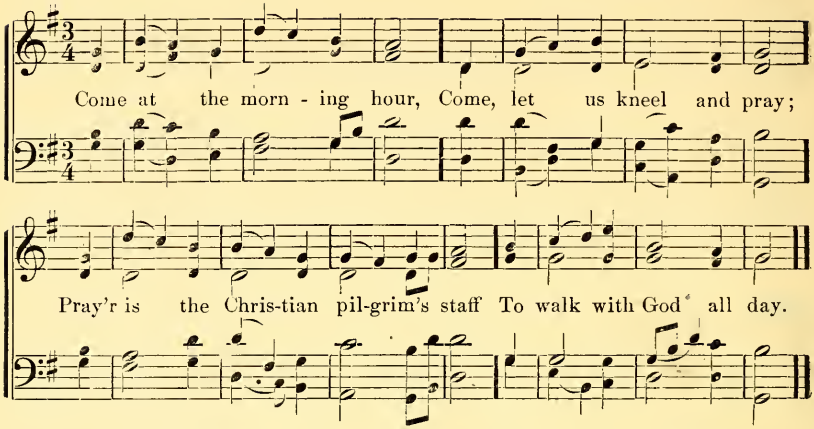


1 Our Father who art in heaven, | Hallowed | be thy | name, ‖
Thy kingdom come: thy will be done in | earth, as it | is in | heaven,

2 Give us this | day our—| daily | bread: ‖
And forgive us our debts, as | we for-| give our | debtors.

3 Lead us not into temptation, but de- | liver | us from | evil; ‖
For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for | ever. | A- —|men.

THATCHER. S. M. GEO. FRED'K HANDEL, 1732.



397 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] 1 *Tim.* 2: 8. (1168)

2 At noon beneath the Rock
Of ages, rest and pray;
Sweet is that shelter from the sun
In weary heat of day.

3 At evening, in thy home,
Around its altar, pray;
And finding there the house of God,
With heaven then close the day.

4 When midnight veils our eyes,
Oh, it is sweet to say,
I sleep, but my heart waketh, Lord!
With thee to watch and pray.

ANON.

398 *The Throne of Grace.* (801)

BEHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shows a smiling face,
And waits to answer prayer.

2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides, for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.

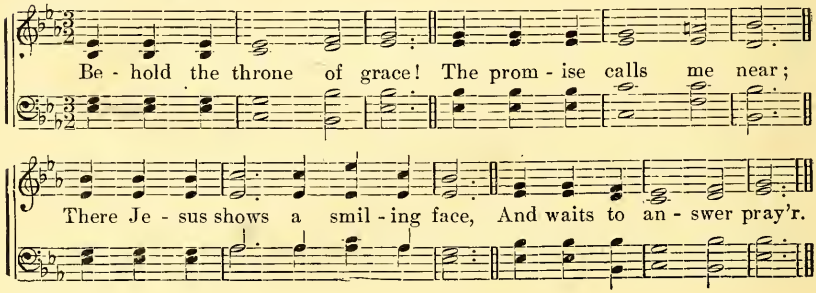
3 My soul! ask what thou wilt;
Thou canst not be too bold;
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?

4 Thine image, Lord! bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.

5 Teach me to live by faith;
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

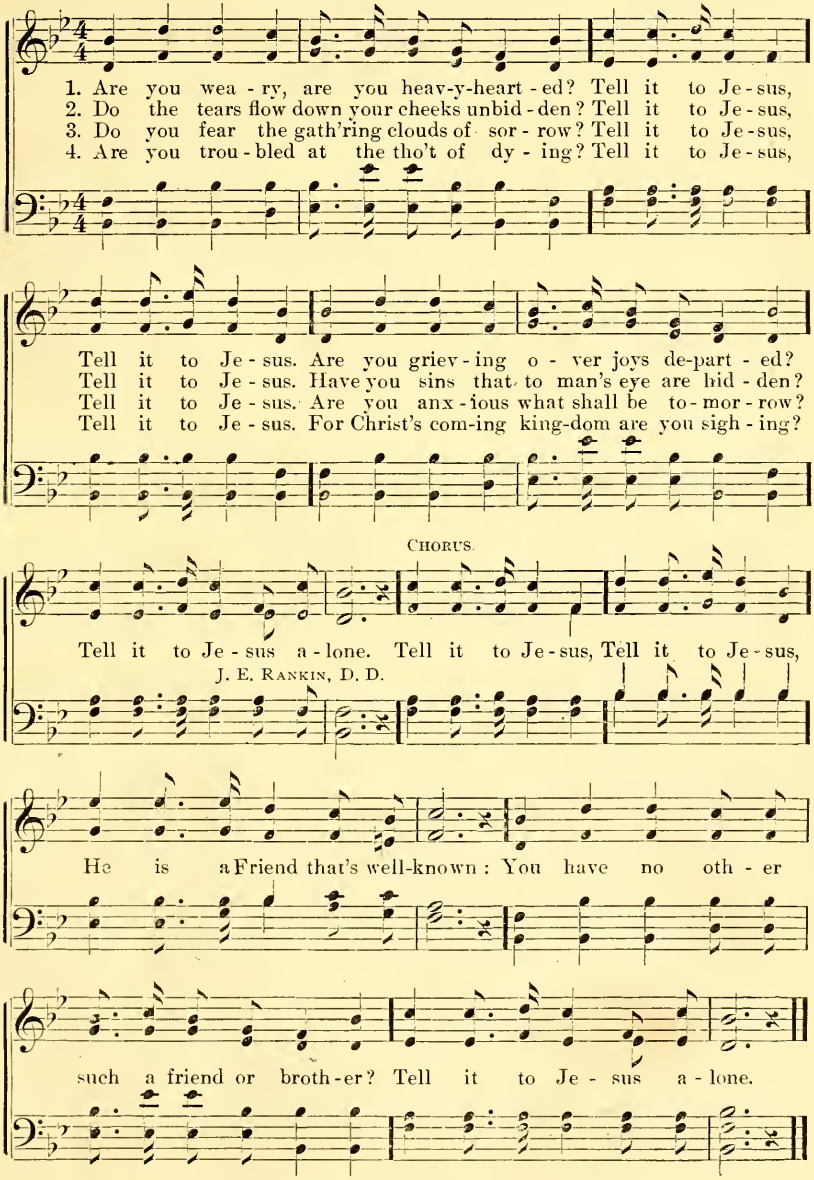
JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

CAPELLO. S. M. LOWELL MASON.



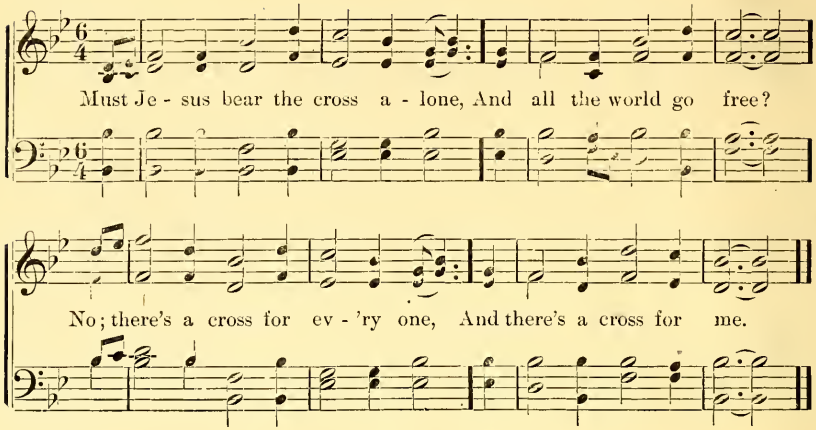
399 TELL IT TO JESUS ALONE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



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MAITLAND. C. M. GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1849.



400 *The Cross and the Crown.* (835)

MUST Jesus bear the cross alone,
And all the world go free?
No, there's a cross for every one,
And there's a cross for me.

2 How happy are the saints above,
Who once went mourning here!
But now they taste unmingled love,
And joy without a tear.

3 This consecrated cross I'll bear,
Till death shall set me free,
And then go home my crown to wear,
For there's a crown for me.

4 Upon the crystal pavement, down
At Jesus' pierced feet,
Joyful, I'll cast my golden crown,
And his dear name repeat.

5 And palms shall wave, and harps shall ring
Beneath heaven's arches high;
The Lord, that lives, the ransomed sing,
That lives no more to die.

6 Oh! precious cross! oh! glorious crown!
Oh! resurrection day!
Ye angels! from the skies come down,
And bear my soul away.

V. 1, THOMAS SHEPHERD, 1692.
Vs. 2-3, G. N. ALLEN, 1849, *a.*

401 *The Christian Race.* (783)

AWAKE, my soul—stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
A bright, immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

4 Blest Savior, introduced by thee
Have we our race begun;
And, crowned with vict'ry, at thy feet
We'll lay our laurels down.

P. DODDRIDGE, 1740.

402 *Christian Charity.* (809)

BLEST is the man, whose softening heart
Feels all another's pain;
To whom the supplicating eye
Was never raised in vain;—

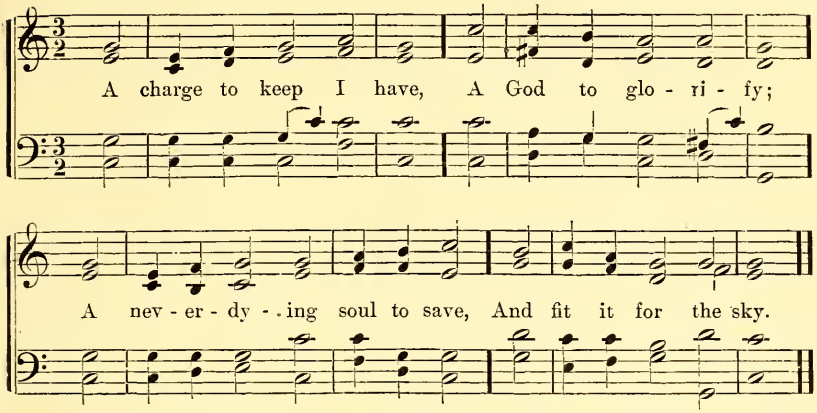
2 Whose breast expands with generous warmth,
A stranger's woes to feel,
And bleeds in pity o'er the wound
He wants the power to heal.

3 He spreads his kind supporting arms
To every child of grief;
His secret bounty largely flows,
And brings unasked relief.

4 To gentle offices of love,
His feet are never slow;
He views, through mercy's melting eye,
A brother in a foe.

MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1792.

BOYLSTON. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1832.



403 *The Christian's Life-Work.* (798)

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky:—

2 To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
Oh! may it all my powers engage—
To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live;
And, oh! thy servant, Lord! prepare
A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
And on thyself rely;
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1762.

404 *Sowing and Reaping.* (1014)

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed;
Broad-cast it o'er the land.

2 And duly shall appear,
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

3 Thou canst not toil in vain;
Cold, heat, and moist, and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain,
For garners in the sky.

4 Thence, when the glorious end,
The day of God, shall come,
The angel-reapers shall descend,
And heaven cry "Harvest-home!"

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

405 *Doing Good.* (821)

WE give thee but thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
All that we have is thine alone,
A trust, O Lord! from thee.

2 O, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd bled,
Are straying from the fold.

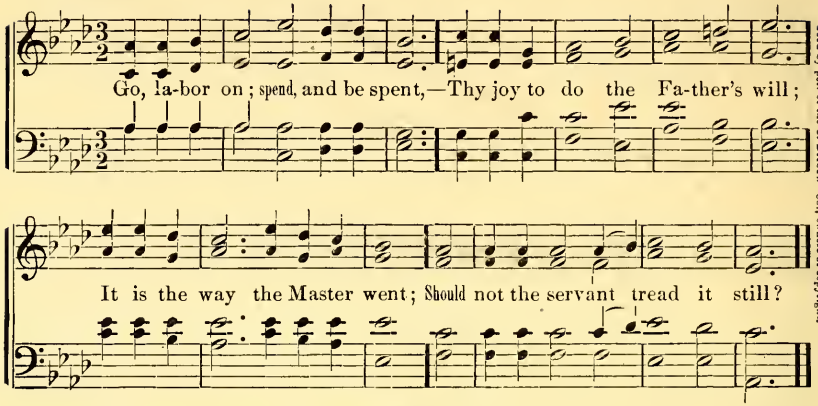
3 To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4 The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christ-like thing.

5 And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be:
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

TRIUMPH. L. M. L. O. EMERSON.



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406 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *The Useful Life.* (818)

2 Go, labor on; 'tis not for naught;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain;
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not,
The Master praises;—what are men?

3 Go, labor on; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee, if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer:
No toil for him shall be in vain.

4 Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice;
For toil comes rest, for exile home;
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal,—"Behold! I come!"

HORATIUS BONAR, 1857.

407 *Consistency.—Titus* 2: 10-13. (737)

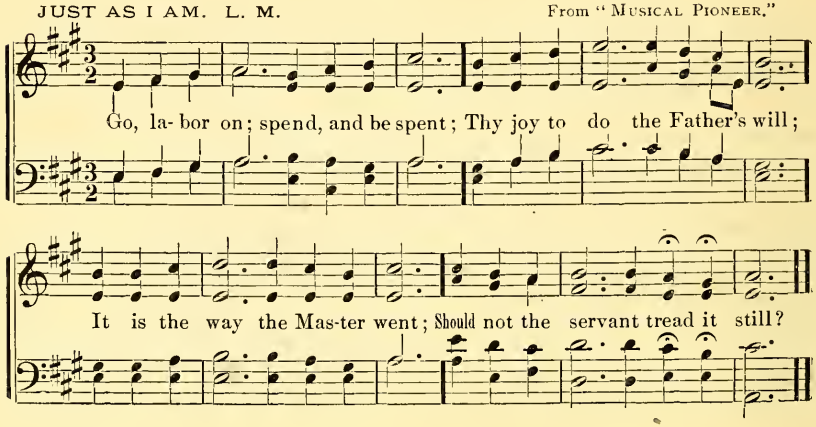
So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Savior God;
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

5 Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,—
The bright appearance of the Lord:
And faith stands leaning on his word.

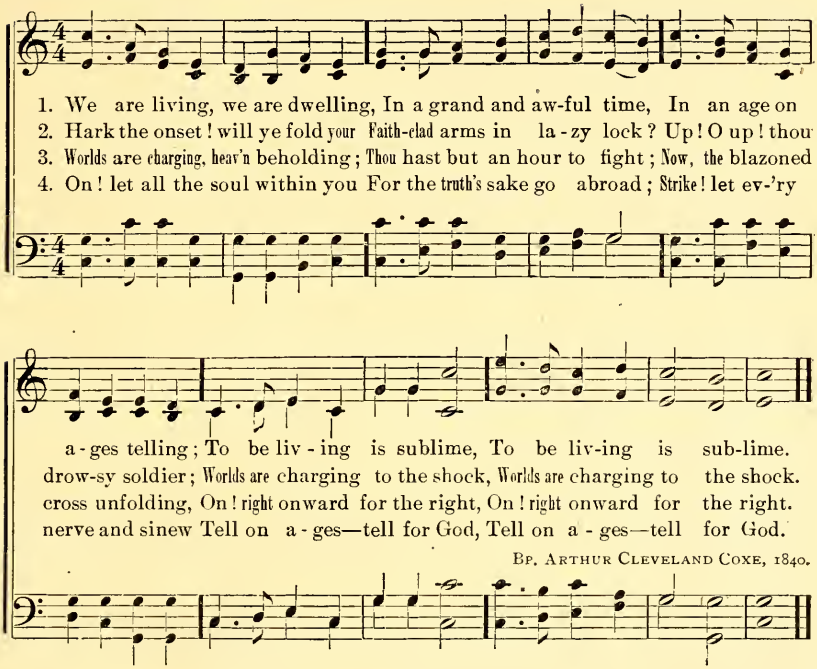
ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

JUST AS I AM. L. M. From "MUSICAL PIONEER."



408 ESSEX. 8s & 7s.

THOMAS CLARK.



BP. ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1840.

409 (1009)

Zeal.—John 9 : 4.

Go, labor on, while it is day;
The world's dark night is hastening on:
Speed, speed thy work,—cast sloth away!
It is not thus that souls are won.

2 Men die in darkness at your side,
Without a hope to cheer the tomb:
Take up the torch and wave it wide—
The torch that lights time's thickest gloom.

3 Toil on, faint not;—keep watch and pray!
Be wise the erring soul to win;
Go forth into the world's highway;
Compel the wanderer to come in.

4 Go, labor on; your hands are weak;
Your knees are faint, your soul cast down,
Yet falter not; the prize you seek
Is near,—a kingdom and a crown!

H. BONAR, 1857.

410 (819)

Psalm 41.

BLEST is the man whose heart doth move,
And melt with pity, to the poor;
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,
Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives, for their relief,
More good than his own hands can do;
He, in the time of general grief,
Shall find the Lord has pity too.

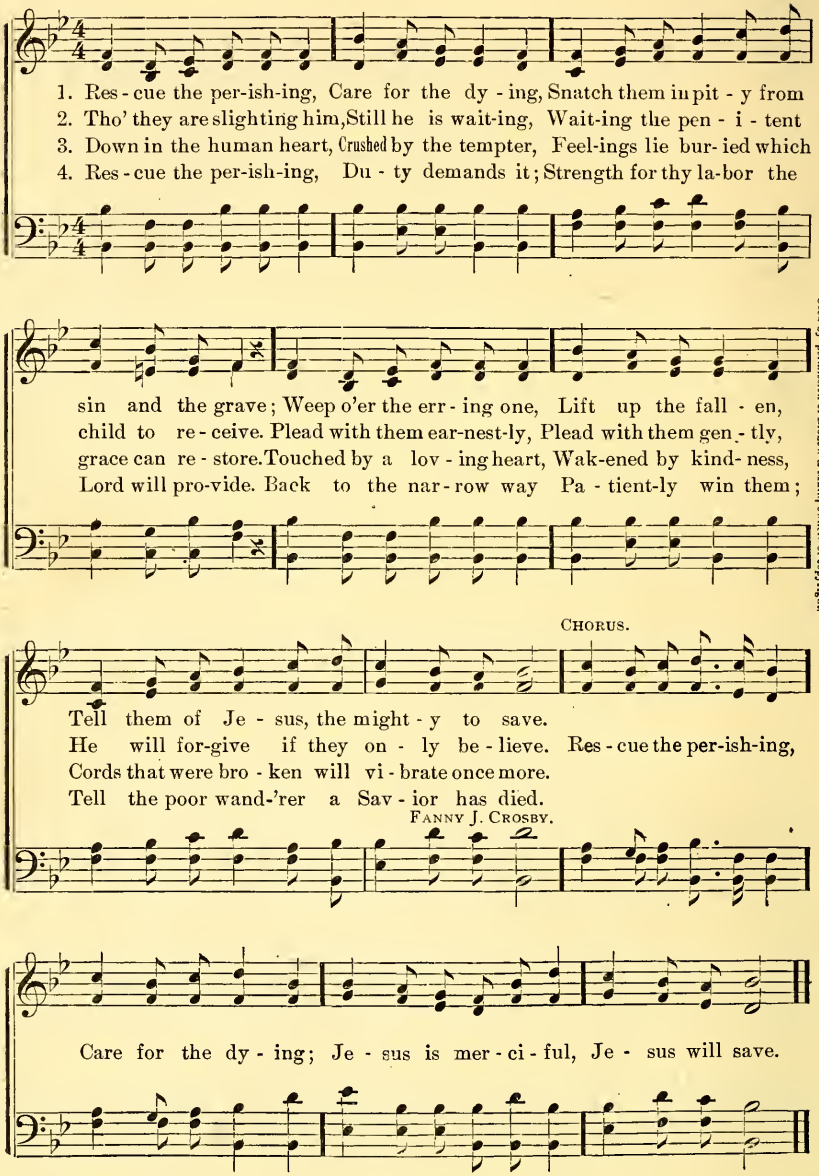
3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or, if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiven,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

411 RESCUE THE PERISHING. P. M.

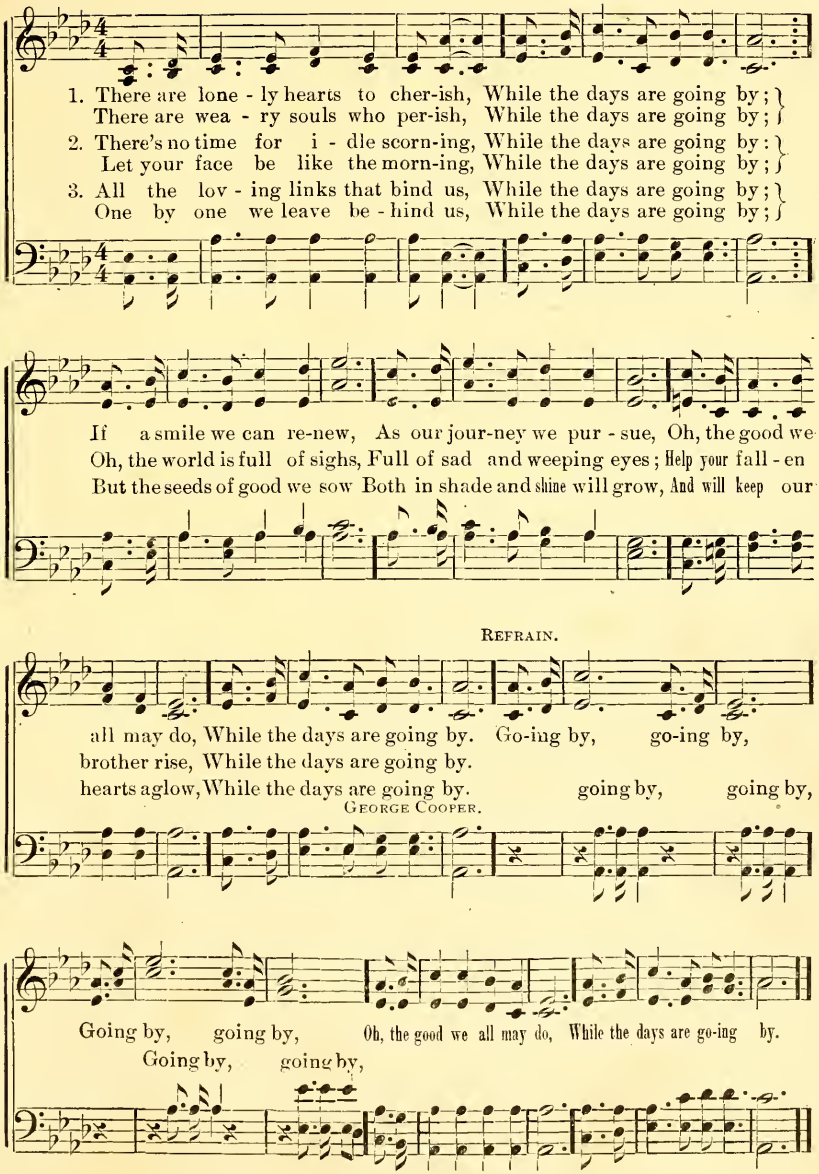
W. H. DOANE.



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412 WHILE THE DAYS ARE GOING BY. P. M.
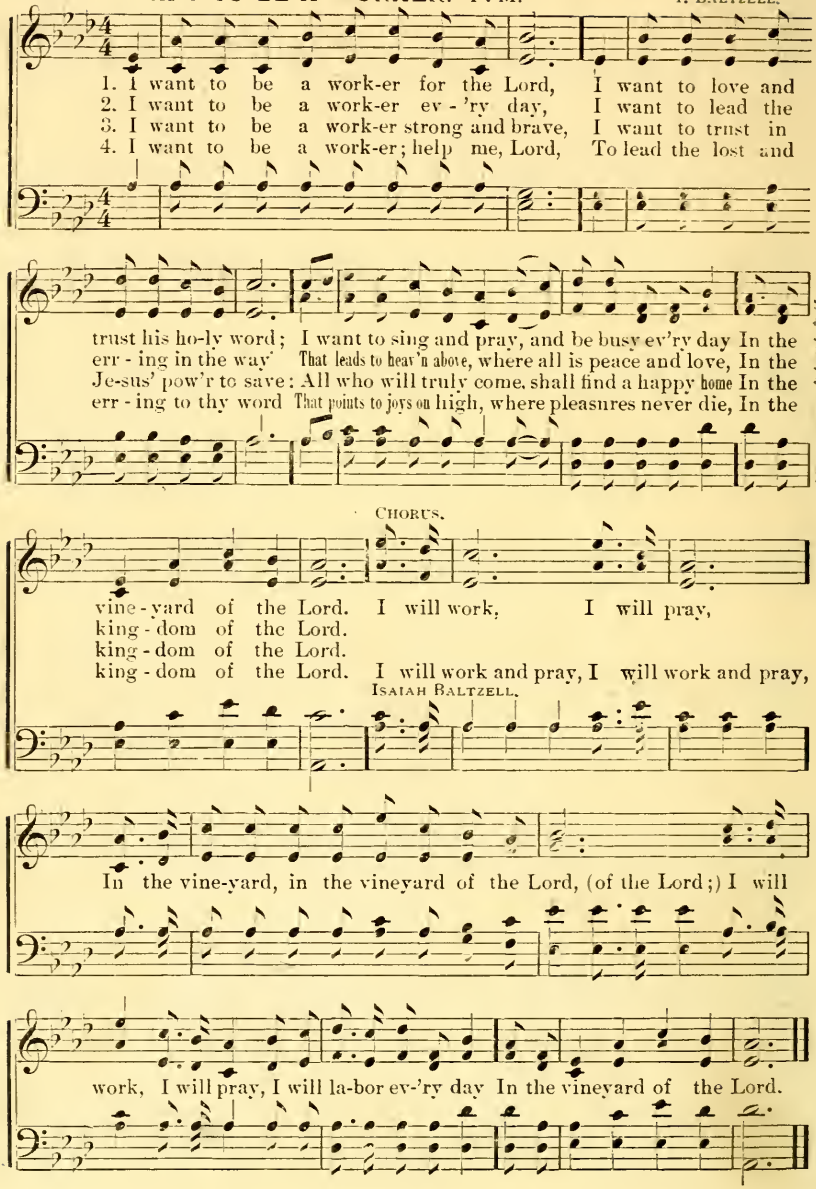
IRA D. SANKEY.



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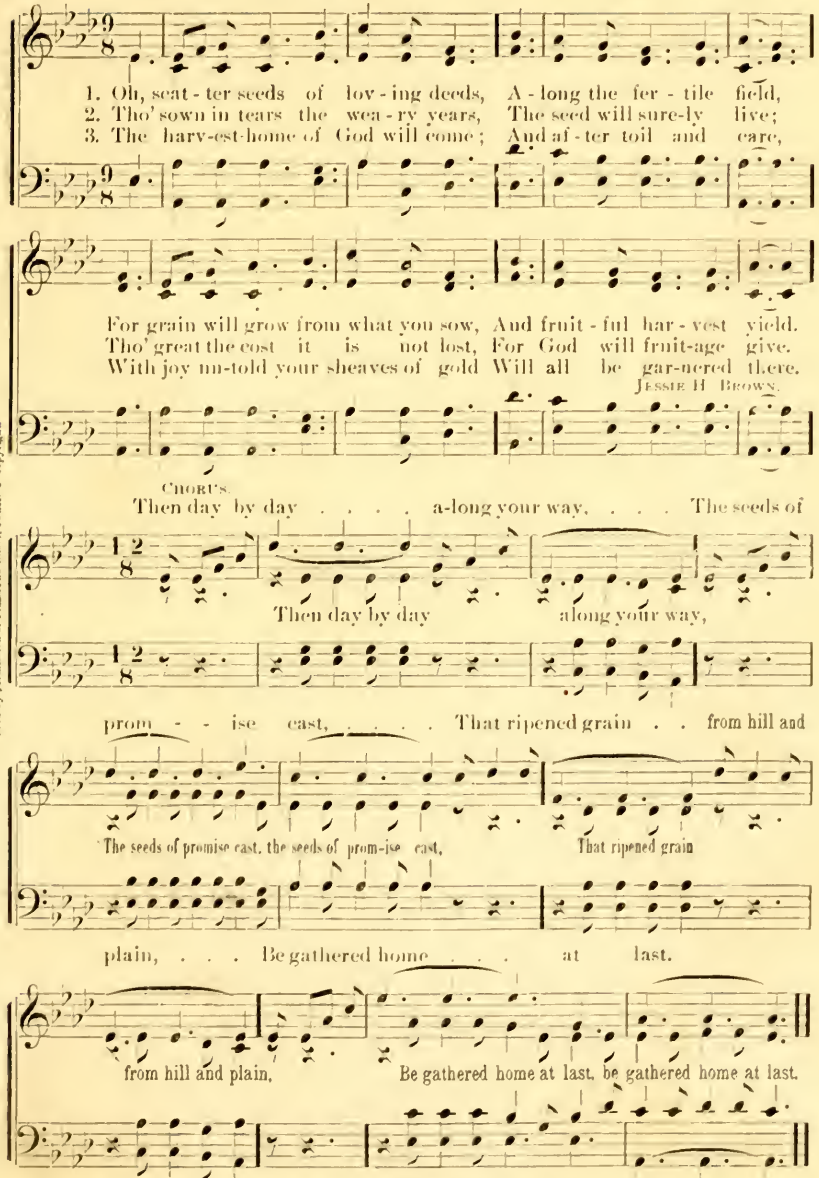
413 I WANT TO BE A WORKER. P. M.

I. BALTZELL.



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414 SEEDS OF PROMISE. C. M. FRED. A. FILLMORE.
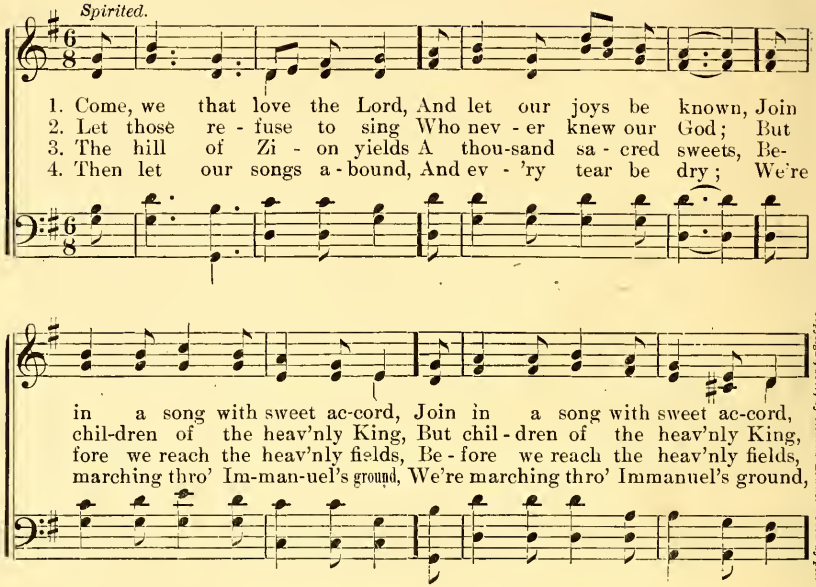


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415 WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. S. M.
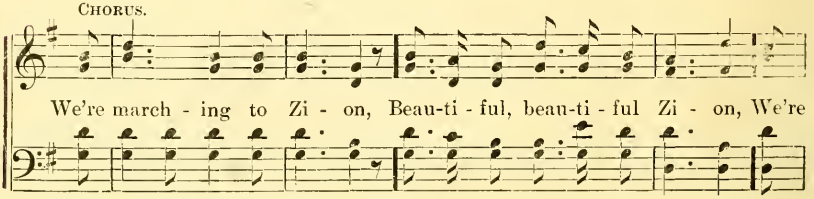
Rev. Robert Lowry.

Spirited.
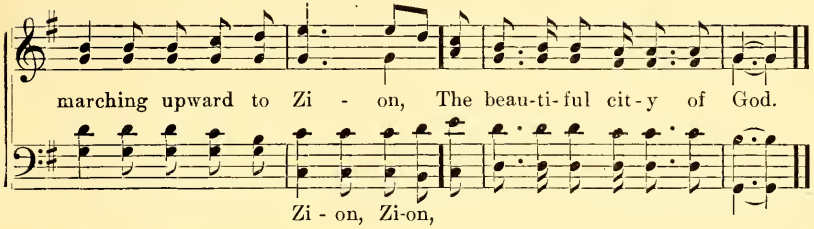


Copyright, 1867, by Robert Lowry. Used by per.

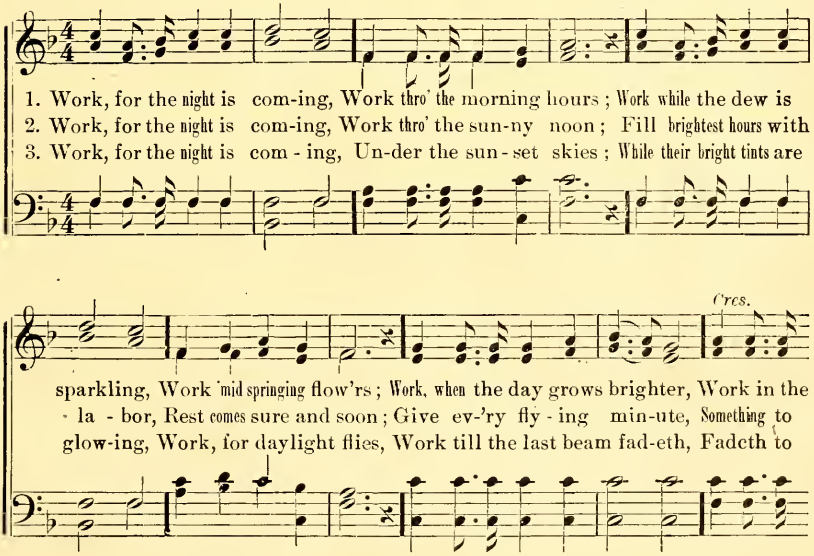
Chorus.

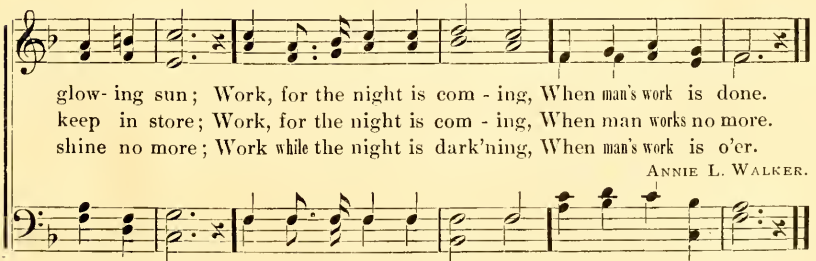


WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION. Concluded.



416 WORK, FOR THE NIGHT IS COMING. P. M. LOWELL MASON.
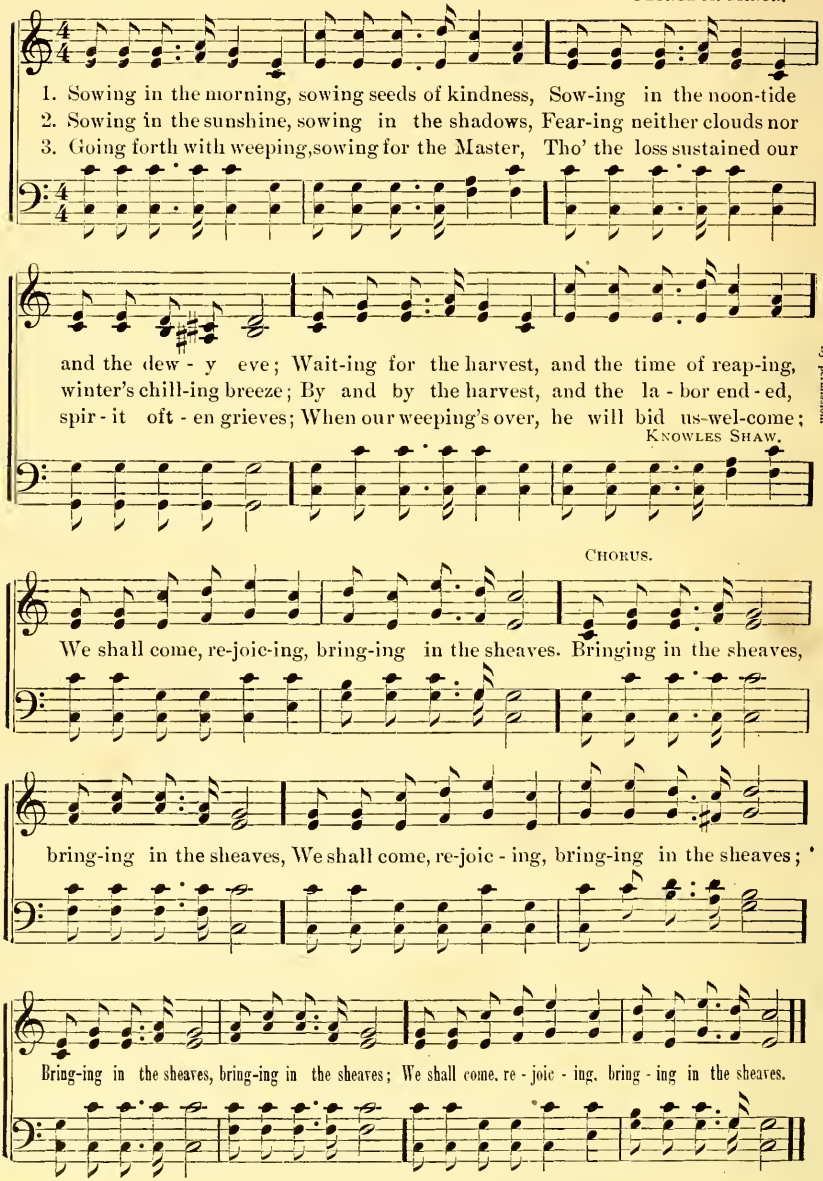




ANNIE L. WALKER.

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417 BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES. P. M.
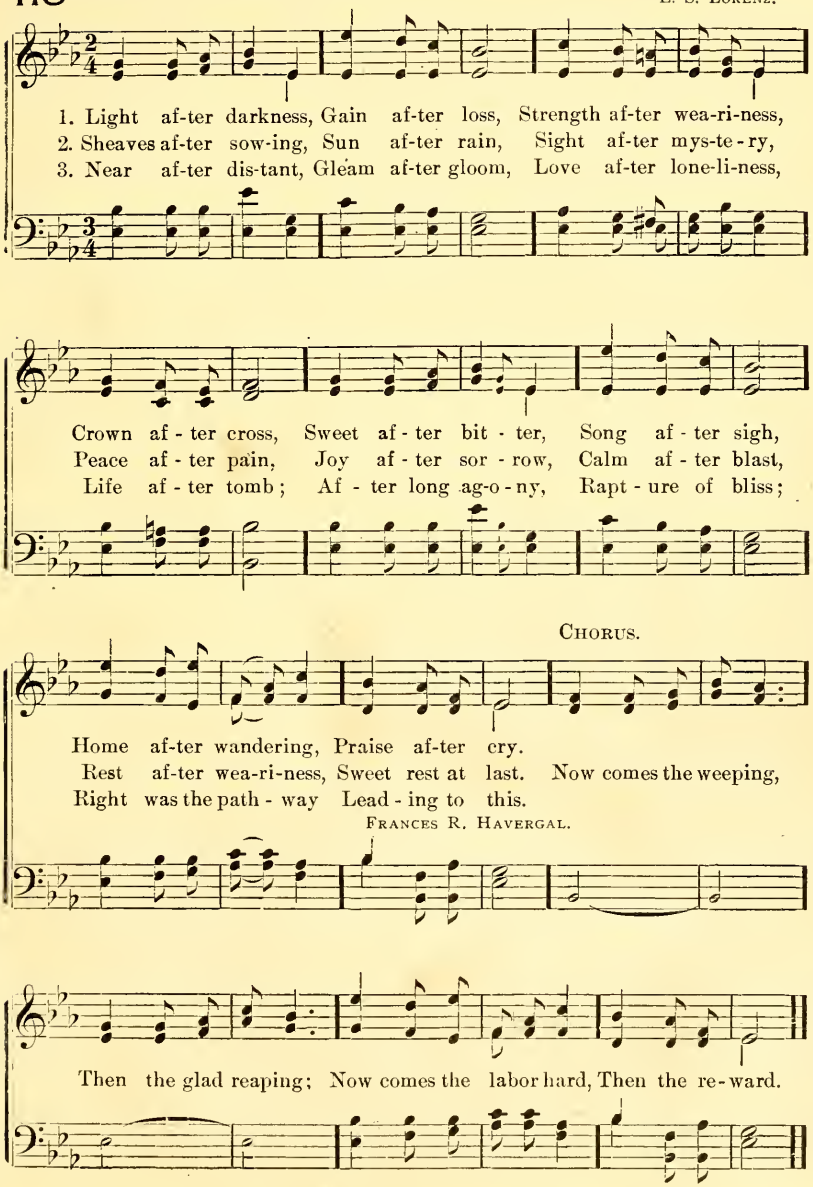
GEORGE A. MINOR.
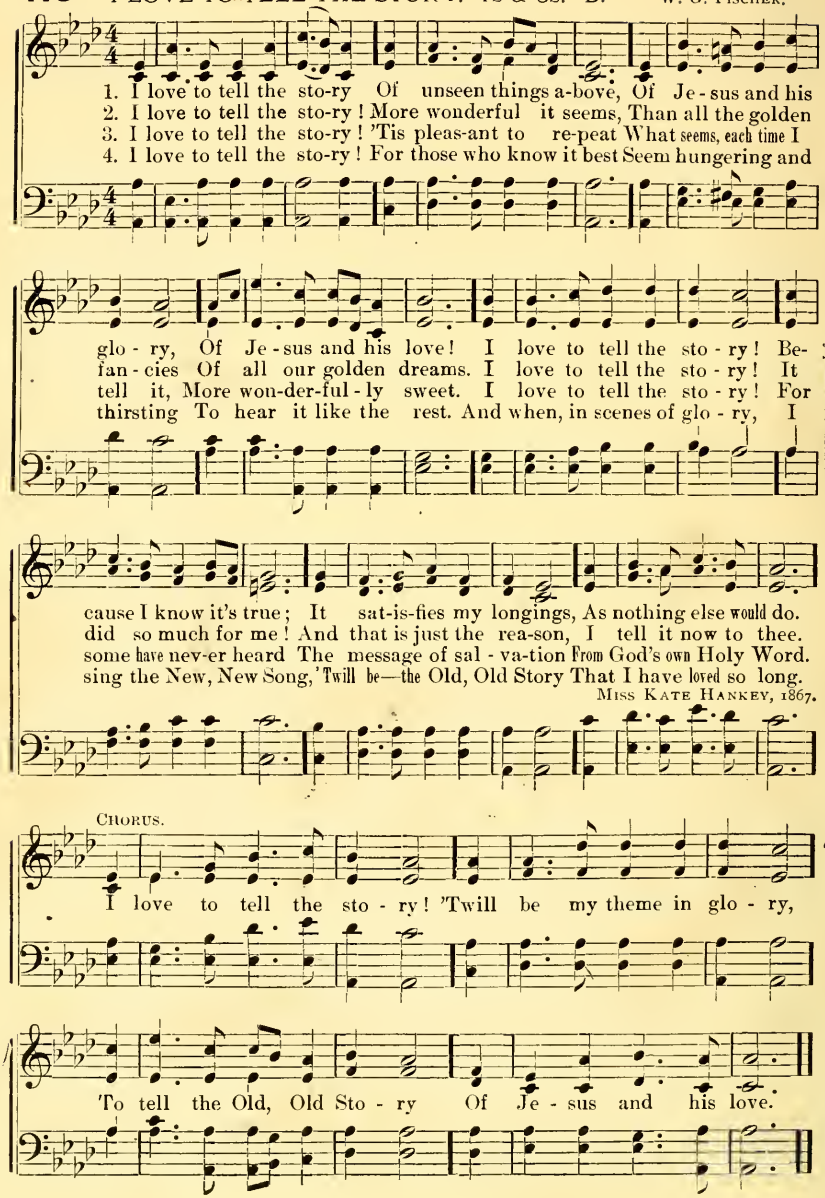


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418 CROWN AFTER CROSS. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.



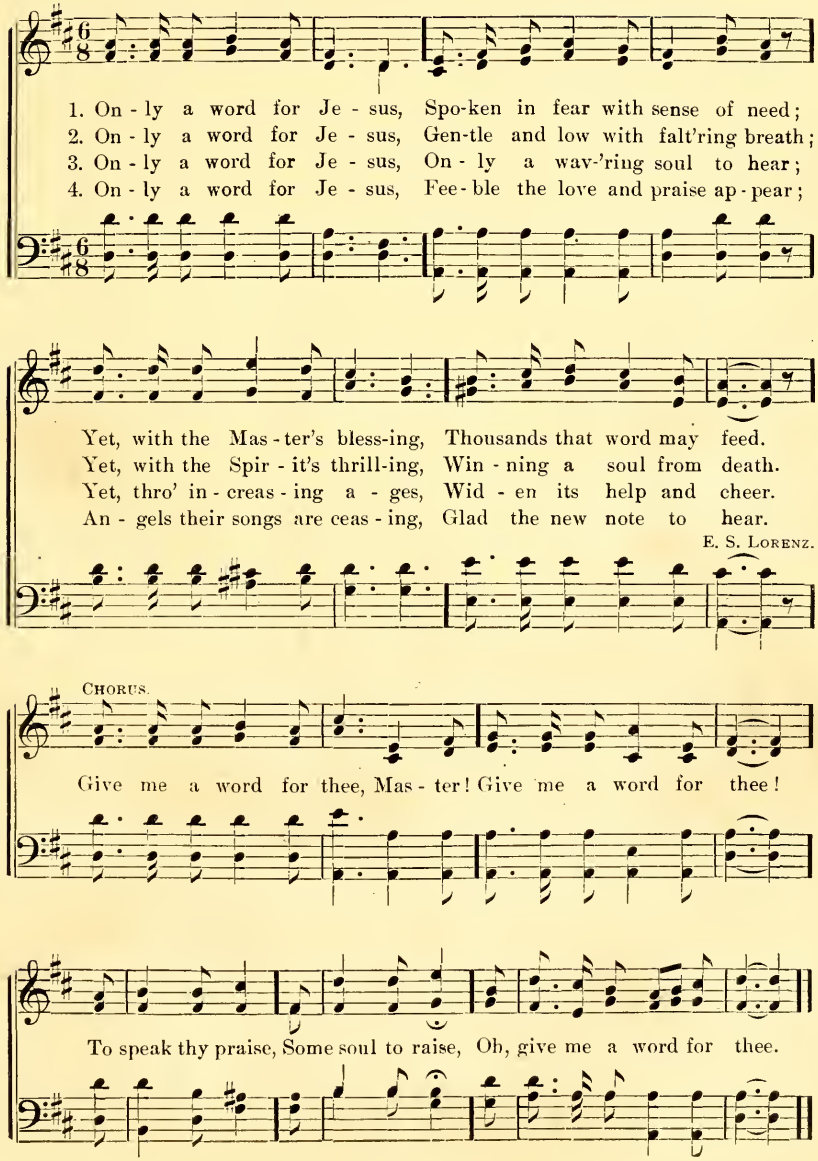
419 I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY. 7s & 6s. D. W. G. FISCHER.



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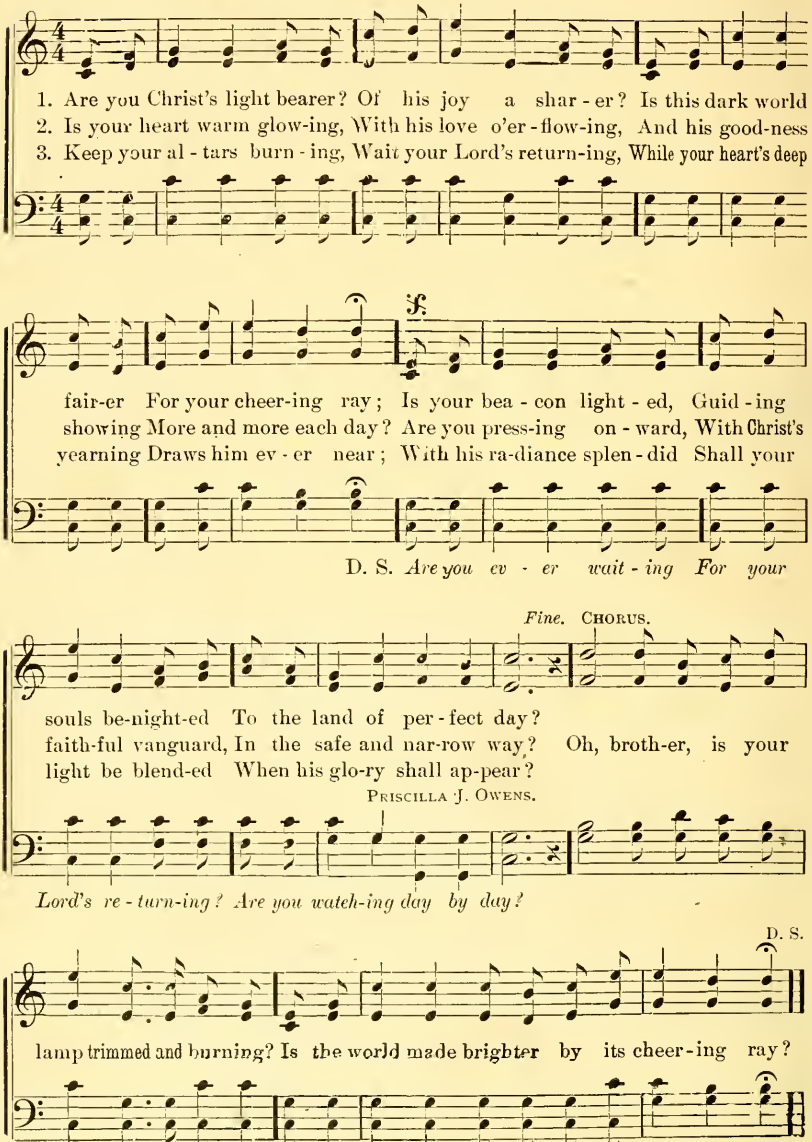
420 ONLY A WORD. P. M.

E. S LORENZ.
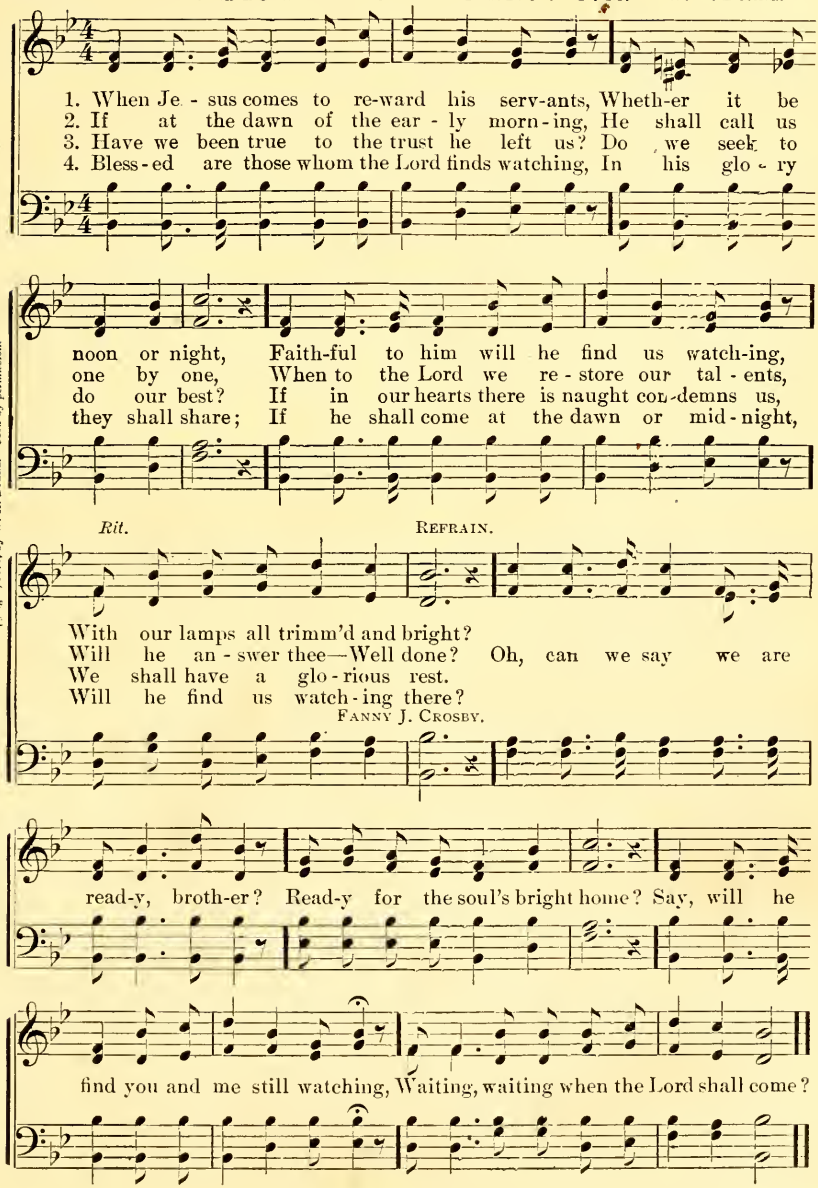


421 IS YOUR LAMP STILL BURNING? P. M.

I. BALTZELL.
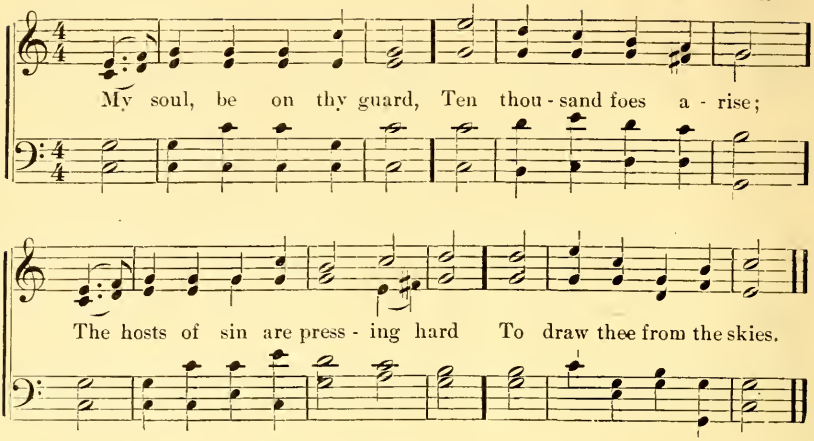


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422 WILL JESUS FIND US WATCHING? P. M. W. H. DOANE.



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LABAN. S. M. LOWELL MASON, 1839.



423 *Watchfulness and Prayer.* (763)

MY soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise:
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thy arduous work will not be done
Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

GEORGE HEATH, 1806.

424 *The Panoply of God.* (761)

SOLDIERS of Christ! arise,
And put your armor on,—
Strong, in the strength which God supplies,
Through his eternal Son:—

2 Strong, in the Lord of hosts,
And in his mighty power;
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts,
Is more than conqueror.

3 Stand, then, in his great might,
With all his strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:—

4 That, having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
You may o'ercome through Christ alone,
And stand entire at last.

5 From strength to strength go on;
Wrestle, and fight, and pray;
Tread all the powers of darkness down,
And win the well-fought day.

6 Still let the Spirit cry,
In all his soldiers, "Come,"
Till Christ, the Lord, descends from high,
And takes the conquerors home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

425 *Victory is on the Lord's Side.* (765)

ARISE, ye saints, arise!
The Lord our leader is:
The foe before his banner flies,
And victory is his.

2 We soon shall see the day
When all our toils shall cease;
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

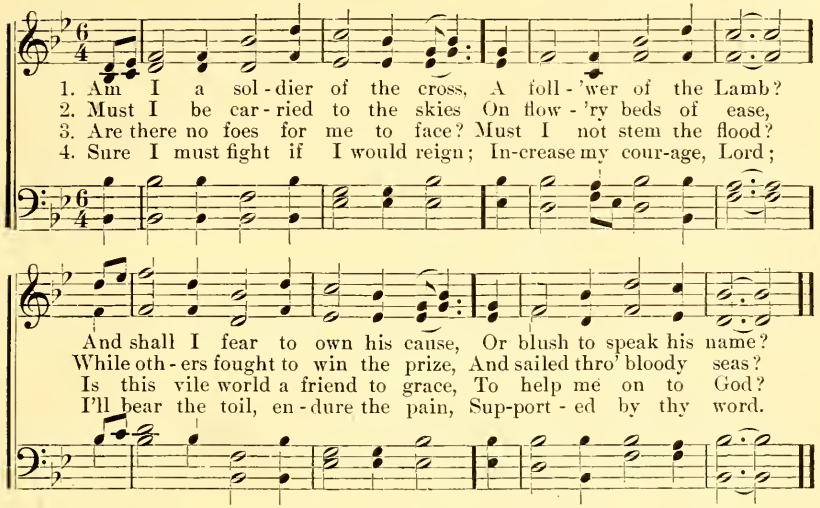
3 This hope supports us here;
It makes our burdens light:
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight:—

4 Till, of the prize possess'd,
We hear of war no more;
And ever with our Leader rest,
On yonder peaceful shore.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

426 (751) MAITLAND. C. M.

GEORGE N. ALLEN, 1849.



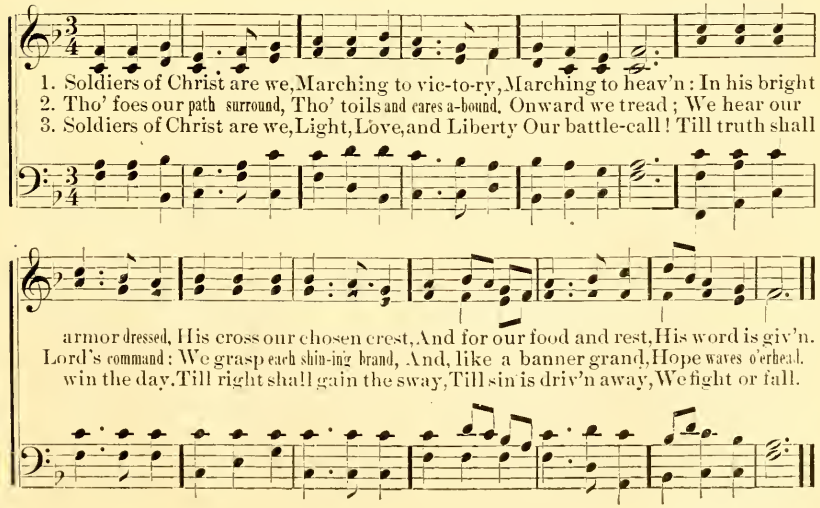
5 Thy saints in all this glorious war,
Shall conquer, though they die;
They see the triumph from afar,
By faith they bring it nigh.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of vict'ry through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

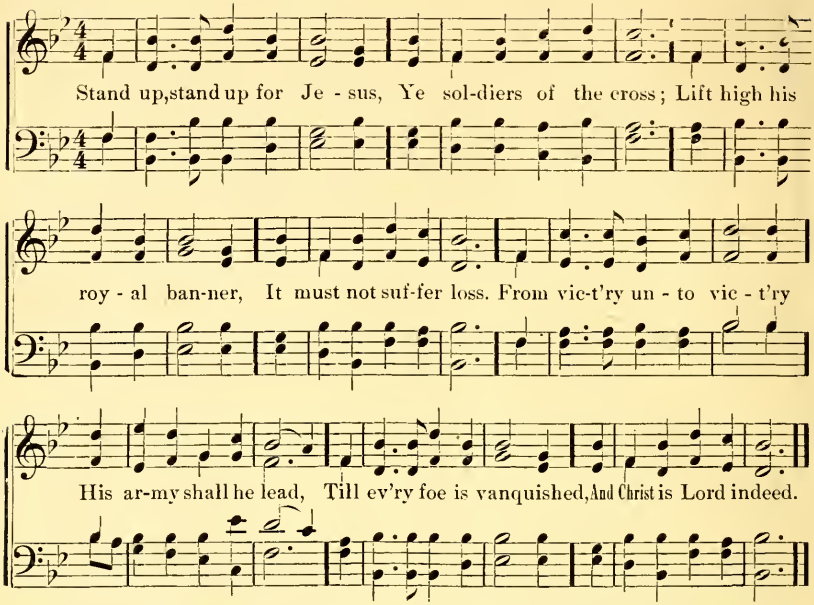
ISAAC WATTS, 1723.

427 (773) AMERICA. 6s & 4s.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY, obit. 1743.



WEBB. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



428 (771)

Good Soldiers.

STAND up, stand up for Jesus,
Ye soldiers of the cross!
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss:
From victory unto victory
His army shall he lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up, stand up for Jesus,
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this his glorious day:
Ye that are men! now serve him,
Against unnumbered foes;
Your courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

3 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you;
Ye dare not trust your own:
Put on the gospel armor,
And, watching unto prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

4 Stand up, stand up for Jesus;
The strife will not be long;
This day, the noise of battle,—
The next, the victor's song:
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He, with the King of glory,
Shall reign eternally!

GEORGE DUFFIELD, 1858.

429 (772)

Psalm 27.
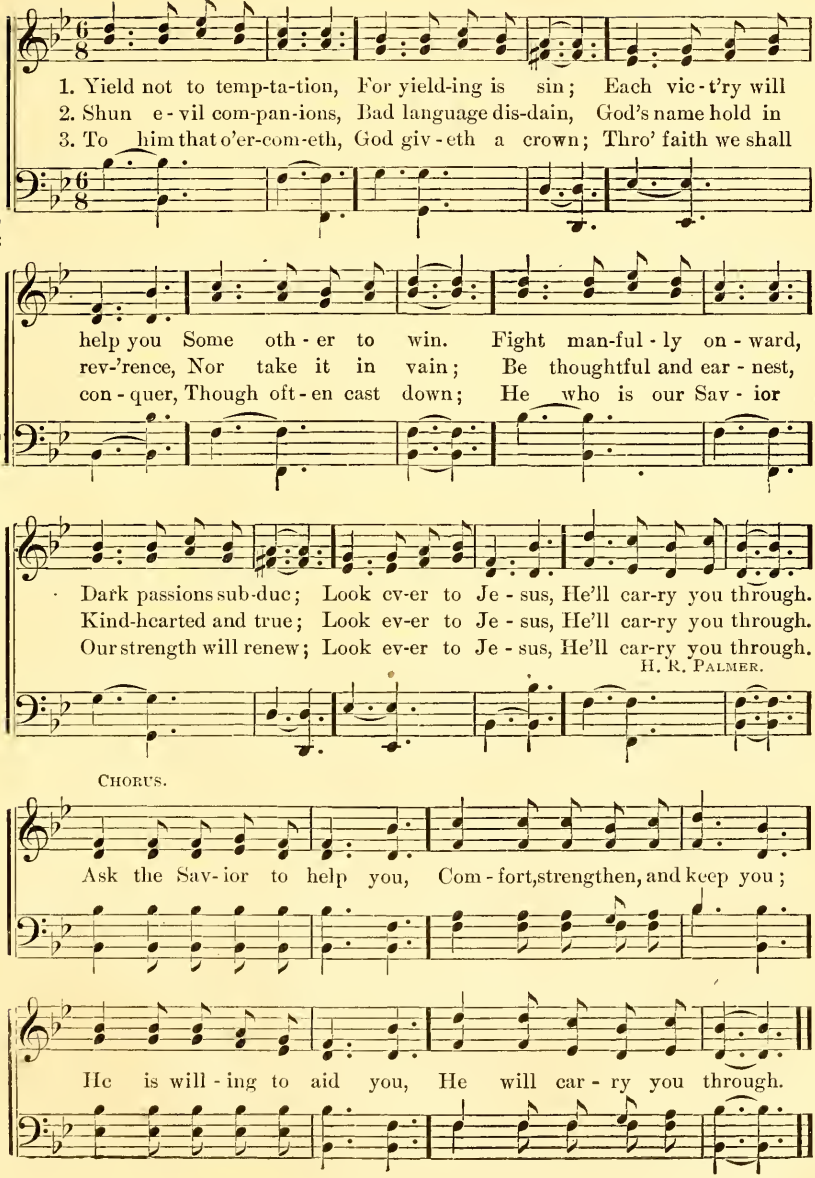
GOD is my strong salvation;
What foe have I to fear?
In darkness and temptation,
My Light, my Help is near:
Though hosts encamp around me,
Firm to the fight I stand;
What terror can confound me,
With God at my right hand?

2 Place on the Lord reliance;
My soul! with courage wait;
His truth be thine affiance,
When faint and desolate;
His might thy heart shall strengthen,
His love thy joy increase;
Mercy thy days shall lengthen;
The Lord will give thee peace.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1822.

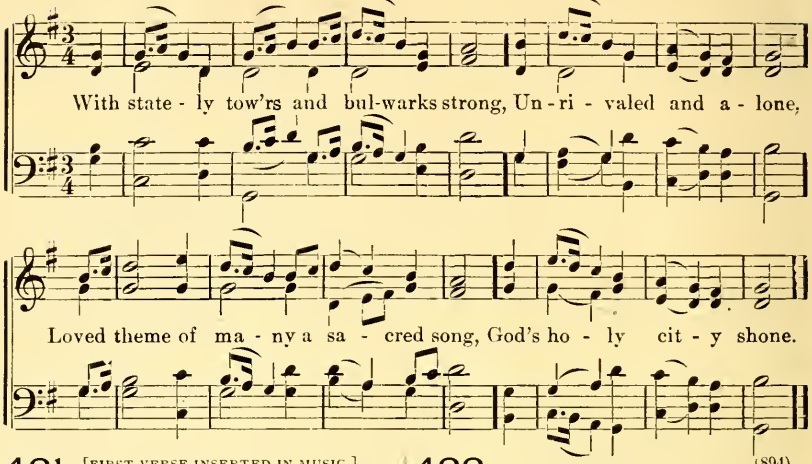
430 YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION P. M.

H. R. PALMER.



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ST. MARTIN'S. C. M. WILLIAM TANSUR, 1735.



431

[FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]
Founded on a Rock. (892)

2 Thus fair was Zion's chosen seat,
The glory of all lands;
Yet fairer and in strength complete,
The Christian temple stands.

3 The faithful of each clime and age
This glorious church compose;
Built on a Rock, with idle rage
The threat'ning tempest blows.

4 Fear not; though hostile bands alarm,
Thy God is thy defense;
And weak and powerless every arm
Against Omnipotence.

ISAAC WATTS.

432

The Church Immovable. (891)

OH! where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?
But, Lord! thy church is praying yet,
A thousand years the same.

2 We mark her goodly battlements,
And her foundations strong;
We hear within the solemn voice
Of her unending song.

3 For, not like kingdoms of the world,
Thy holy church, O God!
Though earthquake shocks are threatening her,
And tempests are abroad;

4 Unshaken as eternal hills,
Immovable she stands,
A mountain that shall fill the earth,
A house not made by hands.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, 1839, *a.*

433

Returning to Zion. (894)

DAUGHTER of Zion, from the dust
Exalt thy fallen head;
Again in thy Redeemer trust—
He calls thee from the dead.

2 Awake, awake, put on thy strength,
Thy beautiful array;
The day of freedom dawns at length—
The Lord's appointed day.

3 Rebuild thy walls, thy bounds enlarge,
And send thy heralds forth;
Say to the south, Give up thy charge!
And, Keep not back, O north!

4 They come, they come; thine exiled bands,
Where'er they rest or roam,
Have heard thy voice in distant lands,
And hasten to their home.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

434

Little Flock.

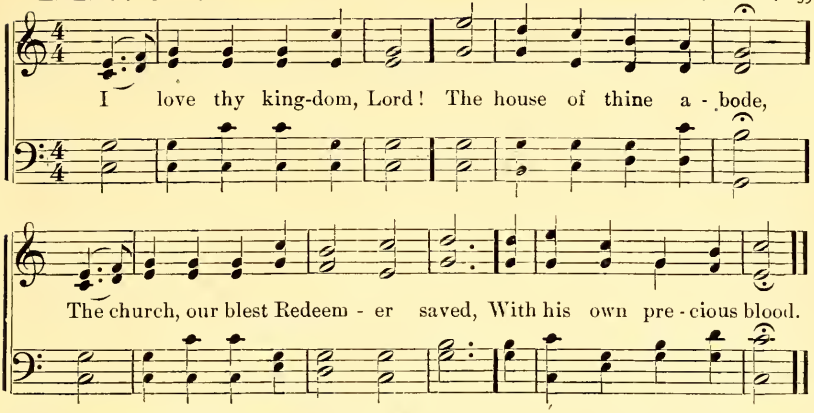
CHURCH of the ever-living God,
The Father's gracious choice,
Amid the voices of this earth
How feeble is thy voice!

2 Not many rich or noble called,
Not many great or wise;
They whom God makes his kings and priests
Are poor in human eyes.

3 But the chief Shepherd comes at length;
Their feeble days are o'er,
No more a handful in the earth,
A little flock no more.

H. BONAR, *ab.*

LABAN. S. M. L. MASON, 1839.



435 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Psalm* 137. (914)

2 I love thy church, O God!
Her walls before thee stand,
Dear as the apple of thine eye,
And graven on thy hand.

3 For her my tears shall fall,
For her my prayers ascend;
To her my cares and toils be given,
Till toils and cares shall end.

4 Beyond my highest joy
I prize her heavenly ways,
Her sweet communion, solemn vows,
Her hymns of love and praise.

5 Sure as thy truth shall last,
To Zion shall be given
The brightest glories earth can yield,
And brighter bliss of heaven.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT, 1800.

436 *A Revival Sought.* (912)

REVIVE thy work, O Lord!
Thy mighty arm make bare;
Speak, with the voice that wakes the dead,
And make thy people hear.

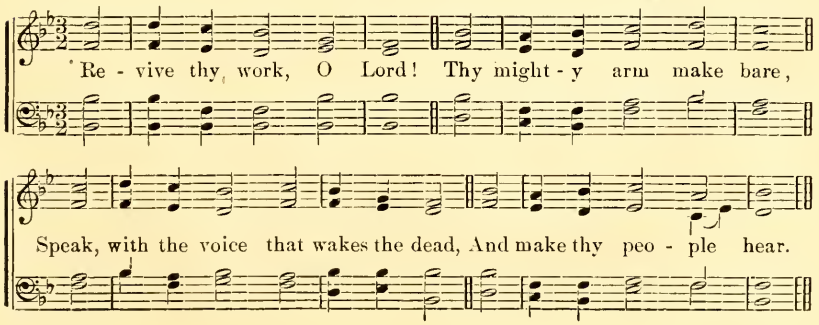
2 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Disturb this sleep of death;
Quicken the smoldering embers now,
By thine almighty breath.

3 Revive thy work, O Lord!
Exalt thy precious name;
And, by the Holy Ghost, our love
For thee and thine inflame.

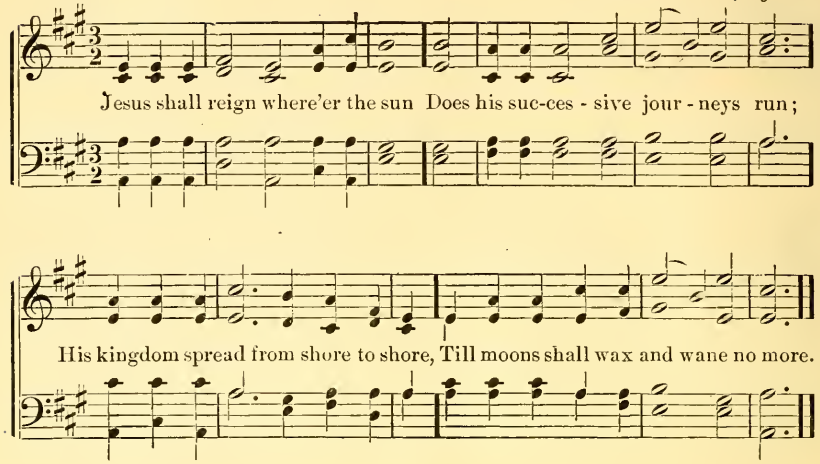
4 Revive thy work, O Lord!
And give refreshing showers;
The glory shall be all thine own,
The blessing, Lord! be ours.

ALBERT MIDLANE, 1861.

STATE STREET. S. M. J. C. WOODMAN, 1844.



WARE. L. M. GEORGE KINGSLEY, 1838.



437 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Christ's Everlasting Kingdom.* (895)

2 From north to south the princes meet,
To pay their homage at his feet;
While western empires own their Lord,
And savage tribes attend his word.

3 To him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

5 Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

6 Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honors to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

ISAAC WATTS, 1719.

438 *The Glory of the Church.* (904)

TRIUMPHANT Zion! lift thy head
From dust, and darkness, and the dead;
Though humbled long, awake at length,
And gird thee with thy Savior's strength.

2 Put all thy beauteous garments on,
And let thy various charms be known;
The world thy glories shall confess,
Decked in the robes of righteousness.

3 No more shall foes unclean invade,
And fill thy hallowed walls with dread;
No more shall hell's insulting host
Their vict'ry and thy sorrows boast.

4 God, from on high, thy groans will hear;
His hand thy ruins shall repair;
Nor will thy watchful Monarch cease
To guard thee in eternal peace.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

439 *Rev.* 11: 15. (1028)

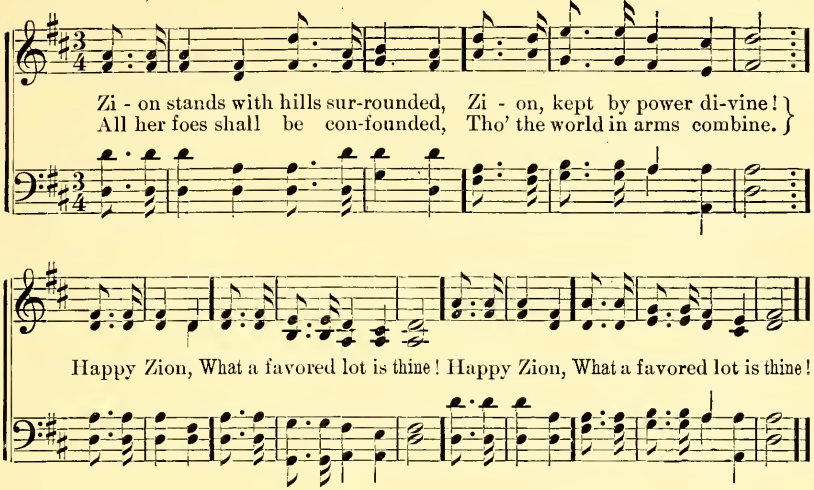
SOON may the last glad song arise
Through all the millions of the skies—
That song of triumph which records
That all the earth is now the Lord's!

2 Let thrones and powers and kingdoms be
Obedient, mighty God, to thee!
And, over land and stream and main,
Wave thou the scepter of thy reign!

3 Oh, let that glorious anthem swell,
Let host to host the triumph tell,
That not one rebel heart remains,
But over all the Savior reigns!

MRS. VOKE, 1816.

ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



440 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Her Enemies Confounded.* (925)

2 Ev'ry human tie may perish,
Friend to friend unfaithful prove,
Mothers cease their own to cherish,
Heaven and earth at last remove;
But no changes
Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
Thence to bring thee forth more bright
But can never cease to love thee—
Thou art precious in his sight:
God is with thee—
God, thine everlasting light.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

441 *The Gospel Herald.* (926)

ON the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing—
Zion long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful?
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumph end:
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

THOMAS KELLY, 1804.

442 *Prayer for a Revival.* (923)

SAVIOR, visit thy plantation;
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain;
All will come to desolation,
Unless thou return again.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

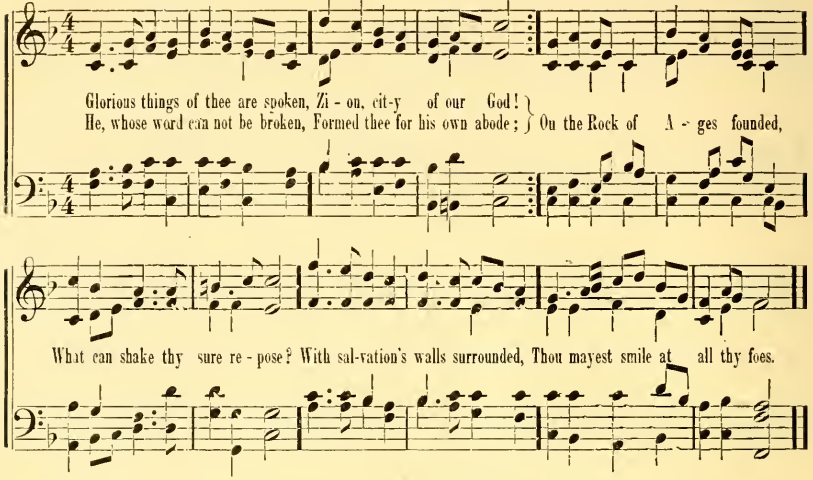
2 Keep no longer at a distance;
Shine upon us from on high,
Lest, for want of thine assistance,
Every plant should droop and die.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

3 Let our mutual love be fervent!
Make us prevalent in prayers;
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,
Shun the world's bewitching snares.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

4 Break the tempter's fatal power,
Turn the stony heart to flesh,
And begin, from this good hour,
To revive thy work afresh.
Lord, revive us!
All our help must come from thee.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

AUSTRIA. 8s, 7s. D. F. J. HAYDN, 1797.



443 *The Glory of the Church.* (921)

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Zion, city of our God!
He, whose word can not be broken,
Formed thee for his own abode:
On the Rock of ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.

2 See! the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Well supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river,
Ever flows their thirst t' assuage?—
Grace, which, like the Lord, the Giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear,
For a glory and a covering,
Showing that the Lord is near!
Thus deriving from their banner,
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna
Which he gives them when they pray.

JOHN NEWTON, 1779.

444 *Isa.* 54 : 10.

ZION, dreary and in anguish,
'Mid the desert hast thou strayed!
Oh, thou weary, cease to languish;
Jesus shall lift up thy head.
Still lamenting and bemoaning,
'Mid thy follies and thy woes!
Soon repenting and returning,
All thy solitude shall close.

2 Though benighted and forsaken,
Though afflicted and distressed;
His almighty arm shall waken;
Zion's King shall give thee rest:
Cease thy sadness, unbelieving;
Soon his glory shalt thou see!
Joy and gladness, and thanksgiving
And the voice of melody!

THOS. HASTINGS.

445 *The Heralds of the Gospel.* (1018)

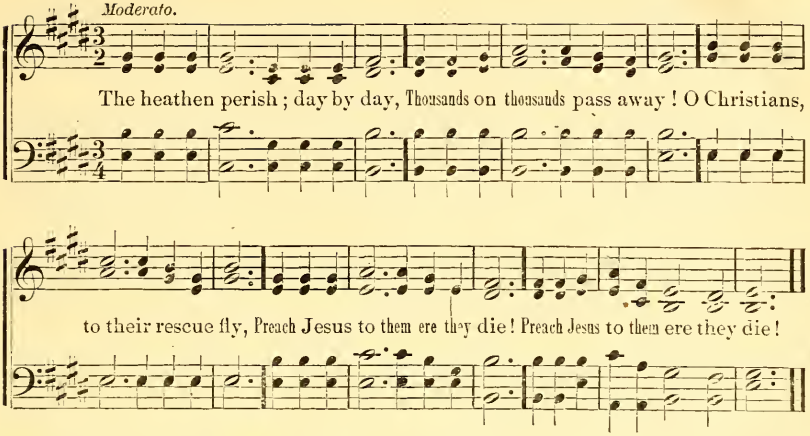
ONWARD, onward, men of heaven!
Bear the gospel's banner high;
Rest not, till its light is given,
Star of every pagan sky:
Send it where the pilgrim stranger
Faints beneath the torrid ray;
Bid the red-browed forest-ranger
Hail it, ere he fades away.

2 Rude in speech, or grim in feature
Dark in spirit, though they be,
Show that light to every creature—
Prince or vassal, bond or free:
Lo! they haste to every nation:
Host on host the ranks supply:
Onward! Christ is your salvation,
And your death is victory.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

BACA. L. M. W. B. BRADBURY.

Moderato.



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446 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Save the Perishing. (1021)

2 Wealth, labor, talents freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live;
What hath your Savior done for you?
And what for him will ye not do?

3 Oh, Spirit of the Lord! go forth,
Call in the south, wake up the north;
From every clime, from sun to sun,
Gather God's children into one!

J. MONTGOMERY.

447

Home Missions. (1022)

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might!
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted, in this land of light.

2 In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee!

3 Send forth thy heralds, Lord! to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A scattered, homeless flock, till all
Be gathered to thy peaceful fold.

4 Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn, and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

5 Then all these wastes, a dreary scene,
That make us sadden as we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

16 WILLIAM C. BRYANT, 1840.

448

Missionary Charged and Encouraged. (1024)

Go, messenger of peace and love,
To people plunged in shades of night,
Like angels sent from fields above,
Be thine to shed celestial light.

2 Go to the hungry—food impart;
To paths of peace the wand'rer guide.
And lead the thirsty, panting heart,
Where streams of living water glide.

3 Oh, faint not in the day of toil,
When harvest waits the reaper's hand;
Go, gather in the glorious spoil,
And joyous in his presence stand.

4 Thy love a rich reward shall find
From him who sits enthroned on high;
For they who turn the erring mind
Shall shine like stars above the sky.

A. BALFOUR.

449

Ascend thy Throne.
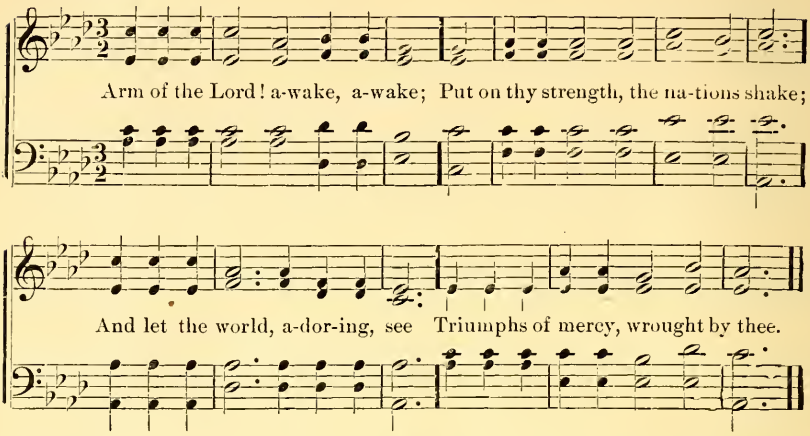
ASCEND thy throne, almighty King,
And spread thy glories all abroad;
Let thine own arm salvation bring,
And be thou known the gracious God.

2 Let millions bow before thy seat,
Let humble mourners seek thy face,
Bring daring rebels to thy feet,
Subdued by thy victorious grace.

3 Oh, let the kingdoms of the world
Become the kingdoms of the Lord!
Let saints and angels praise thy name,
Be thou through heaven and earth adored.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M. HEINRICH CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832.



450 *The Universal Reign of Christ.* (1033)

ARM of the Lord! awake, awake;
Put on thy strength, the nations shake;
And let the world, adoring, see
Triumphs of mercy, wrought by thee.

2 Say to the heathen, from thy throne,
"I am Jehovah—God alone!"
Thy voice their idols shall confound,
And cast their altars to the ground.

3 No more let human blood be spilt,
Vain sacrifice for human guilt;
But to each conscience be applied
The blood, that flowed from Jesus' side.

4 Almighty God! thy grace proclaim,
In every clime, of every name,
Till adverse powers before thee fall,
And crown the Savior—Lord of all.

WILLIAM SHRUBSOLE, 1779.

451 *Mission to the Heathen.* (1030)

BEHOLD, the heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exiled captive to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

2 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In this blest labor share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.

3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known
Where Satan long has held his throne.

4 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise,
And slave and freeman, Greek and Jew,
By sovereign grace be formed anew.

MRS. VOKE.

452 *The Gospel Banner.* (1027)

FLING out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide,
The sun that lights its shining folds,
The cross on which the Savior died.

2 Fling out the banner! angels bend
In anxious silence o'er the sign,
And vainly seek to comprehend
The wonder of the Love Divine.

3 Fling out the banner! heathen lands
Shall see from far the glorious sight;
And nations, crowding to be born,
Baptize their spirits in its light.

4 Fling out the banner! sin-sick souls,
That sink and perish in the strife,
Shall touch in faith its radiant hem,
And spring immortal, into life.

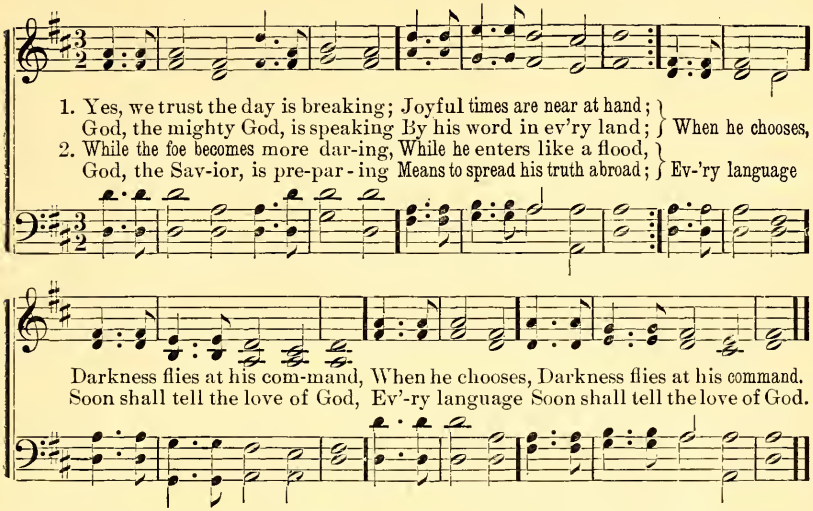
5 Fling out the banner! let it float
Skyward and seaward, high and wide;
Our glory, only in the Cross,
Our only hope, the Crucified.

6 Fling out the banner! wide and high,
Seaward and skyward let it shine;
Nor skill, nor might, nor merit, ours;
We conquer only in that sign.

GEO. W. DOANE, 1848.

453 ZION. 8s, 7s & 4s. (1042)

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.



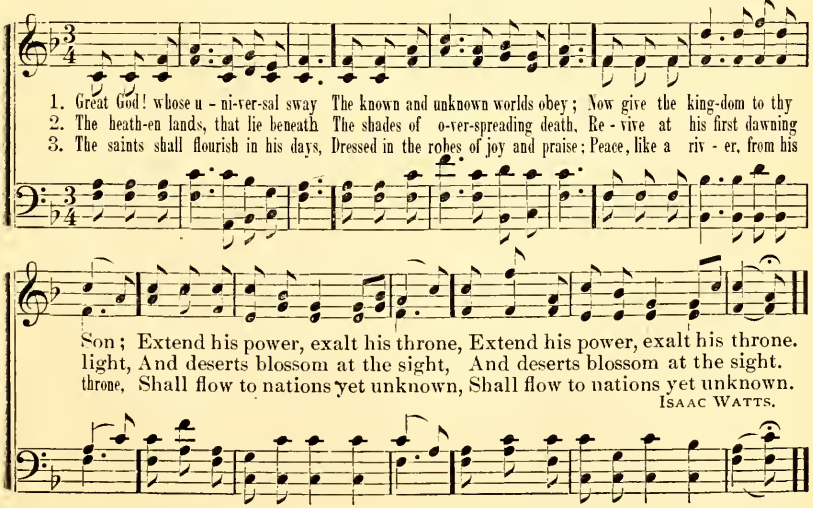
3 Oh, 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear, each day,
Joyful news, from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way,
Those enlight'ning
Who in death and darkness lay.

4 God of Jacob, high and glorious,
Let thy people see thy hand;
Let the gospel be victorious,
Through the world in every land;
Then shall idols
Perish, Lord, at thy command.

THOMAS KELLY, 1809.

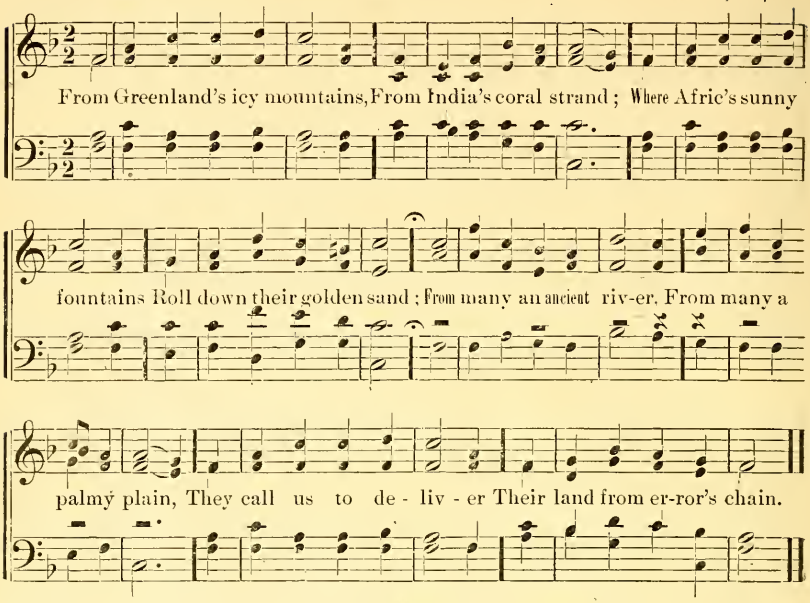
454 ANVERN. L. M.

German, adapted by LOWELL MASON, 1840.



ISAAC WATTS.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7s & 6s. Double. LOWELL MASON, 1824.



455 *Condition of the Heathen.* (1061)

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
From India's coral strand—
Where Afric's sunny fountains
Roll down their golden sand—
From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain—
They call us to deliver
Their land from error's chain.

2 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
By wisdom from on high,
Shall we to man benighted
The light of life deny?
Salvation! oh, salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

3 Waft, waft, ye winds, his story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till like a sea of glory
It spreads from pole to pole,
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

REGINALD HEBER, 1819.

456 *Home Missions.* (1062)

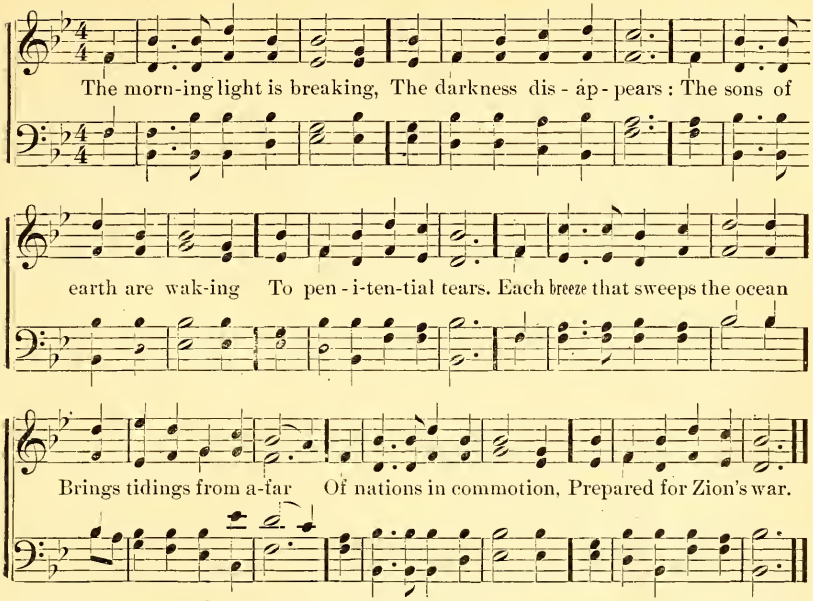
OUR country's voice is pleading,
Ye men of God, arise!
His providence is leading,
The land before you lies;
Day gleams are o'er it brightening,
And promise clothes the soil;
Wide fields for harvest whitening,
Invite the reaper's toil.

2 Go where the waves are breaking
On California's shore,
Christ's precious gospel taking,
More rich than golden ore;
On Allegheny's mountains,
Through all the western vale,
Beside Missouri's fountains,
Rehearse the wondrous tale.

3 The love of Christ unfolding,
Speed on from east to west,
Till all, his cross beholding,
In him are fully blest.
Great Author of salvation,
Haste, haste the glorious day,
When we, a ransomed nation,
Thy scepter shall obey.

MRS. G. W. ANDERSON.

WEBB. 7s & 6s. 8 lines. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



457

(1057)

Success of the Gospel.

2 Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
In many a gentle shower,
And brighter scenes before us
Are opening every hour;
Each cry, to heaven going,
Abundant answers brings,
And heavenly gales are blowing,
With peace upon their wings.

3 See heathen nations bending
Before the God we love,
And thousand hearts ascending
In gratitude above;
While sinners, now confessing,
The gospel call obey,
And seek the Savior's blessing,—
A nation in a day.

4 Blest river of salvation!
Pursue thine onward way;
Flow thou to every nation,
Nor in thy richness stay:—
Stay not, till all the lowly
Triumphant reach their home;
Stay not, till all the holy
Proclaim "The Lord is come."

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1845.

458

(1059)

Home Missions.

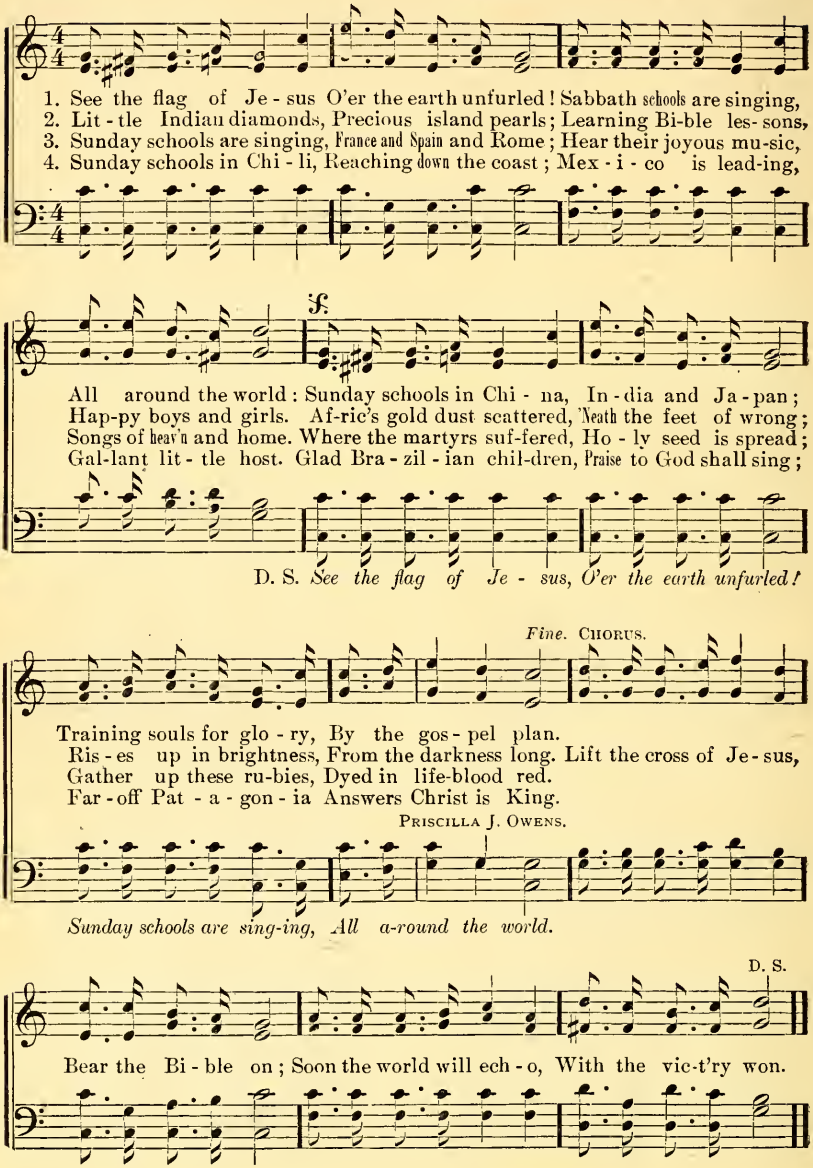
Go preach the blest salvation
To every sinful race,
And bid each guilty nation
Accept the Savior's grace;
But bear, oh, quickly bear it
Where thronging millions roam,
And bid them freely share it,
Who dwell with us at home.

2 Where blooms the broad savanna,
Where mighty waters roll,
There let the gospel banner
Beam hope on every soul;
Go where the west is teeming,
And yet behold they come!
The fields all ripe are gleaming
For those who reap at home!

3 Our children there are dwelling,
Neglected and astray,
Whose hearts are often swelling
To learn of Zion's way.
Bear, bear to them the treasure
And bid the exiles come;
There is no sweeter pleasure,
Than preaching Christ at home.

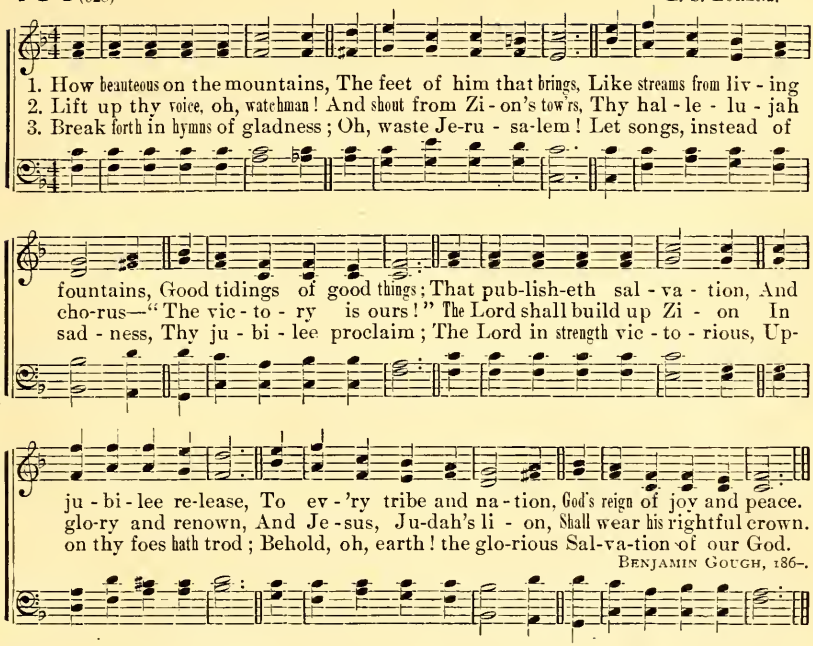
SIDNEY DYER.

459 ALL AROUND THE WORLD. 6s & 5s. E. S. Lorenz.



460 (928) DILLENBURG. 7s & 6s.

E. S. LORENZ.
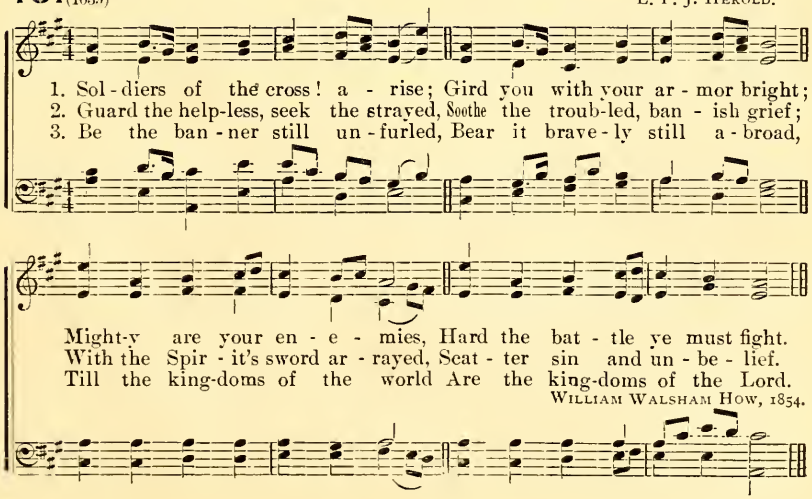


BENJAMIN GOUGH, 186–.

Copyright, 1887, by E. S. LORENZ.

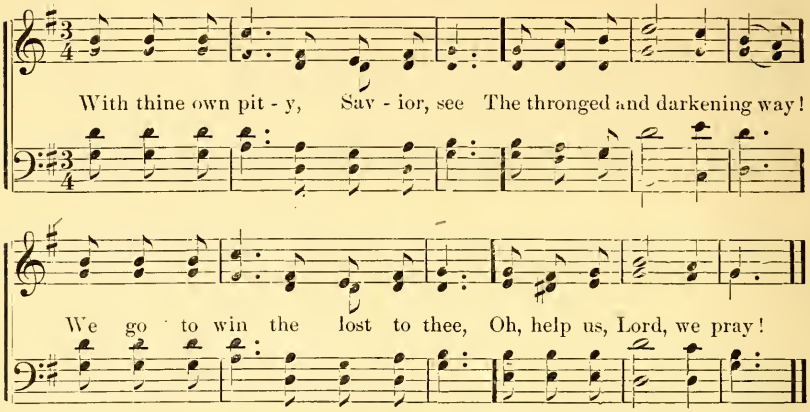
461 (1039) HEROLD. 7s.

L. F. J. HEROLD.



WILLIAM WALSHAM HOW, 1854.

ALLHALLOWS. C. M. SAMUEL WEBBE.



462 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *In the Strength of Jesus.* (983)

2 Thou bid'st us go, with thee to stand
Against hell's marshalled powers;
And heart to heart, and hand to hand,
To make thine honor ours.

3 Teach thou our lips of thee to speak,
Of thy sweet love to tell;
Till they who wander far shall seek
And find and serve thee well.

4 O'er all the world thy Spirit send,
And make thy goodness known,
Till earth and heaven together blend
Their praises at thy throne.

RAY PALMER.

463 *Zeal for Souls.—John* 4: 35.

OH! still in accents sweet and strong
Sounds forth the ancient word,—
"More reapers for white harvest fields,
More laborers for the Lord!"

2 We hear the call; in dreams no more
In selfish ease we lie,
But girded for our Father's work,
Go forth beneath his sky.

3 Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
And prayers of saints were sown,
We, to their labors entering in,
Would reap where they have strown.

S. LONGFELLOW.

464 *A Meeting of Ministers.* (1006)

POUR out thy Spirit from on high;
Lord! thine assembled servants bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe thy priests with righteousness.

2 Wisdom and zeal, and faith impart,
Firmness with meekness from above,
To bear thy people on our heart,
And love the souls whom thou dost love:

3 To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night, strict guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Nourish thy lambs, and feed thy sheep.

4 Then, when our work is finished here,
In humble hope, our charge resign;
When the chief Shepherd shall appear,
O God! may they and we be thine.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1825.

465 *An Ordination Service.* (1011)

THE solemn service now is done;
The vow is pledged, the toil begun;
Seal thou, O God! the oath above,
And ratify the pledge of love.

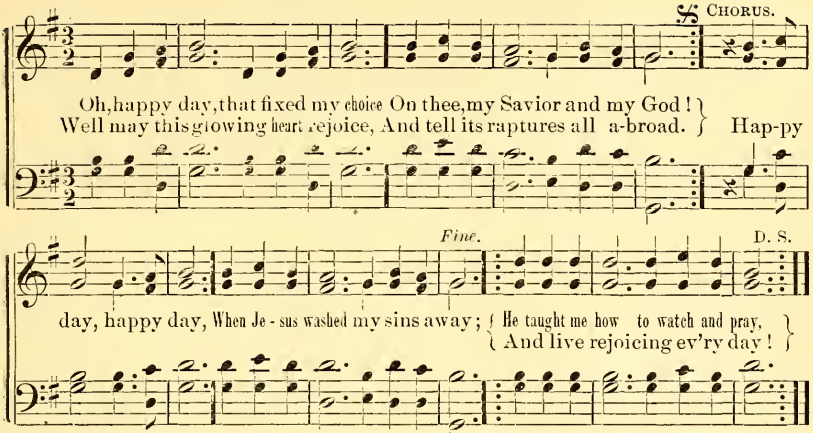
2 The shepherd of thy people bless;
Gird him with thine own holiness;
In duty may his pleasure be,
His glory in his zeal for thee.

3 Here let the ardent prayer arise,
Faith fix its grasp beyond the skies,
The tear of penitence be shed,
And myriads to the Savior led.

4 Come, Spirit! here consent to dwell;
The mists of earth and sin dispel:
Blest Savior! thine own rights maintain;
Supreme in every bosom reign.

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1843.

HAPPY DAY. L. M.



466 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.]

Rejoicing in Entire Consecration. (937)

2 Oh, happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill the house,
While to his altar now I move.

3 'Tis done—the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.

4 Now rest—my long divided heart—
Fixed on this blissful center, rest—
Here have I found a nobler part,
Here heavenly pleasures fill my breast.

5 High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till, in life's latest hour, I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

467 *Converts Welcomed.* (940)

COME in, thou blessed of the Lord!
Enter in Jesus' precious name;
We welcome thee, with one accord,
And trust the Savior does the same.

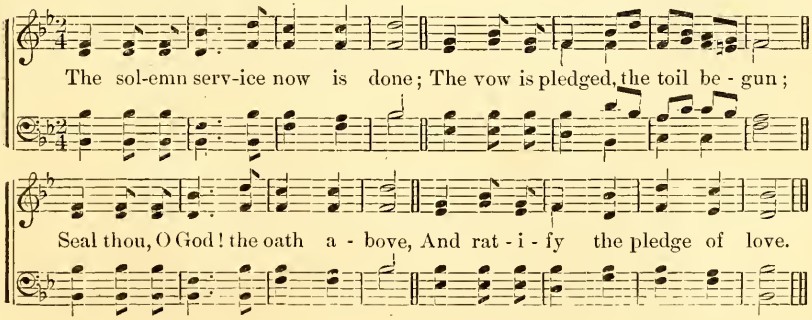
2 Those joys, which earth can not afford,
We'll seek in fellowship to prove,
Joined in one spirit to our Lord,
Together bound by mutual love.

3 And, while we pass this vale of tears,
We'll make our joys and sorrows known;
We'll share each other's hopes and fears,
And count a brother's case our own.

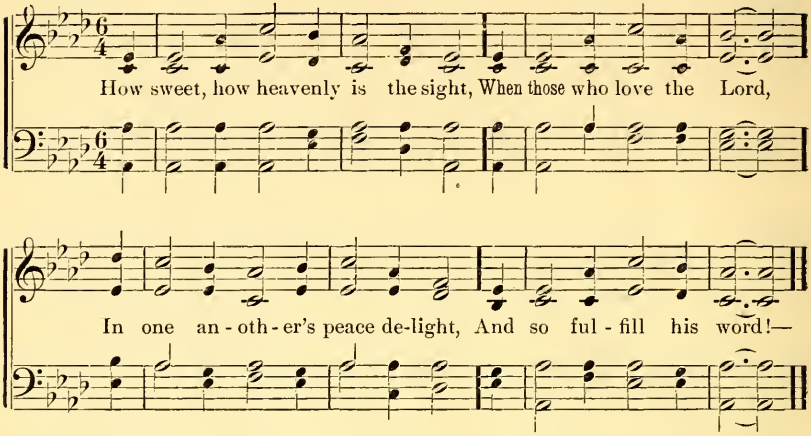
4 Once more, our welcome we repeat;
Receive assurance of our love;
Oh! may we all together meet,
Around the throne of God above.

THOMAS KELLY, 1812.

WELTON. L. M. C. H. A. MALAN.



EVAN. C. M. Arr.; WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL, 1849.



468

Brotherly Love. (983)

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfill his word!—

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart:

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
Our wishes all above,
Each can his brother's failings hide,
And show a brother's love:

4 When love, in one delightful stream,
Through every bosom flows;
When union sweet, and dear esteem,
In every action glows.

5 Love is the golden chain, that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

JOSEPH SWAIN, 1792.

469

Gen. 24: 31. (931)

COME in, beloved of the Lord,
Stranger nor foe art thou;
We welcome thee with warm accord,
Our friend, our brother, now.

2 The hand of fellowship, the heart
Of love, we offer thee:
Leaving the world, thou dost but part
From lies and vanity.

3 Come with us,—we will do thee good,
As God to us hath done;
Stand but in him, as those have stood
Whose faith the victory won.

4 And when, by turns, we pass away,
And star by star grows dim,
May each, translated into day,
Be lost and found in him.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

470

Covenant Vows. (933)

WITNESS, ye men and angels! now,
Before the Lord we speak;
To him we make our solemn vow,
A vow we dare not break;—

2 That, long as life itself shall last,
Ourselves to Christ we yield;
Nor from his cause will we depart,
Or ever quit the field.
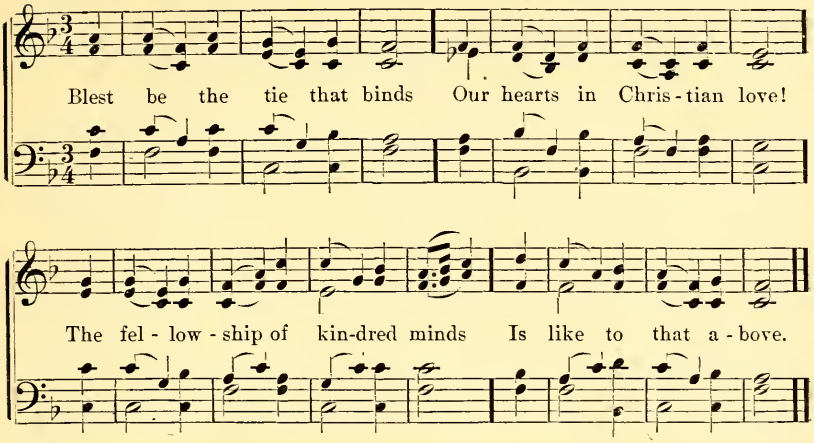
3 We trust not in our native strength,
But on his grace rely;
That, with returning wants, the Lord
Will all our need supply.

4 Oh! guide our doubtful feet aright,
And keep us in thy ways;
And, while we turn our vows to prayers,
Turn thou our prayers to praise.

BENJAMIN BEDDOME, 1790.

DENNIS. S. M.

HANS GEORGE NAGELI, 1773–1836.



471 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *Love to the Brethren.* (992)

2 Before our Father's throne,
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear:
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain:
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

5 This glorious hope revives
Our courage by the way;
While each in expectation lives,
And longs to see the day.

6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
And sin we shall be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.

JOHN FAWCETT, 1772.

472 *Laborers in the Vineyard.* (995)

AND let our bodies part—
To diff'rent climes repair;
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

2 Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below;
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 The vineyard of the Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Which waits us in the skies.

4 Oh, let our heart and mind
Continually ascend,
That haven of repose to find,
Where all our labors end.

CHARLES WESLEY.

473 *Meeting After Absence.* (996)

AND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join,
And in his sight appear.

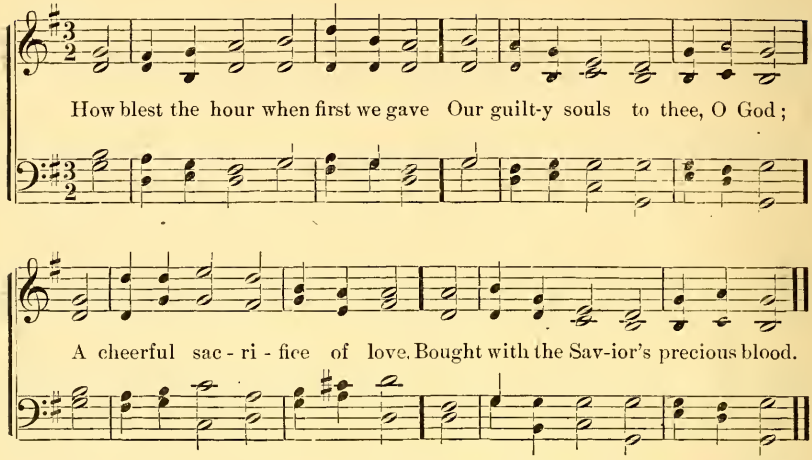
3 What troubles have we seen!
What conflicts have we passed!
Fightings without, and fears within,
Since we assembled last!

4 But out of all the Lord
Hath brought us by his love;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Let us take up the cross,
Till we the crown obtain;
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

CHARLES WESLEY.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M. LOWELL MASON, 1830.



474 *The Likeness of His Death.* (974)

How blest the hour when first we gave
Our guilty souls to thee, O God;
A cheerful sacrifice of love,
Bought with the Savior's precious blood.

2 How blest the vow we here record!
How blest the grace we now receive!
Buried in baptism with our Lord,
New lives of holiness to live.

3 How blest the solemn rite that seals
Our death to sin, our guilt forgiven;—
How blest the emblem that reveals
God reconciled, and peace with heaven.

4 Thus through the emblematic grave
The glorious, suffering Savior trod;
Thou art our pattern, through the wave
We follow thee, blest Son of God.

S. F. SMITH.

475 *The Feast of Love.* (961)

MY God! and is thy table spread?
And does thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all its sweetness know.

2 Hail! sacred feast, which Jesus makes!
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood;
Thrice happy he, who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food!

3 Oh! let thy table honored be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

4 Let crowds approach, with hearts prepared;
With hearts inflamed let all attend;
Nor, when we leave our Father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, 1740.

476 *Jesu, Dulcedo Cordium!* (963)

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts!
Thou Fount of life! thou Light of men!
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

2 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on thee call;
To them that seek thee, thou art good,
To them that find thee,—All in all!

3 We taste thee, Oh, thou living Bread!
And long to feast upon thee still;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

4 Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see,
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

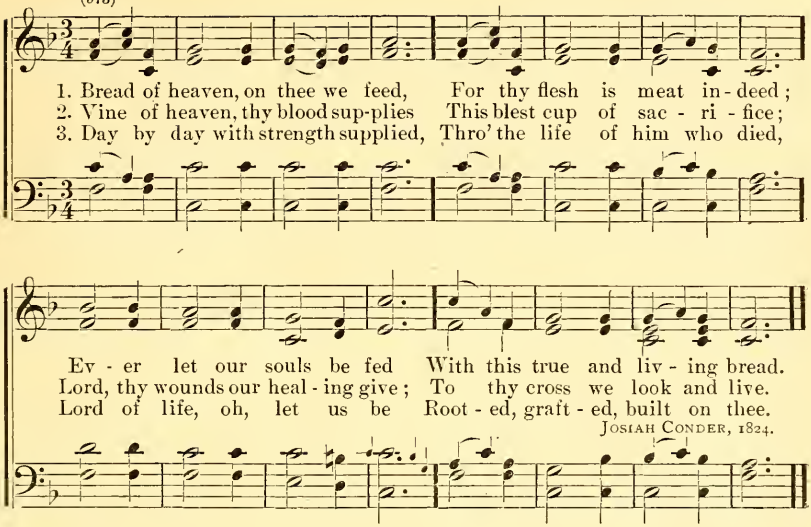
5 O Jesus! ever with us stay;
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away;
Shed o'er the world thy holy light.

Lat., BERNARD, OF CLAIRVAUX, 1140.
Tr., RAY PALMER, 1833.

477 ALETTA. 7s.

(973)

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1856.



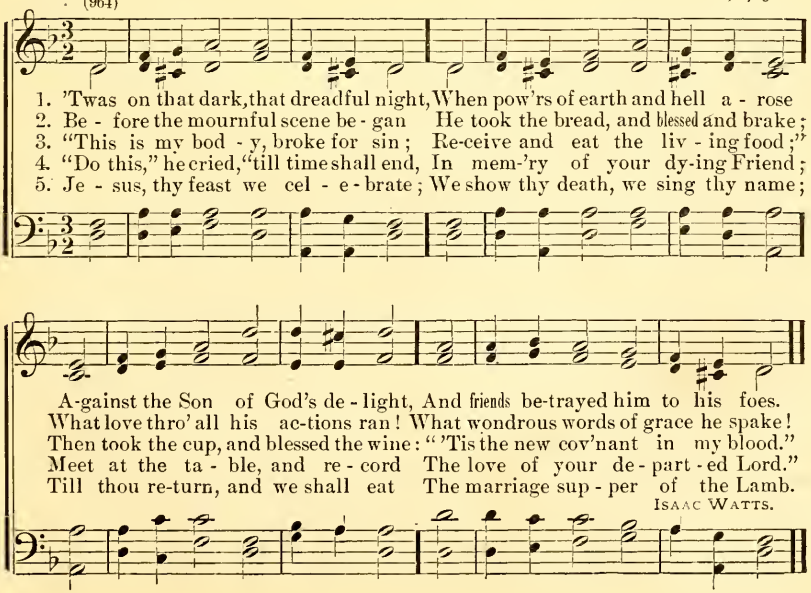
JOSIAH CONDER, 1824.

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478 WINDHAM. L. M.

(964)

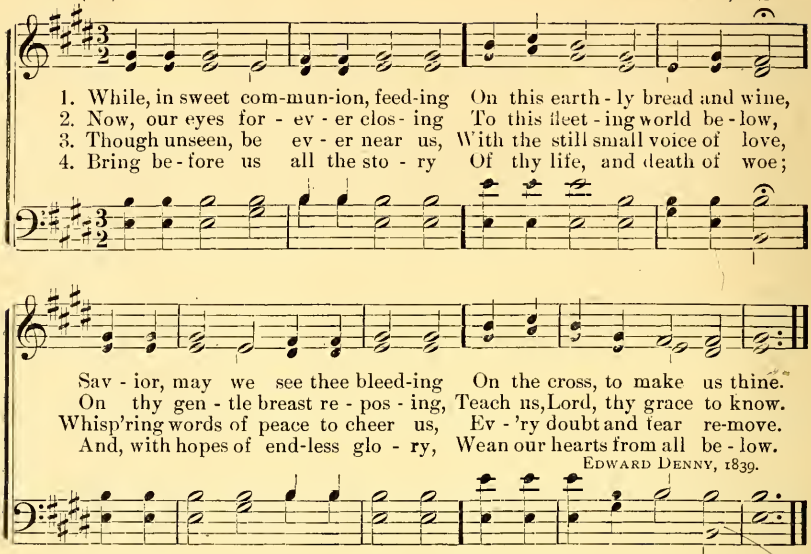
DANIEL READ, 1785.



ISAAC WATTS.

479 (977) DORRNANCE. 8s & 7s.

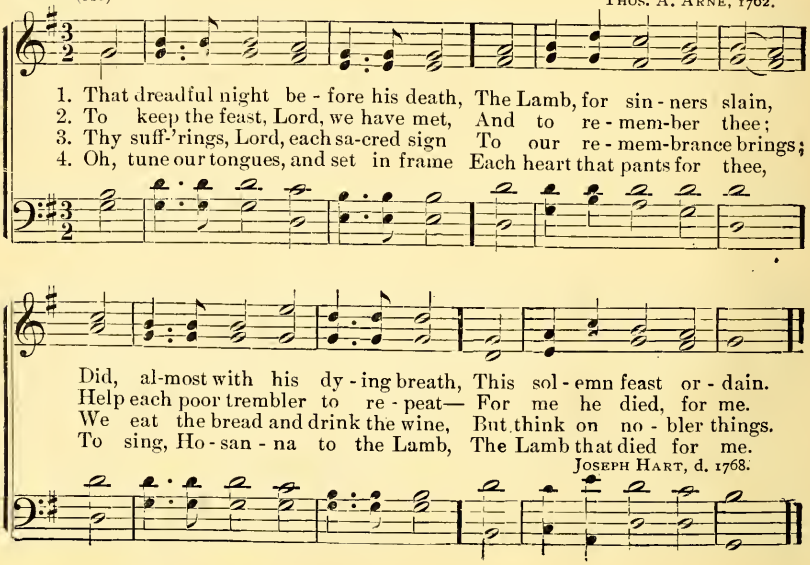
I. B. Woodbury, 1845.



Edward Denny, 1839.

480 (958) ARLINGTON C. M.

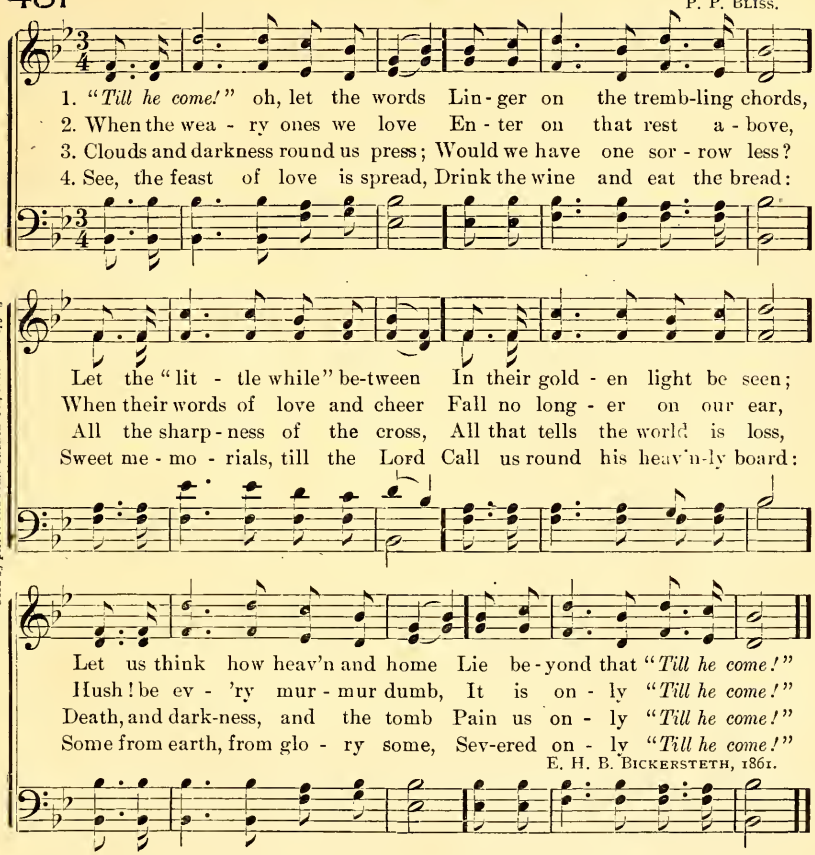
Thos. A. Arne, 1762.



Joseph Hart, d. 1768.

481 TILL HE COME. 7s. 6 lines.

P. P. Bliss.



E. H. B. Bickersteth, 1861.

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482 *Baptized into His Death.* (945)

We long to move and breathe in thee,
Inspired with thine own breath,
To live thy life, O Lord, and be
Baptized into thy death.

2 Thy death to sin we die below,
But we shall rise in love;
We here are planted in thy woe,
But we shall bloom above.

3 Above we shall thy glory share,
As we thy cross have borne;
E'en we shall crowns of honor wear,
When we the thorns have worn.

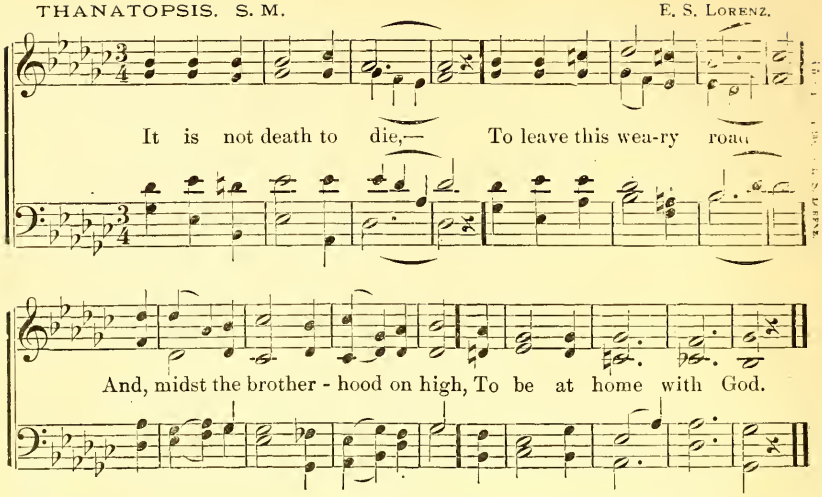
483 *Baptism of Children.* (946)

Our children, Lord, in faith and prayer
We now devote to thee;
Let them thy covenant mercies share,
And thy salvation see.

2 In early days their hearts secure
From worldly snares, we pray;
And let them to the end endure
In every righteous way.

3 Grant us before them, Lord, to live
In holy faith and fear;
And then to heaven our souls receive
And bring our children there.

THANATOPSIS. S. M. E. S. LORENZ.



484 *Dying, not Death.* (1088)

IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, midst the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimmed by tears,
And wake, in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.

3 It is not death to fling
Aside this sinful dust,
And rise, on strong exulting wing,
To live among the just.

4 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen can not die;
Like thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with thee on high.

GEORGE W. BETHUNE, 1847.

485 *The Crowning Hour.* (1086)

SERVANT of God, well done!
Thy glorious warfare's past;
The battle's fought, the race is won,
And thou art crown'd at last;—

2 Of all thy heart's desire
Triumphantly possess'd;
Lodged by the ministerial choir
In thy Redeemer's breast.

3 In condescending love,
Thy ceaseless prayer he heard,
And bade thee suddenly remove
To thy complete reward.

4 With saints enthroned on high,
Thou dost thy Lord proclaim,
And still to God salvation cry,—
Salvation to the Lamb!

CHARLES WESLEY.

486 *A Little While.* (1089)

A FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come,
And we shall be with those that rest
Asleep within the tomb:

2 A few more suns shall set
O'er these dark hills of time,
And we shall be where suns are not,
A far serener clime:

3 A few more storms shall beat
On this wild rocky shore,
And we shall be where tempests cease,
And surges swell no more:

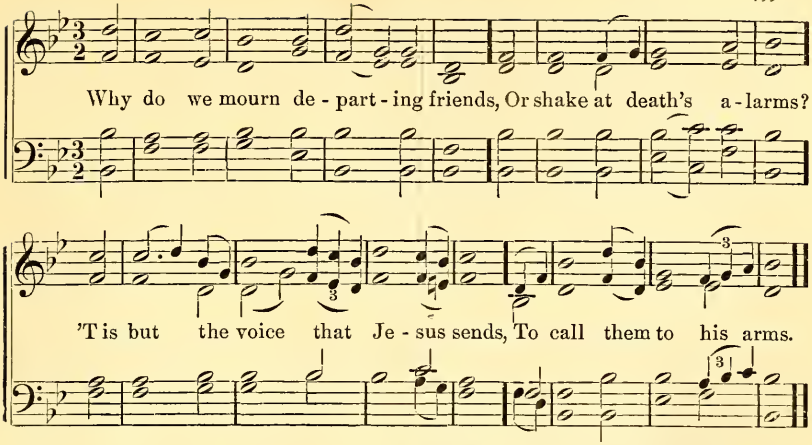
4 A few more struggles here,
A few more partings o'er,
A few more toils, a few more tears,
And we shall weep no more:

5 'Tis but a little while
And he shall come again,
Who died that we might live, who lives
That we with him may reign:

6 Then, O my Lord, prepare
My soul for that great day;
Oh, wash me in thy precious blood,
And take my sins away.

HORATIUS BONAR, 1856.

CHINA. C. M. THOMAS SWAN, 1799.



493 *We are Confident.* (1067)

WHY do we mourn departing friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward, too,
As fast as time can move?
Nor would we wish the hours more slow,
To keep us from our love.

3 Why should we tremble to convey
Their bodies to the tomb?
There the dear flesh of Jesus lay,
And scattered all the gloom.

4 The graves of all the saints be blessed,
And softened every bed;
Where should the dying members rest,
But with the dying Head?

5 Thence he arose, ascending high,
And showed our feet the way;
Up to the Lord we, too, shall fly
At the great rising-day.

6 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
And bid our kindred rise;
Awake! ye nations under ground;
Ye saints! ascend the skies.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

494 *Cheerful Submission to Death.* (1065)

AND let this feeble body fail,
And let it faint or die;
My soul shall quit the mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high—

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest;
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain;
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

4 I suffer on my three-score years,
Till my Deliverer come,
And wipes away his servant's tears,
And takes his exile home.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1759.

495 *Mourning with Hope.* (1066)

WHY should our tears in sorrow flow
When God recalls his own,
And bids them leave a world of woe,
For an immortal crown?

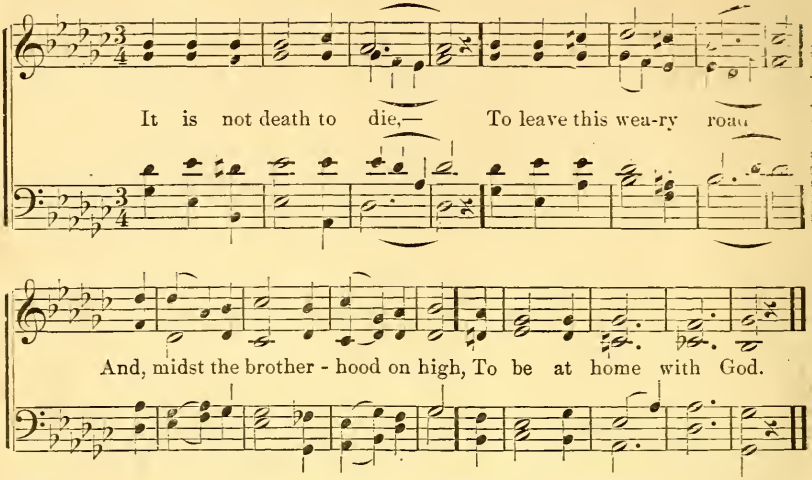
2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
Whose life to God was given?
Gladly to earth their eyes they close
To open them in heaven.

3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
And they are fully blest!
They fought the fight, the victory won,
And entered into rest.

4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow,—
God has recalled his own;
But let our hearts, in every woe,
Still say, "Thy will be done!"

WM. H. BATHURST, 1829.

THANATOPSIS. S. M. E. S. LORENZ.



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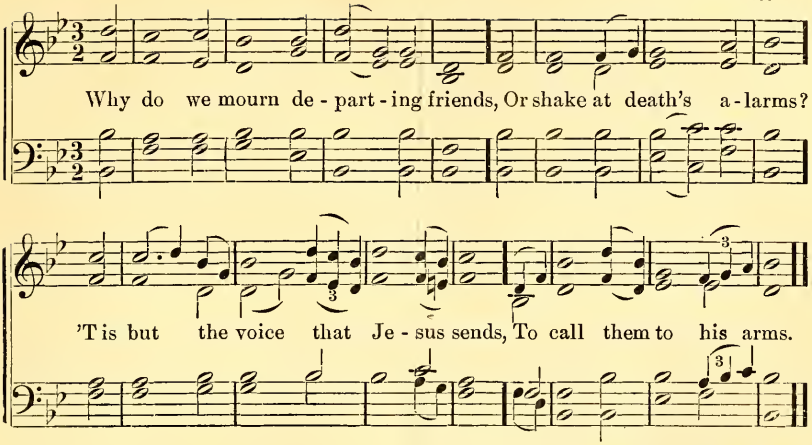
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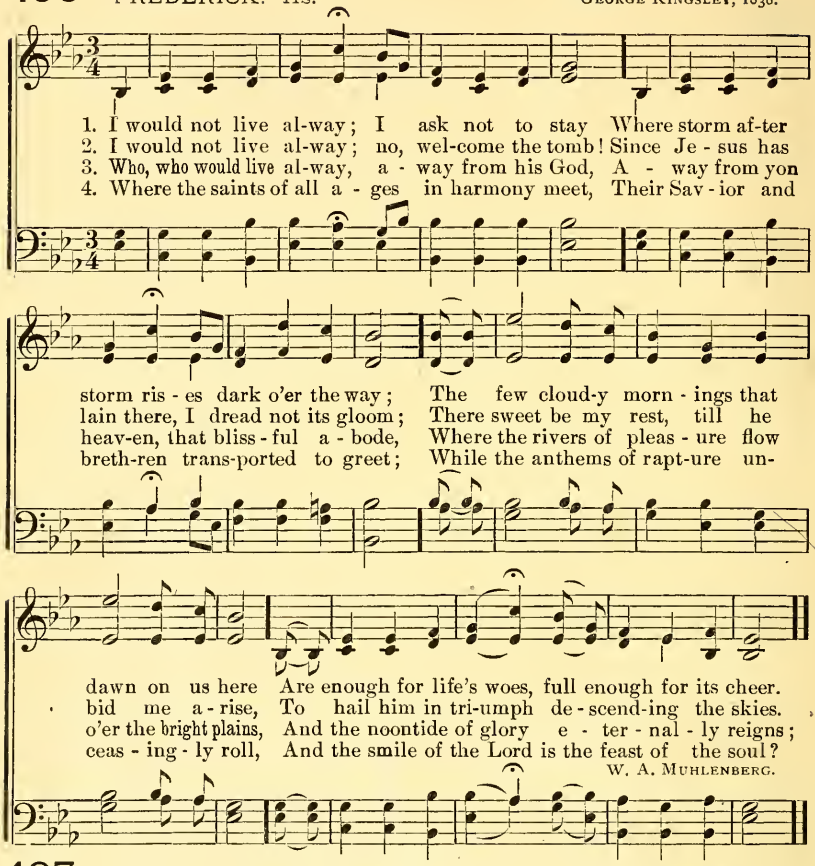
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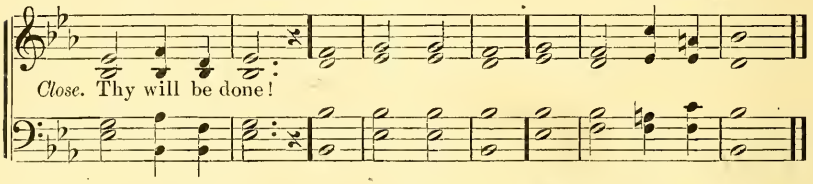
WM. H. BATHURST, 1829.

496 FREDERICK. 11s. George Kingsley, 1838.



W. A. Muhlenberg.

497 THY WILL BE DONE. Chant. Lowell Mason.



Mark 14: 36.

"Thy will be | done!" ‖ In devious way
The hurrying stream of | life may | run; ‖
Yet still our grateful hearts shall say, |
"Thy will be | done."

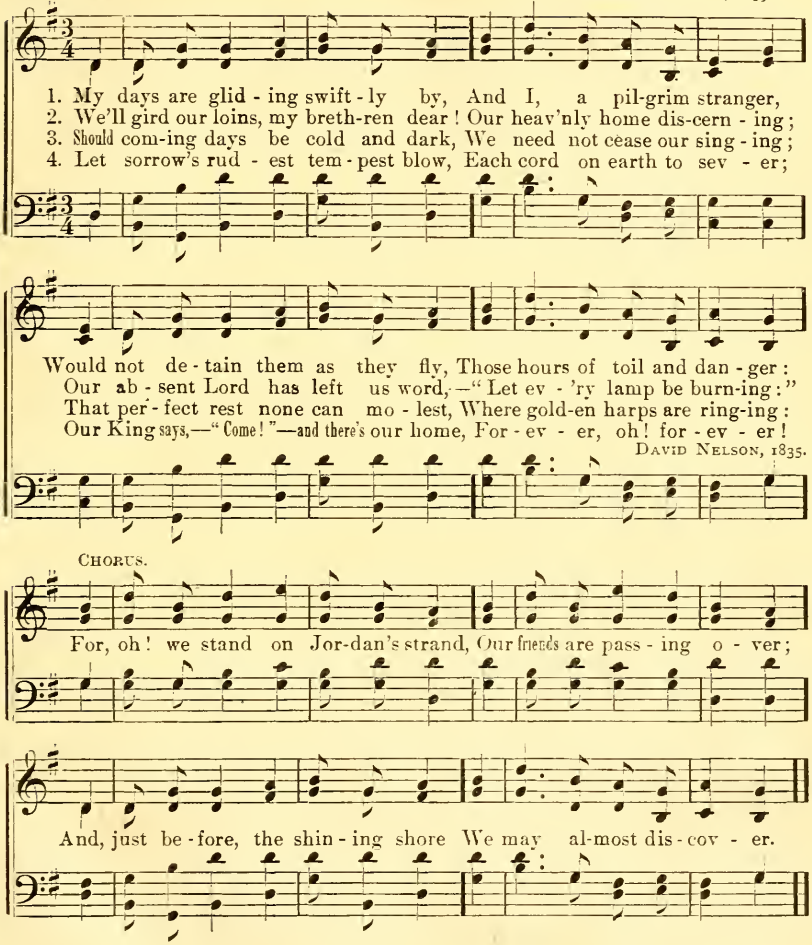
2 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ If o'er us shine
A gladdening and a|prosperous|sun, ‖
This prayer will make it more divine—|
"Thy will be | done!"

3 "Thy will be | done!" ‖ Tho' shrouded o'er
Our | path with | gloom, | one comfort, one
Is ours:—to breathe, while we adore, |
"Thy will be | done."

Sir J. Bowring, 1825.

498 (1146) SHINING SHORE. 8s & 7s. Trochaic.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1859.



By per. of O. Ditson Co., owners of copyright.

499 (1147) *Wayfarers.*

WAYFARERS in the wilderness,
By morn, and noon, and even,
Day after day, we journey on,
With weary feet toward heaven:

CHO.—O land above! O land of love!
The glory shineth o'er thee;
O Christ, our King! in mercy bring
Us thither, we implore thee!

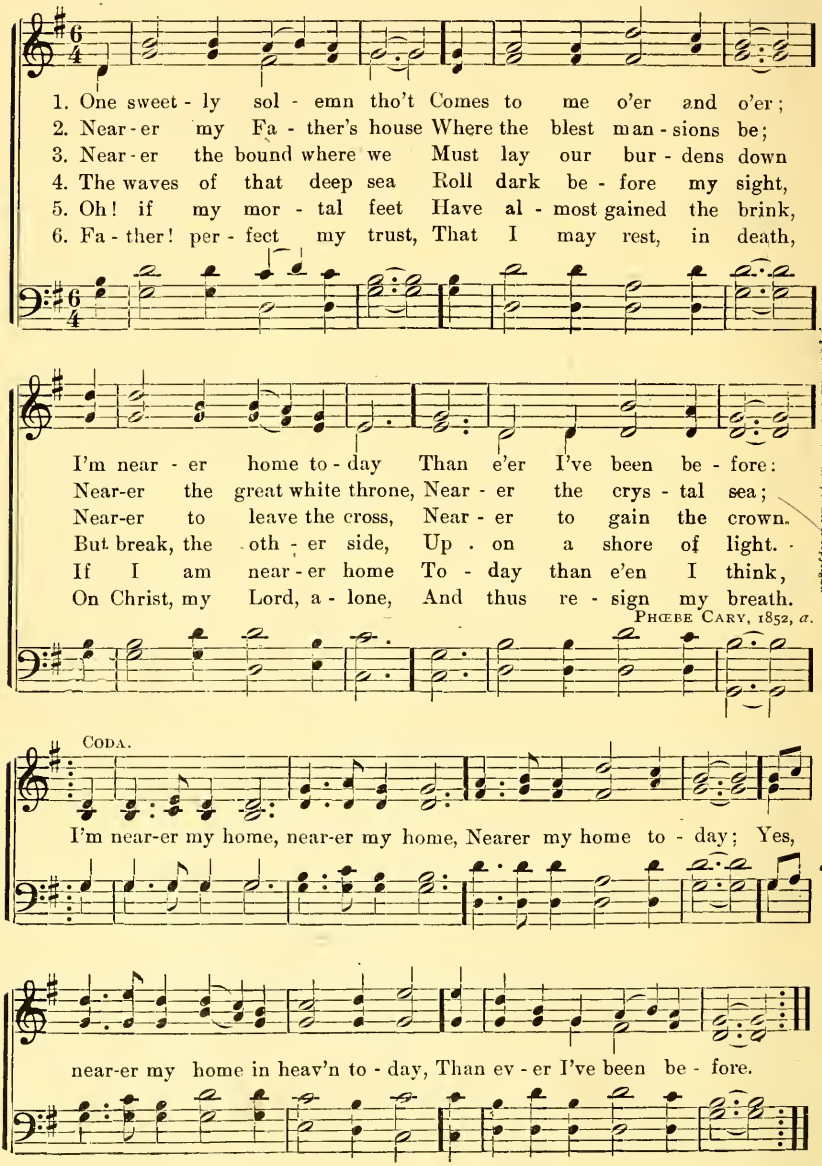
2 By day the cloud before us goes,
By night the cloud of fire,
To guide us o'er the trackless waste,
To Canaan ever nigher:

3 The sea was riven from our feet,
And so shall be the river;
And, by the King's highway brought home,
We'll praise his name forever:

ALEXANDER R. THOMPSON, 1869.

500 (1139) NEARER HOME. 6s.

JOHN M. EVANS, 1860.

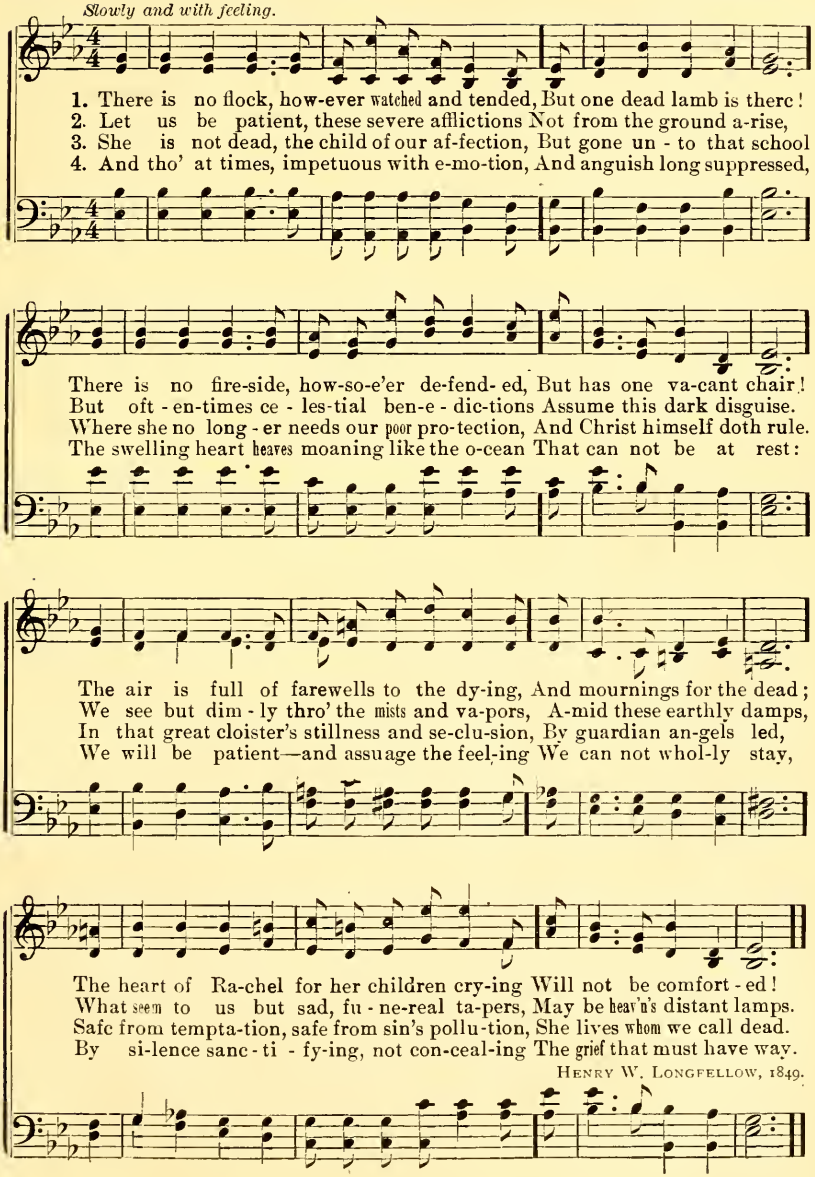


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501 CONSOLATION. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.

Slowly and with feeling.

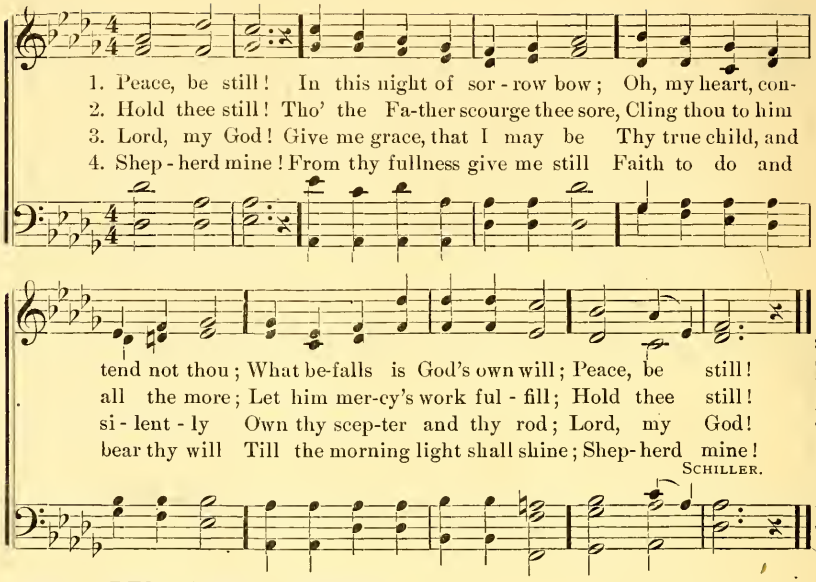


Henry W. Longfellow, 1849.

Copyright, 1865, by E. S. Lorenz.

502 PEACE, BE STILL. P. M.

E. S. Lorenz.



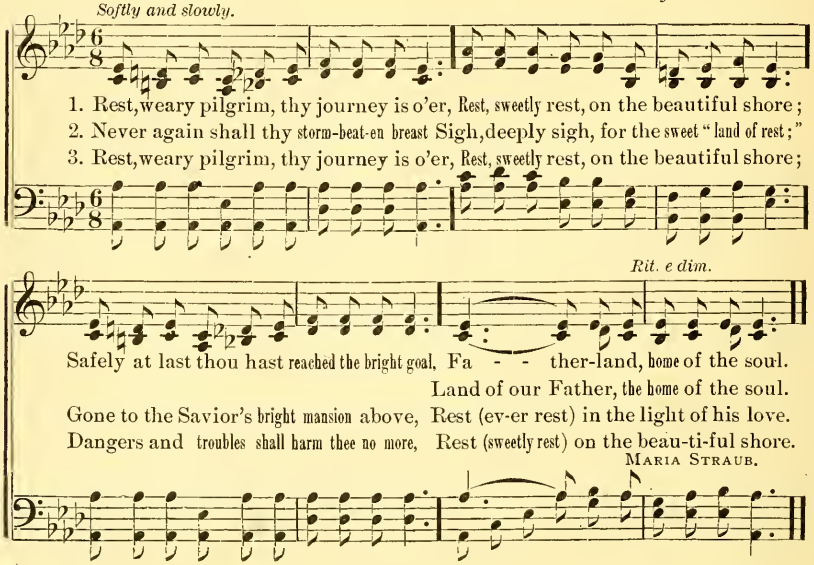
Schiller.

Copyright, 1876, by W. J. Shuey, agt.

503 REST, WEARY PILGRIM. 10s.

J. H. Tenney.

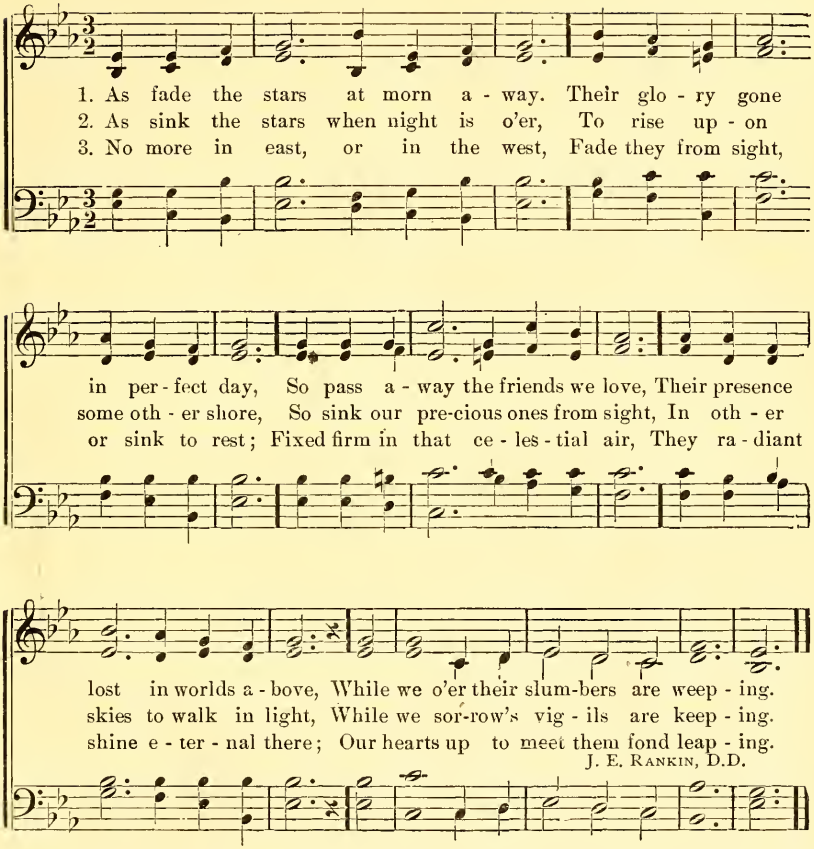
Softly and slowly.



Maria Straub.

504 AS FADE THE STARS. P. M.

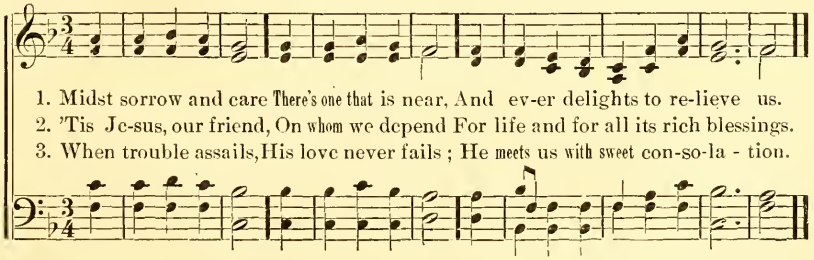
E. S. LORENZ.



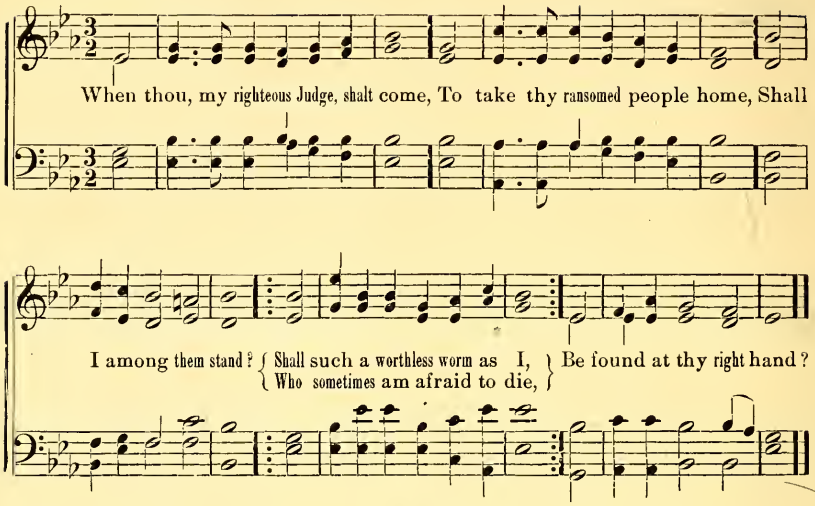
J. E. RANKIN, D.D.

Copyright, 1866, by E. S. Lorenz.

505 NETTIE. 5s & 9s.



MERIBAH. C. P. M. DR. L. MASON, 1839.



506 *Pleading for Acceptance.* (1114)

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come,
To take thy ransomed people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who sometimes am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

2 I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy feet with them to bow,
Though vilest of them all;
But can I bear the piercing thought?—
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shalt call?

3 O Lord, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou my only hiding-place,
In this th' accepted day;
Thy pardoning voice, oh, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

4 And when the final trump shall sound,
Among thy saints let me be found,
To bow before thy face;
Then in triumphant strains I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring
With praise of sovereign grace.

MRS. SELINA SHIRLEY, 1772.

507 *Present and Future Realities.* (1115)

Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Between two boundless seas I stand,—
Yet how insensible!
A point of time—a moment's space—
Removes me to yon heavenly place,
Or shuts me up in hell!

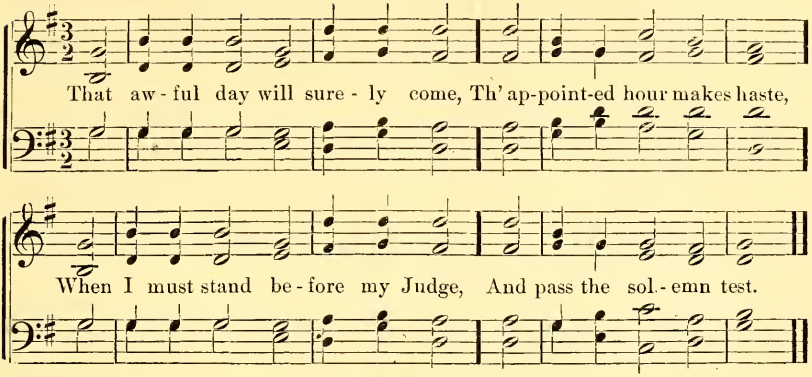
2 O God! my inmost soul convert,
And deeply on my thoughtless heart
Eternal things impress;
Give me to feel their solemn weight,
And save me, ere it be too late!
Wake me to righteousness.

3 Be this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfill,
To suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure!

4 Then Savior! then my soul receive,
Transported from the earth, to live
And reign with thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope, in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

CHARLES WESLEY, 1749.

MARLOW. C. M. JOHN CHETHAM, 1832.



508 *Certainty of Judgment.* (1103)

THAT awful day will surely come,
Th' appointed hour makes haste,
When I must stand before the Judge
And pass the solemn test.

2 Thou lovely Chief of all my joys,
Thou Sovereign of my heart,
How could I bear to hear thy voice
Pronounce the sound, "Depart!"

3 Oh, wretched state of deep despair,
To see my God remove,
And fix my dreadful station where
I must not taste his love!

4 Oh, tell me that my worthless name
Is graven on thy hands;
Show me some promise in thy book
Where my salvation stands.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

509 *The Judgment Day.* (1106)

AND must I be to judgment brought
And answer in that day,
For every vain and idle thought,
And every word I say?

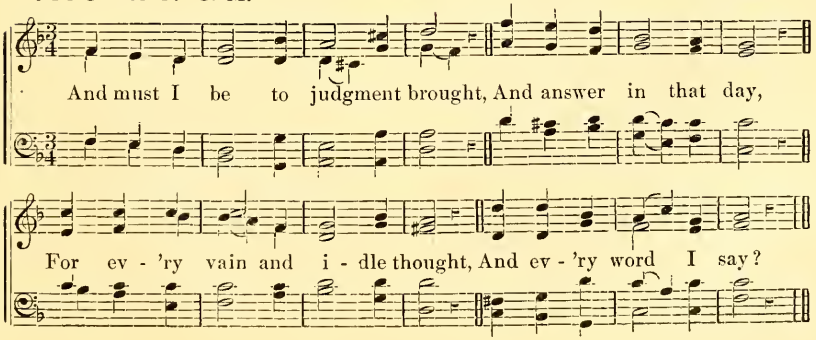
2 Yes, every secret of my heart
Shall shortly be made known,
And I receive my just desert
For all that I have done.

3 How careful then I ought to live!
With what religious fear,
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here.

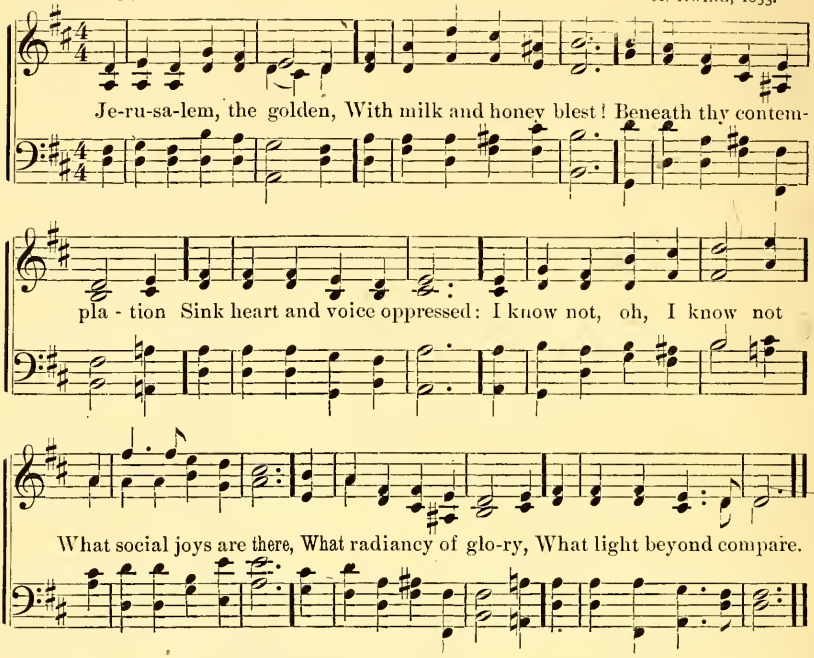
4 Thou awful Judge of quick and dead,
The watchful power bestow;
So shall I to my ways take heed,
To all I speak or do.

CHARLES WESLEY.

JUDGMENT. C. M. E. S. LORENZ.



EWING. 7s & 6s. D. A. EWING, 1853.



510

The New Jerusalem.

JERUSALEM, the golden,
With milk and honey blest!
Beneath thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice oppressed:
I know not, oh, I know not,
What social joys are there,
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked in glorious sheen.

3 There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast;
And they who, with their Leader,
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145.
J. M. NEALE, *tr.*, 1751.

511

Paradise of Joy.

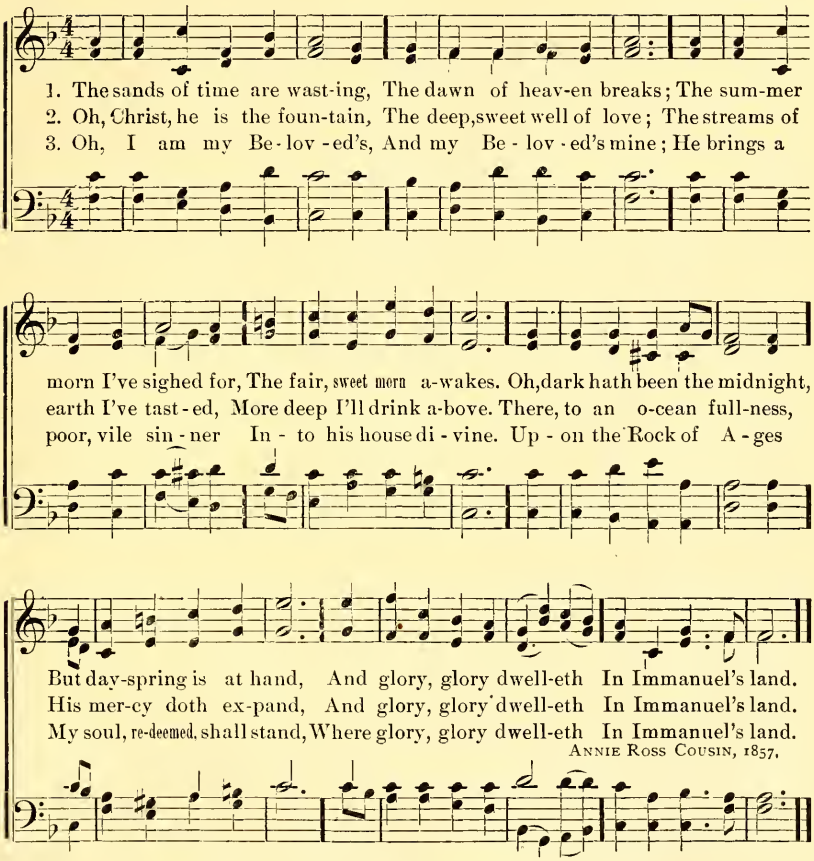
FOR thee, O dear, dear Country,
Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
Thy happy name, they weep.
The mention of thy glory
Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,
And love, and life, and rest.

2 Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
The home of God's elect!
Oh, sweet and blessed Country,
That eager hearts expect!
Jesus, in mercy bring us
To that dear land of rest;
Who art, with God the Father,
And Spirit, ever blest.

BERNARD OF CLUNY, 1145.
NEALE, *tr.*, 1751.

512 IMMANUEL'S LAND. 7s & 6s. D.

E. S. Lorenz, 1882.



Annie Ross Cousin, 1857.

513

Heb. 11:14.
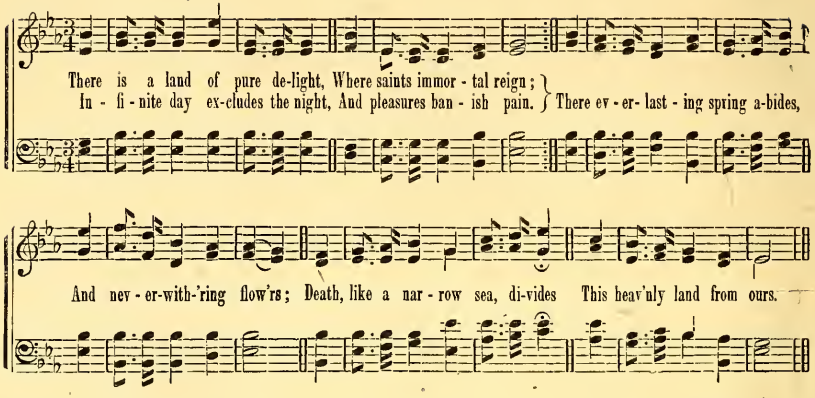
Jerusalem, the glorious!
The glory of th' elect,—
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect!
Ev'n now by faith I see thee,
Ev'n here thy walls discern;
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive, and pant, and yearn!

2 The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified, thy praise;
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise;—
Jerusalem! exulting
On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
And love thee evermore!

3 O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country!
Shall I e'er win thy grace?—
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part;
His only, his forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!

Bernard of Cluny, 1145.
Neale, *tr.* 1757.

VARINA. C. M. D. Arr. by G. F. Root.



514 *The Heavenly Canaan.* (1116)

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers;
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.
But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea,
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

3 O could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes—
Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

ISAAC WATTS, 1709.

515 *Heavenly Rest in Anticipation.* (1118)

WHEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

2 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all.
There I shall bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

ISAAC WATTS, 1707.

516 *The Society of Heaven* (1126)

JERUSALEM! my glorious home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labors have an end,
In joy, and peace, and thee?
When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

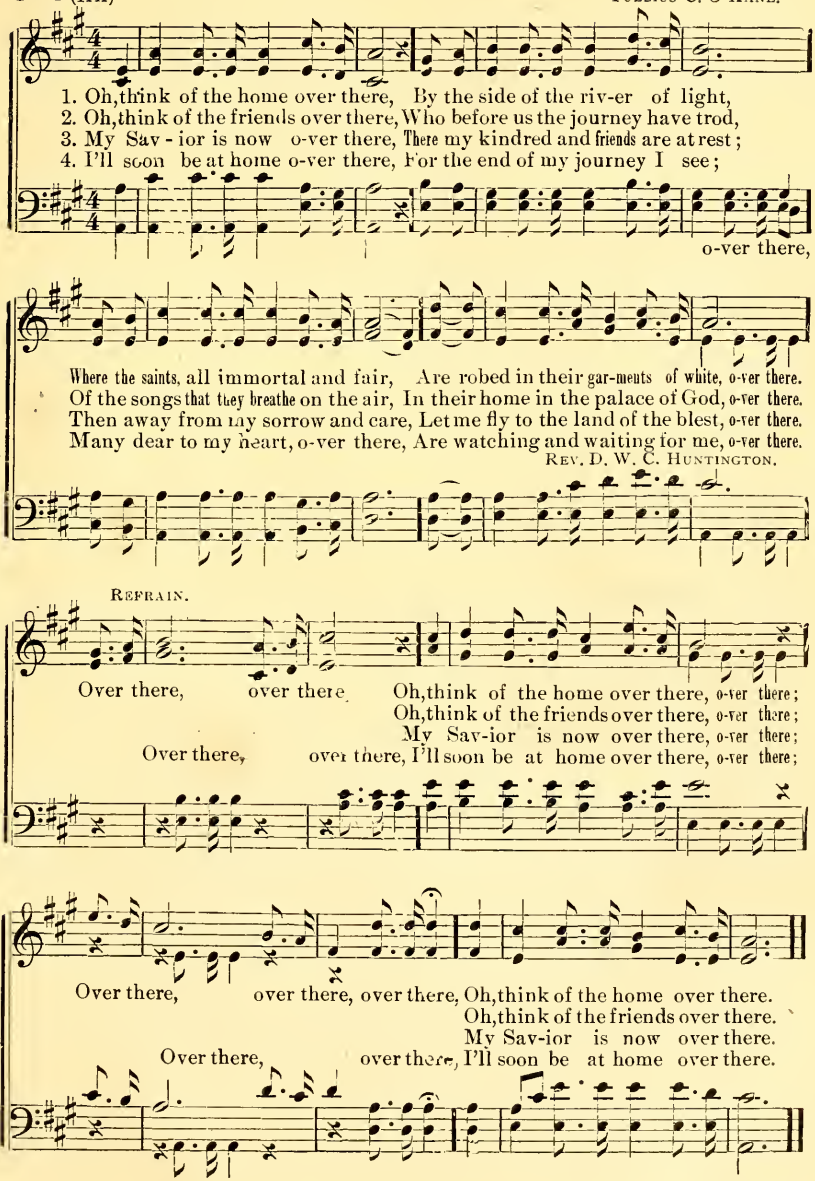
2 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

3 Why should I shrink at pain and woe?
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.
Jerusalem! my glorious home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

FRANCIS BAKER (?), 1801.

517 (1141) OVER THERE. P. M.

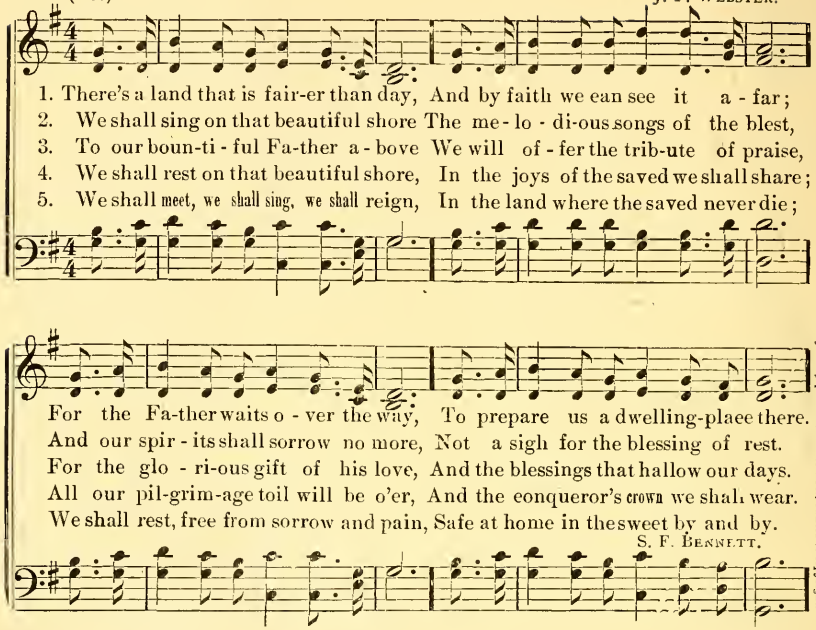
TULLIUS C. O'KANE.



By permission

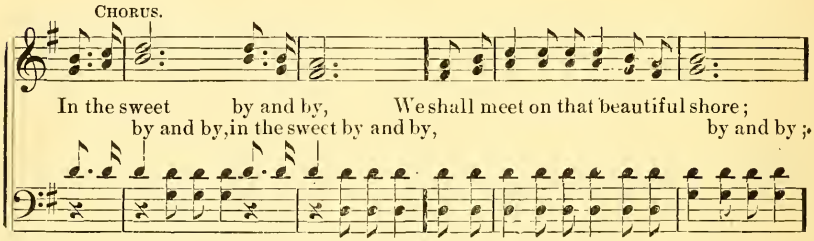
518 (1150) SWEET BY AND BY. P. M.

J. P. WEBSTER.

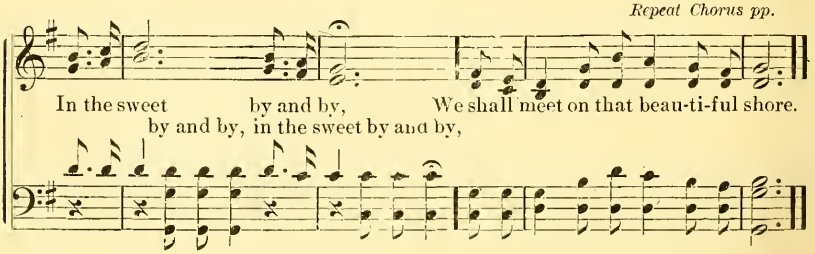


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CHORUS.



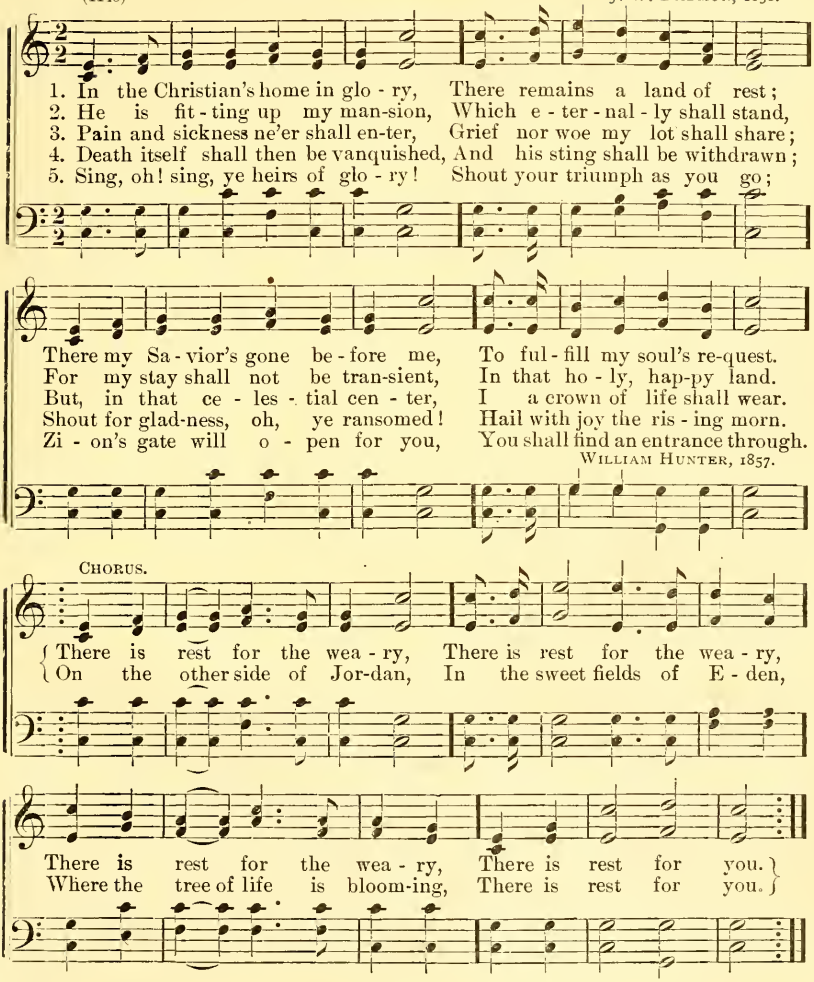
Repeat Chorus pp.



519 REST FOR THE WEARY. 8s & 7s.

(1148)

J. W. Dadmun, 1858.



520

Deut. 12:9. (1149)

This is not my place of resting,—
Mine 's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hasting—
On to my eternal home.

2 In it all is light and glory;
O'er it shines a nightless day:
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse hath passed away;

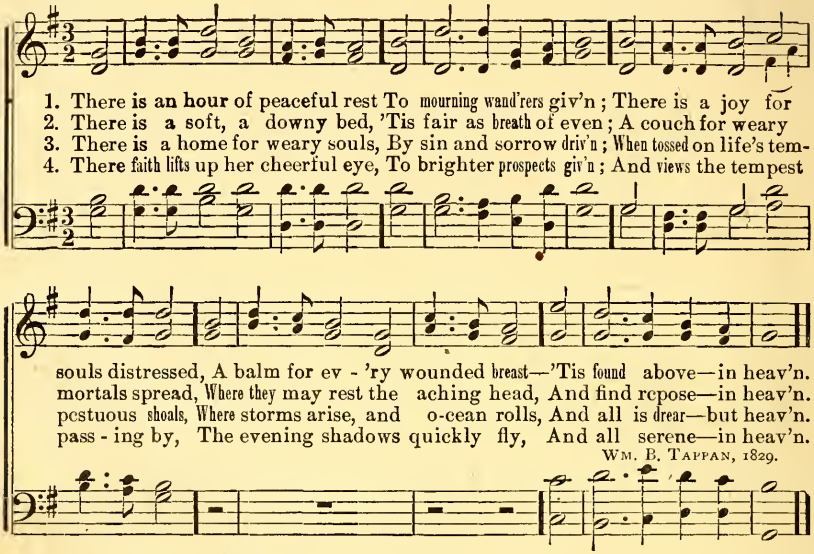
3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along—
On the freshest pastures feeds us,
Turns our sighing into song.

4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain;
Never more are sad or weary,
Never, never sin again!

H. Bonar.

521 (1121) WOODLAND. C. M.

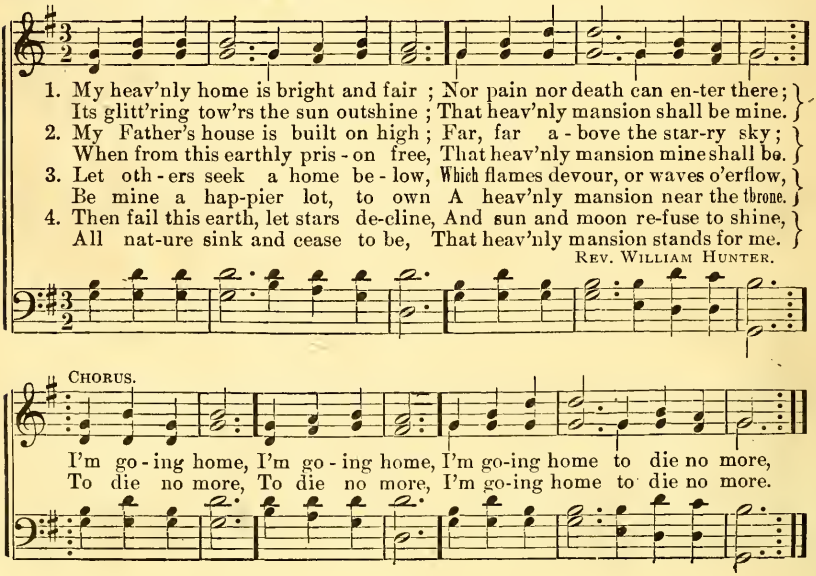
N. D. Gould, 1832.



Wm. B. Tappan, 1829.

522 GOING HOME. L. M.

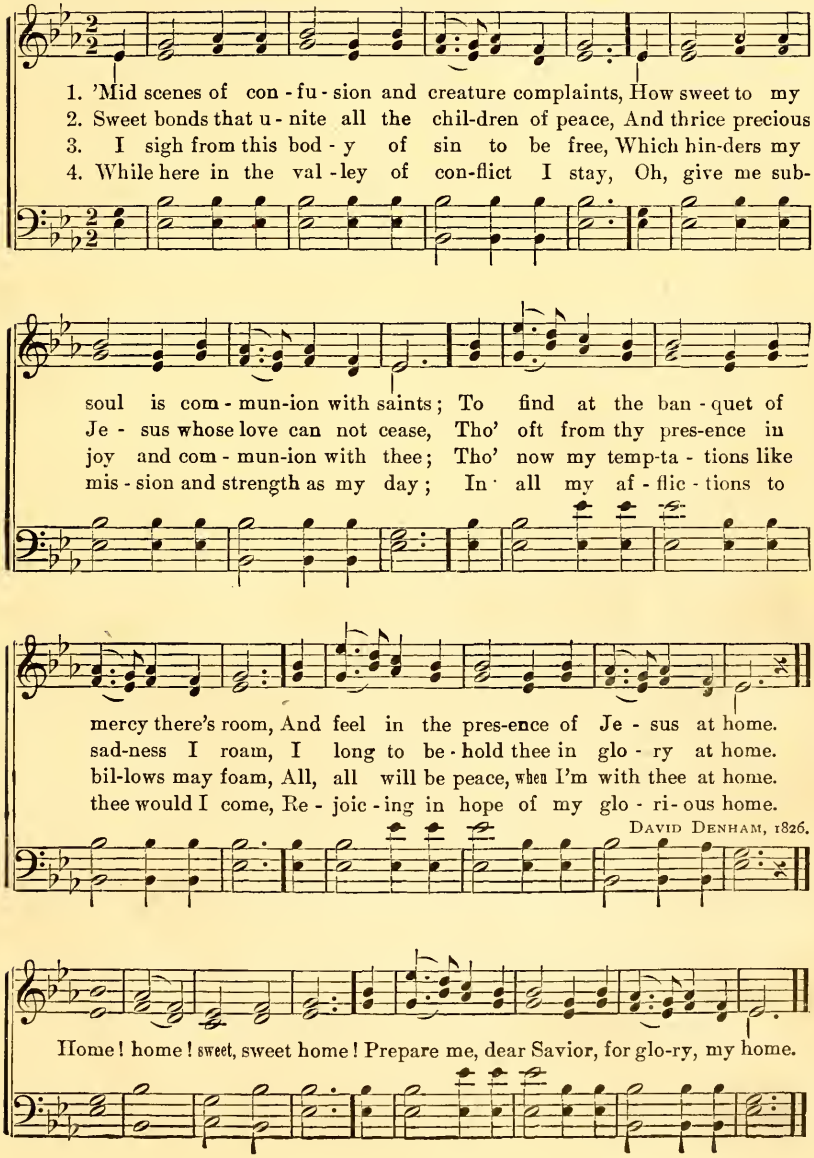
Arr. by William Miller, M. D., 1854.



Rev. William Hunter.

523 (1142) SWEET HOME. 11s.

SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.



524 WE SHALL MEET. P. M.

HUBERT P MAIN, 1867.

1. We shall meet be-yond the riv - er, By and by, by and by;
2. We shall strike the harps of glo - ry, By and by, by and by;
3. We shall see and be like Je - sus, By and by, by and by;
4. There our tears shall all cease flow - ing, By and by, by and by;

And the dark-ness shall be o - ver, By and by, by and by;
We shall sing re - demption's sto - ry, By and by, by and by;
Who a crown of life will give us, By and by, by and by;
And with sweet-est rapt - ure knowing, By and by, by and by;

With the toil - some jour - ney done, And the glo-rious bat - tle won,
And the strains for ev - er - more Shall re-sound in sweet-ness o'er,
And the an - gels who ful - fill All the mandates of his will
All the blest ones who have gone To the land of life and song,—

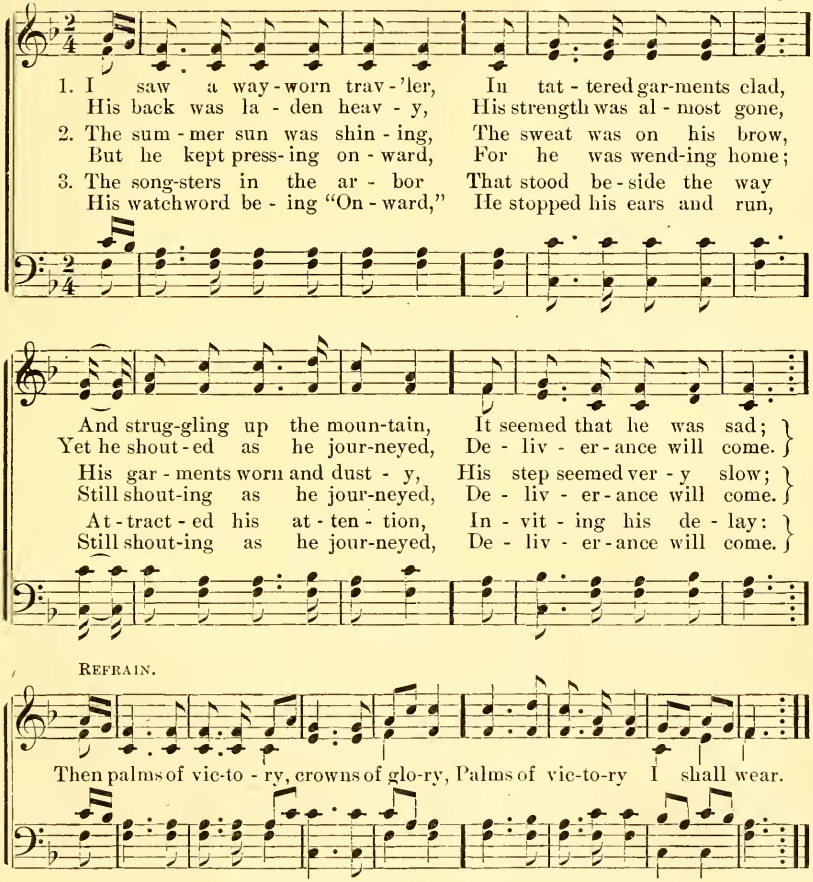
We shall shine forth as the sun, By and by, by and by.
Yon - der ev - er - last - ing shore, By and by, by and by.
Shall at - tend, and love us still, By and by, by and by.
We with shoutings shall re - join, By and by, by and by.

REV. JOHN ATKINSON.

Copyright, 1869, by HUBERT P. MAIN. Used by per.

525 DELIVERANCE WILL COME. 7s & 6s.

Rev. Jno. B. Matthias, 1836.



4 I saw him in the evening,
The sun was bending low,
He 'd overtopped the mountain
And reached the vale below;
He saw the golden city,—
His everlasting home,—
And shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance will come!

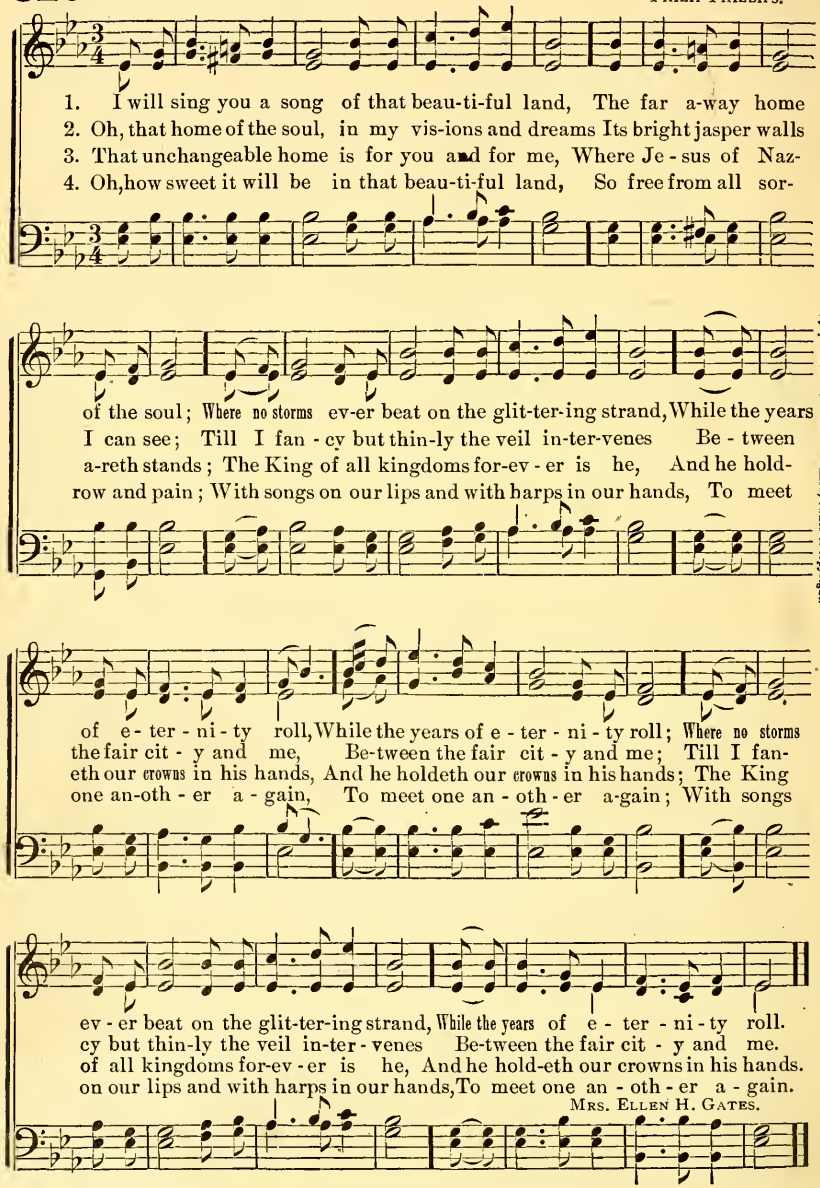
5 While gazing on that city,
Just o'er the narrow flood,
A band of holy angels
Came from the throne of God;
They bore him on their pinions
Safe o'er the dashing foam,
And joined him in his triumph,—
Deliverance has come!

6 I heard the song of triumph
They sang upon that shore,
Saying, Jesus has redeemed us
To suffer nevermore:
Then, casting his eyes backward
On the race which he had run,
He shouted loud, Hosanna,
Deliverance has come!

J. B. Matthias.

526 HOME OF THE SOUL. P. M.

PHILIP PHILLIPS.

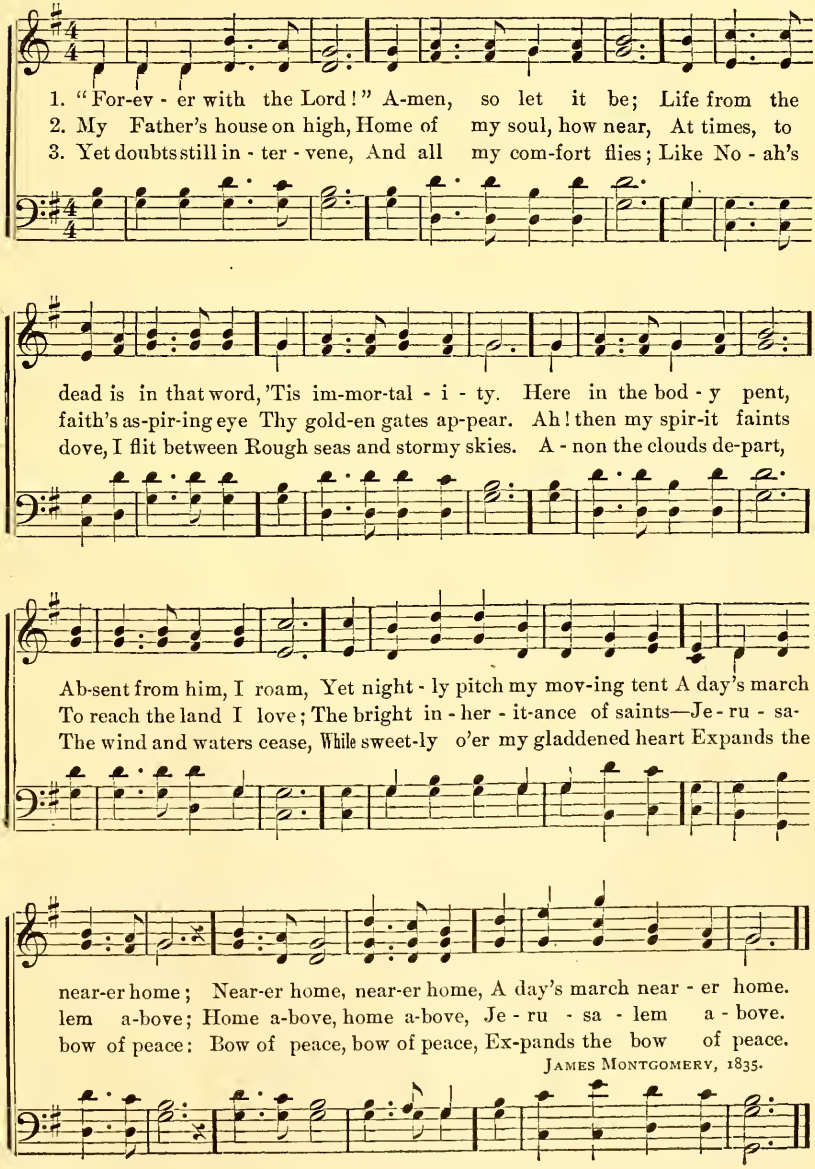


MRS. ELLEN H. GATES.

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527 (1134) FOREVER WITH THE LORD. S. M. D.

I. B. WOODBURY.



JAMES MONTGOMERY, 1835.

By permission.

528 (1117) ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS. C. M.

T. C. O'Kane.

1. On Jor-dan's storm- y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. O'er all those wide - ex-tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. When shall I reach that hap - py place, And be for - ev - er blest?
4. Filled with de-light, my raptured soul Would here no long - er stay;

To Canaan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
When shall I see my Fa - ther's face, And in his bo - som rest?
Tho' Jor-dan's waves a-round me roll, Fear-less I'd launch a - way.

Permission.

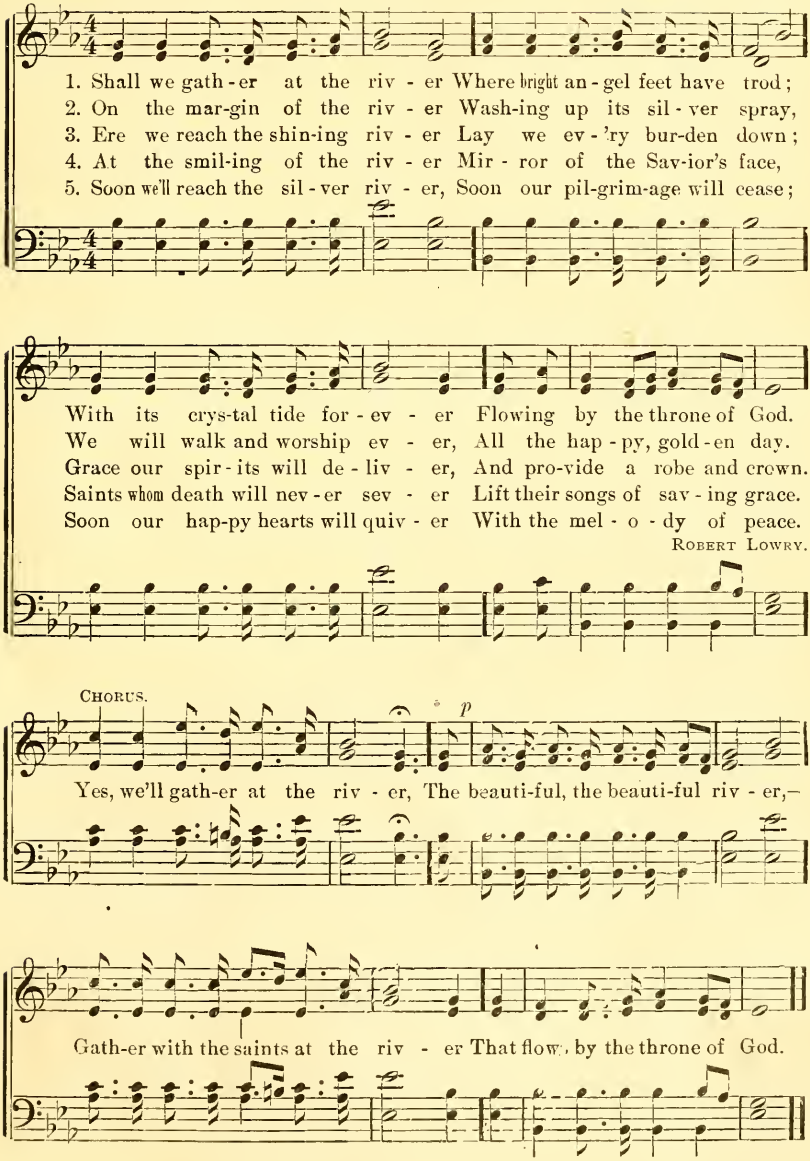
Samuel Stennett, 1787.

Chorus.

We will rest in the fair and hap - py land, (by and by), Just a-
cross on the ev - er-green shore, . . . Sing the song of Mo - ses
ev - er-green shore,
and the Lamb, by and by, And dwell with Je - sus ev - er-more.
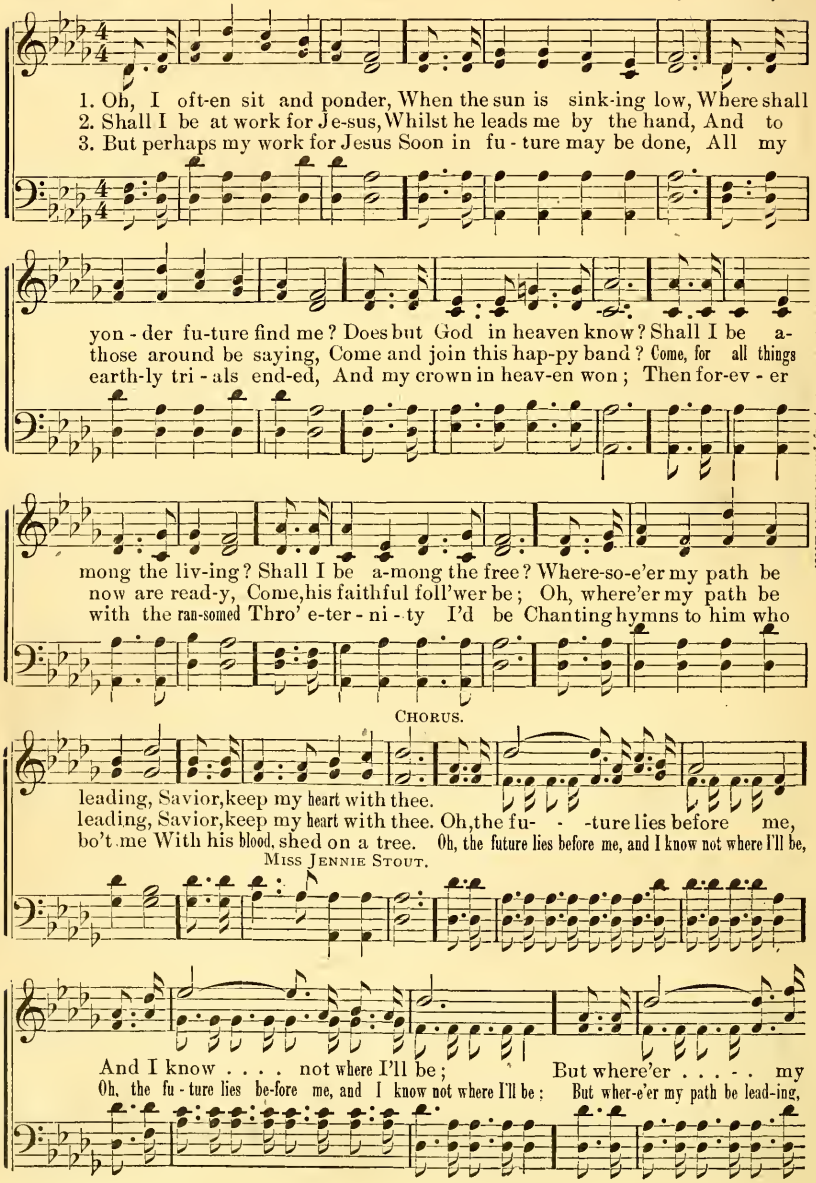
529 SHALL WE GATHER. 8s & 7s.

ROBERT LOWRY, 1864.



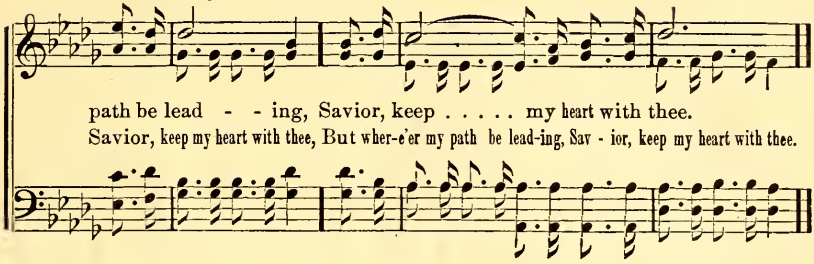
530 THE FUTURE. 8s & 7s. D.

A. A. Armen.



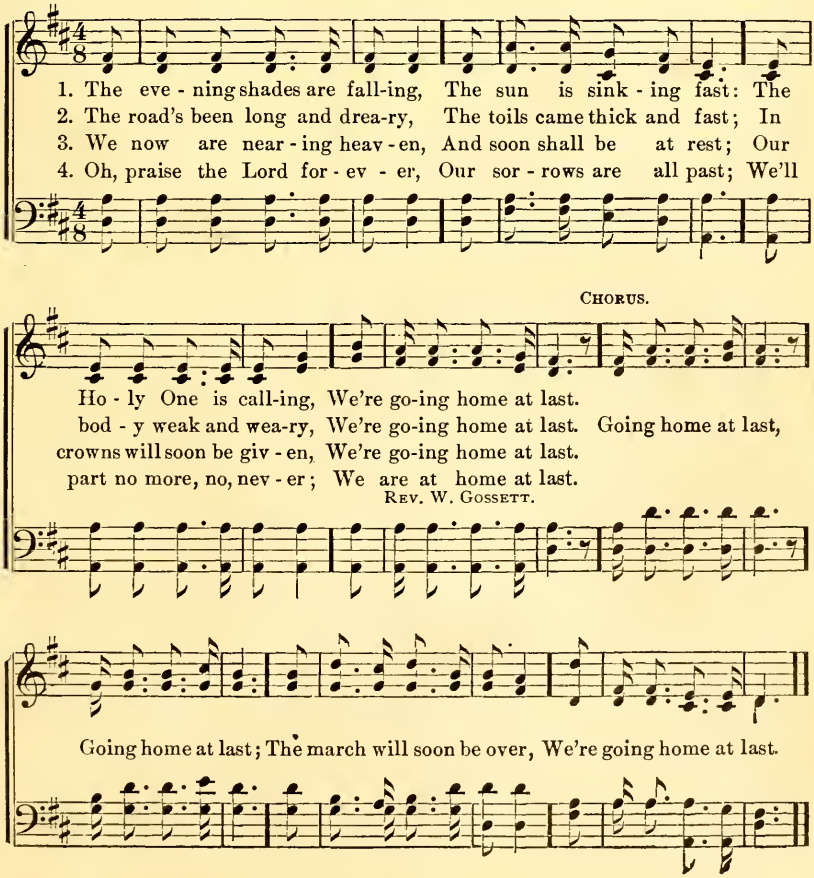
From "Our Sabbath Home," by per. of John J. Hood.

THE FUTURE. Concluded.



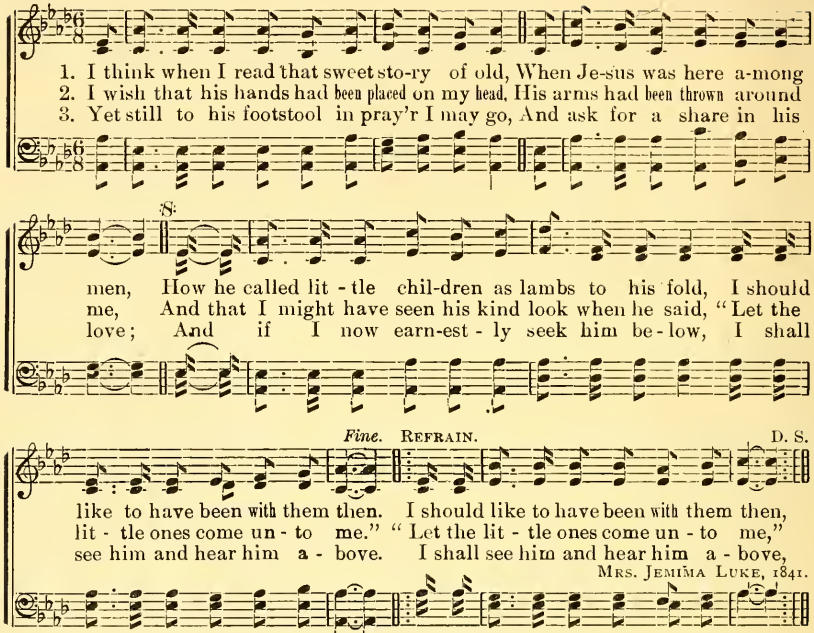
531 GOING HOME AT LAST. 7s & 6s.

E. S. LORENZ.



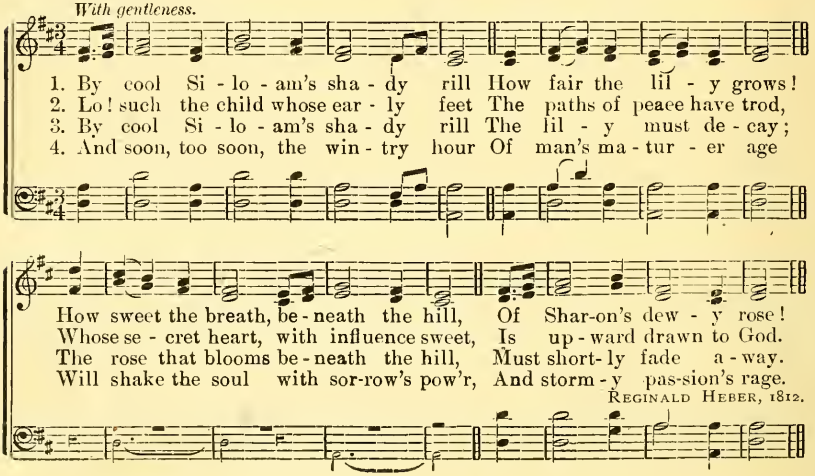
532 THE SWEET STORY. P. M.

J. C. Englebrecht.

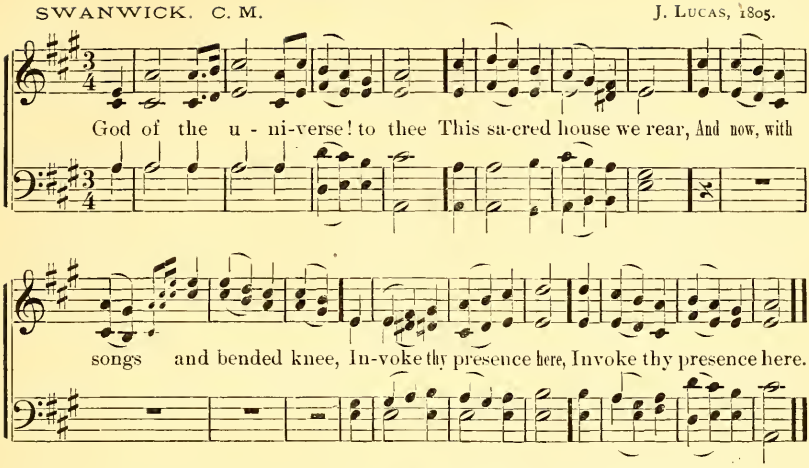


533 SILOAM. C. M. (1180)

I. B. Woodbury, 1850.



SWANWICK. C. M. J. LUCAS, 1805.



534 *A New House of Worship.* (1176)

GOD of the universe! to thee
This sacred house we rear,
And now, with songs and bended knee,
Invoke thy presence here.

2 Long may this echoing dome resound
The praises of thy name,
These hallowed walls to all around
The Triune God proclaim.

3 Here let thy love, thy presence dwell;
Thy glory here make known;
Thy people's home, oh! come and fill,
And seal it as thine own.

4 And, when the last long Sabbath morn
Upon the just shall rise,
May all who own thee here be borne
To mansions in the skies.

MISS MARY O——, 1841.

535 *Church Opening.*

ARISE, O King of grace, arise,
And enter to thy rest;
Lo! thy church waits, with longing eyes,
Thus to be owned and blest.

2 Enter with all thy glorious train,
Thy Spirit and thy word;
All that the ark did once contain
Could no such grace afford.

3 Here, mighty God, accept our vows,
Here let thy praise be spread;
Bless the provisions of thy house,
And fill thy poor with bread.

4 Here let the Son of David reign,
Let God's Anointed shine;
Justice and truth his court maintain,
With love and power divine.

5 Here let him hold a lasting throne,
And as his kingdom grows,
Fresh honors shall adorn his crown,
And shame confound his foes.

ISAAC WATTS.

536 *Temperance Meeting.* (1186)

'TIS thine alone, almighty Name,
To raise the dead to life,
The lost inebriate to reclaim
From passion's fearful strife.

2 What ruin hath intemperance wrought,
How widely roll its waves!
How many myriads hath it brought
To fill dishonored graves!

3 And see, O Lord! what numbers still
Are maddened by the bowl,
Led captive at the tyrant's will,
In bondage heart and soul!

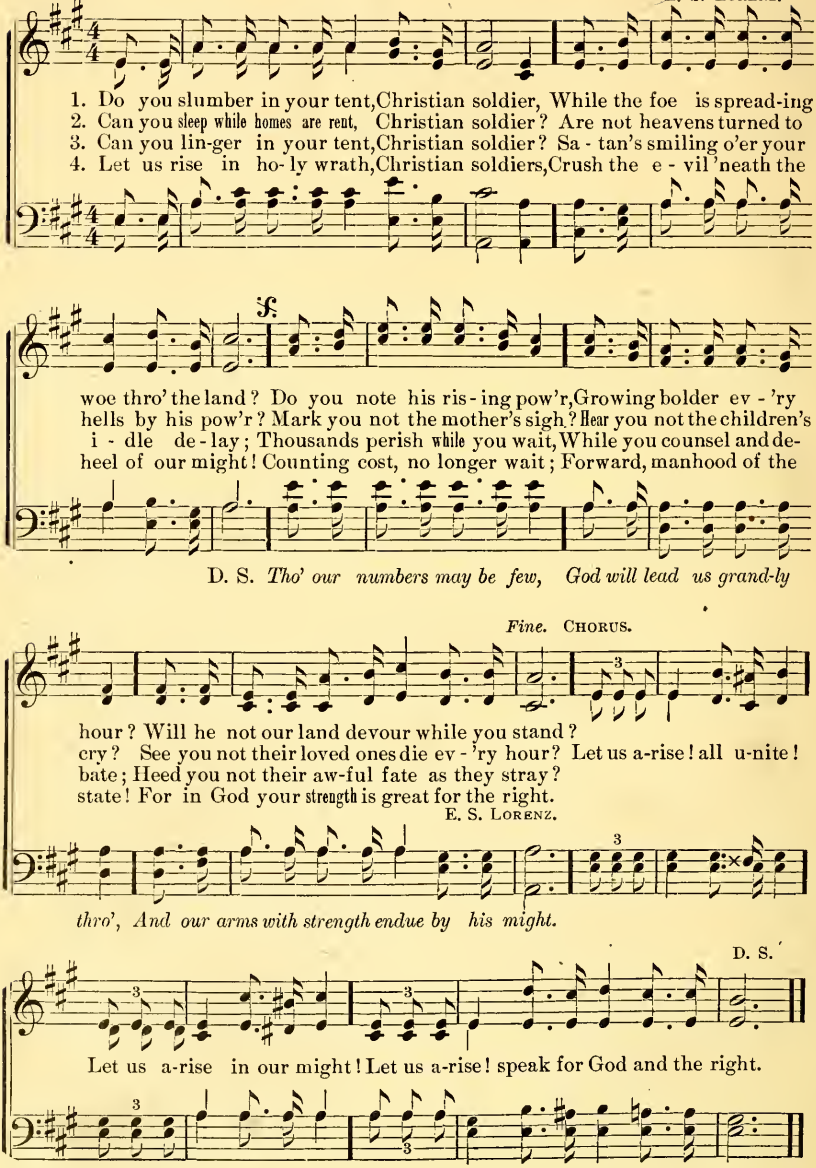
4 Stretch forth thy hand, O God, our King!
And break the galling chain;
Deliverance to the captive bring,
And end th' usurper's reign.

5 The cause of Temperance is thine own,
Our plans and efforts bless;
We trust, O Lord! in thee alone
To crown them with success.

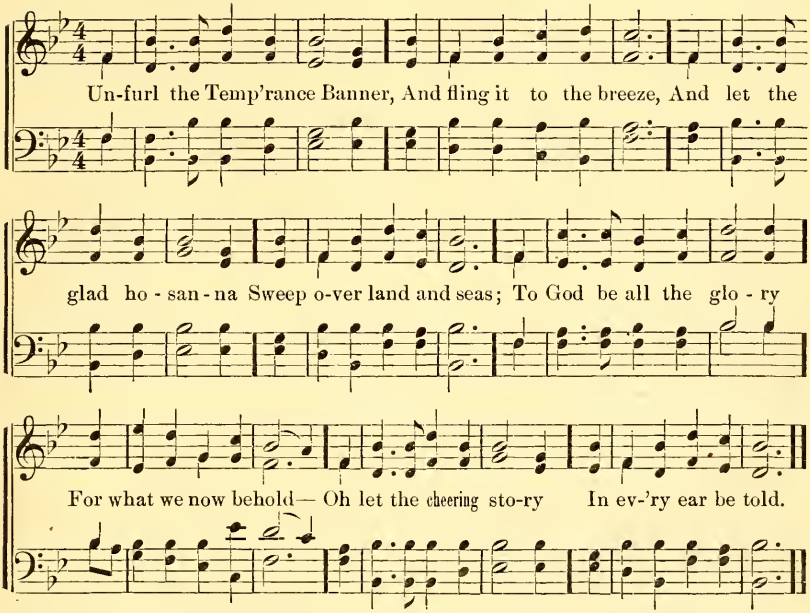
EDWIN F. HATFIELD, 1872.

537 LET US ARISE. P. M.

E. S. LORENZ.



WEBB. 7s & 6s. D. GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.



538 *The Temperance Banner.* (1192)

UNFURL the Temp'rance Banner,
And fling it to the breeze,
And let the glad hosanna
Sweep over land and seas;
To God be all the glory
For what we now behold—
Oh, let the cheering story
In every ear be told.

2 The drunkard shall not perish
In Alcohol's dire chain,
But wife and children cherish
Within his home again;
And sobered men, repenting,
Will bow at Jesus' feet,
Their thankful hearts relenting
Before the mercy-seat.

3 A new-waked zeal is burning
In this and every land,
And thousands now are turning
To join our temp'rance band;
The light of truth is shining
In many a darkened soul;
Ere long its rays combining
Will blaze from pole to pole.

539 *The Crystal Fountain.* (1193)

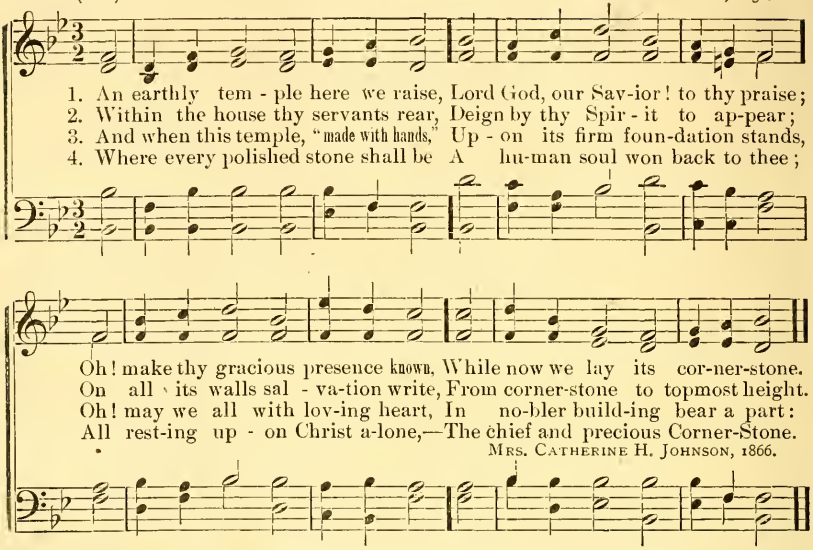
FROM brightest crystal fountain
That flows in beauty free,
By shady hill and mountain
Fill high the cup for me!
Sing of the sparkling waters,
Sing of the cooling spring—
Let freedom's sons and daughters
Their joyous tribute bring.

2 From many a happy dwelling
Late misery's dark abode,
The joyous peal is swelling—
The hymn of praise to God,
Glad songs are now ascending
From many a thankful heart,
Hope, Joy, and Peace are blending
And each their aid impart.

3 We 'll join the tuneful chorus
And raise our song on high!
The cheering view before us
Delights the raptured eye;
The glorious cause is gaining
New strength from day to day,
The drunkard host is waning
Before cold water's sway.

540 (1178) HEBRON. L. M.

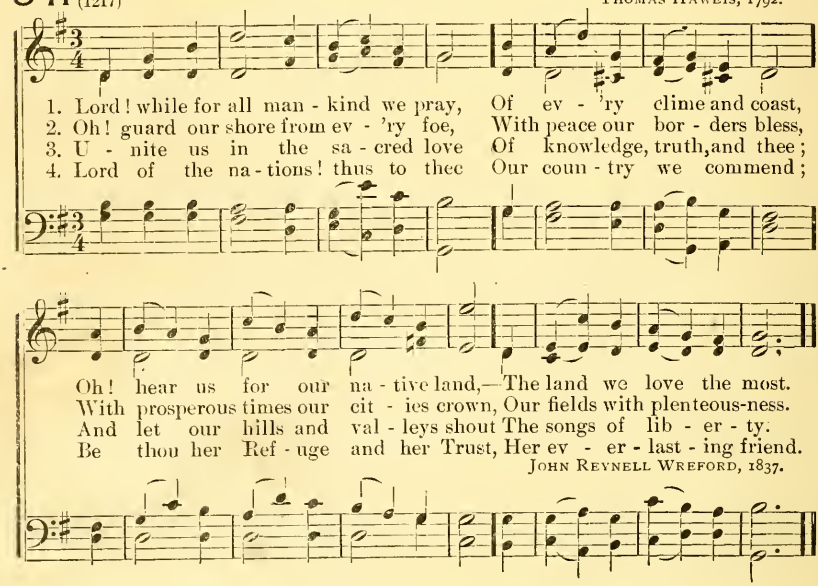
LOWELL MASON, 1830.



MRS. CATHERINE H. JOHNSON, 1866.

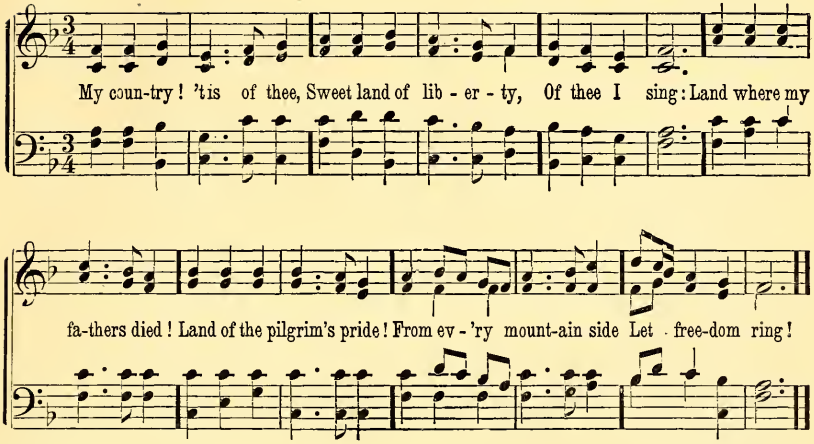
541 (1217) CHESTERFIELD. C. M.

THOMAS HAWEIS, 1792.



JOHN REYNELL WREFORD, 1837.

AMERICA. 6s & 4s. Adapted by HENRY CAREY, *obit.* 1743.



542 [FIRST VERSE INSERTED IN MUSIC.] *America.* (1226)

2 My native country, thee,—
Land of the noble, free,—
Thy name—I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills:
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring, from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us, by thy might,
Great God, our King!

SAMUEL F. SMITH, 1832.

543 *Our Native Land.* (1227)

GOD bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of winds and wave!
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might.

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On him we wait;
Thou, who art ever nigh,
Guardian with watchful eye!
To thee aloud we cry,—
God save the state!

JOHN S. DWIGHT, 1844.

544 *The Poor.*

LORD, from thy blessed throne,
Sorrow look down upon!
God save the poor!
Teach them true liberty,
Make them from tyrants free,
Let their homes happy be!
God save the poor!

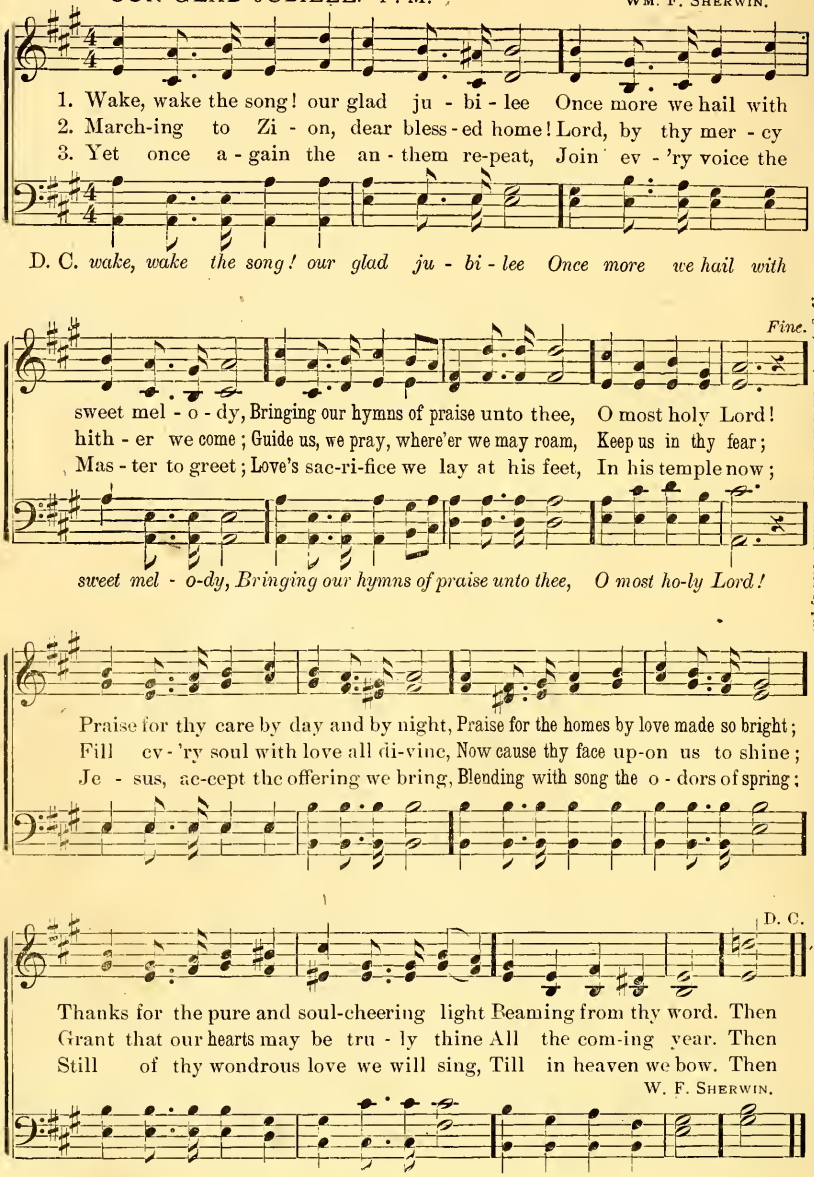
2 The arms of wicked men
Do thou with might restrain—
God save the poor!
Raise thou their lowliness,
Succor thou their distress,
Thou whom the meanest bless!
God save the poor!

3 Give them stanch honesty,
Let their pride manly be—
God save the poor!
Help them to hold the right,
Give them both truth and might,
Lord of all life and light!
God save the poor!

NICOLL.

545 OUR GLAD JUBILEE. P. M.

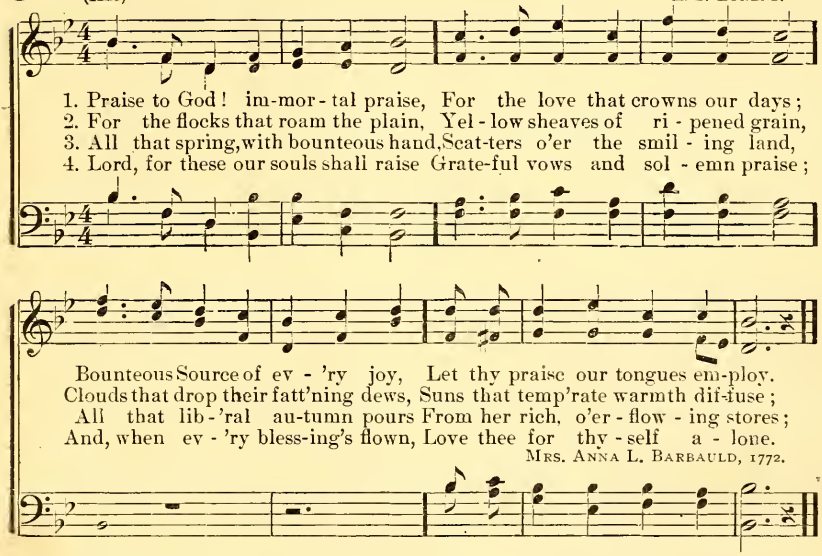
WM. F. SHERWIN.



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546 (1223) LAUDO. 7s.

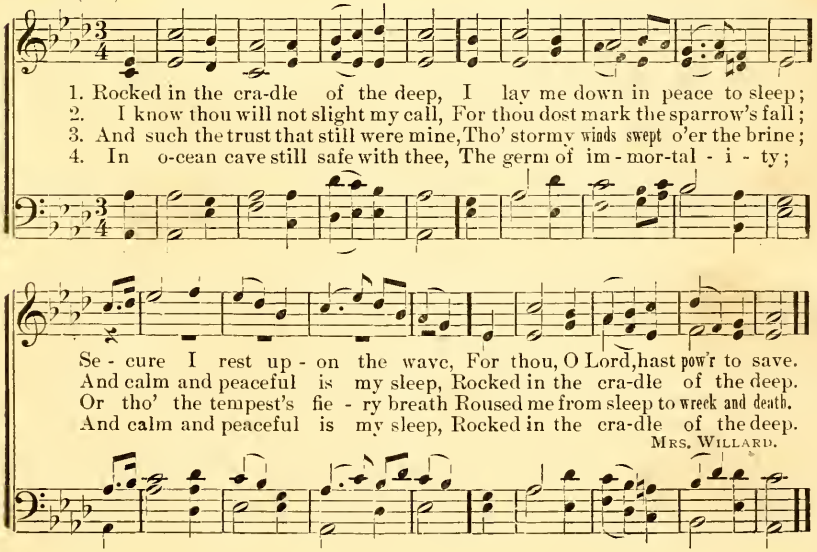
E. S. LORENZ.



MRS. ANNA L. BARBAULD, 1772.

547 (1197) SEASONS. L. M.

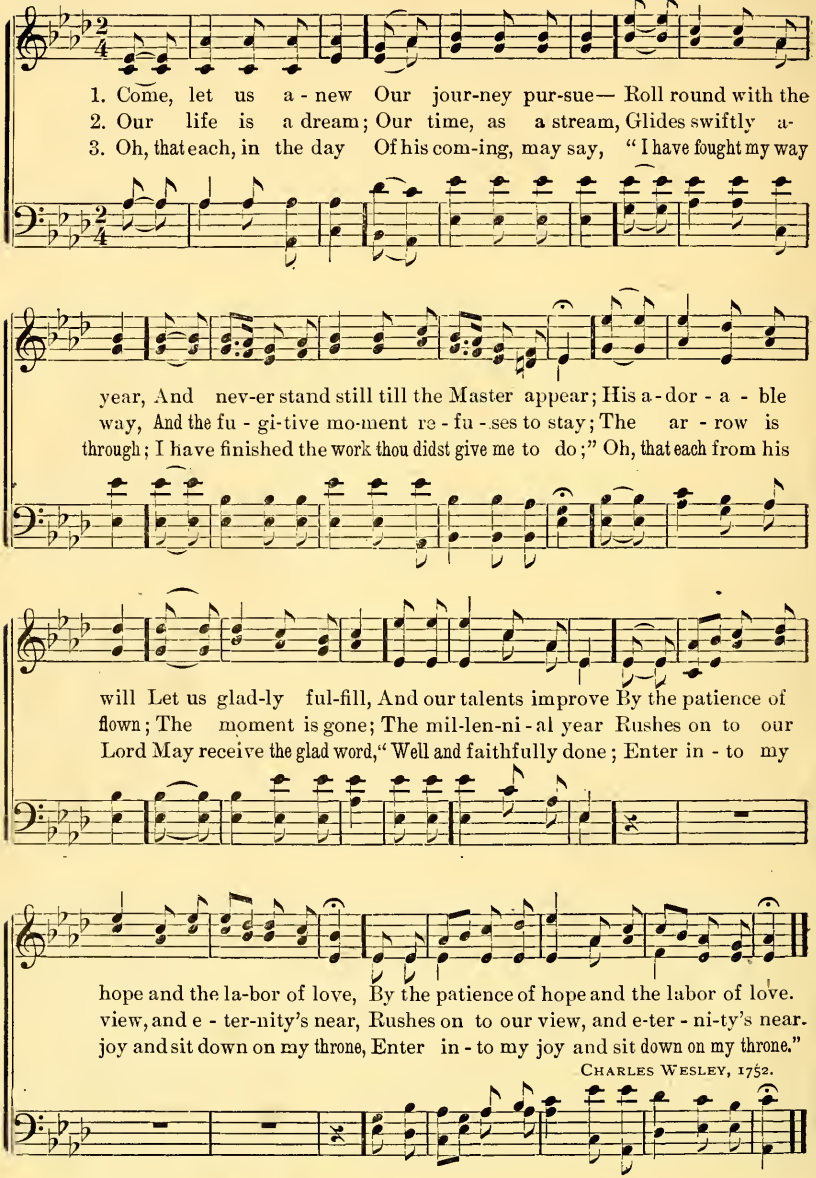
IGNACE PLEYEL.



MRS. WILLARD.

548 LET US ANEW. P. M.

UNKNOWN.



CHARLES WESLEY, 1752.

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LOVE THE LORD
AND LET OUR JOYS BE KNOWN
SONG WITH SWEET ACCORD
THU SURROUND THE THRONE